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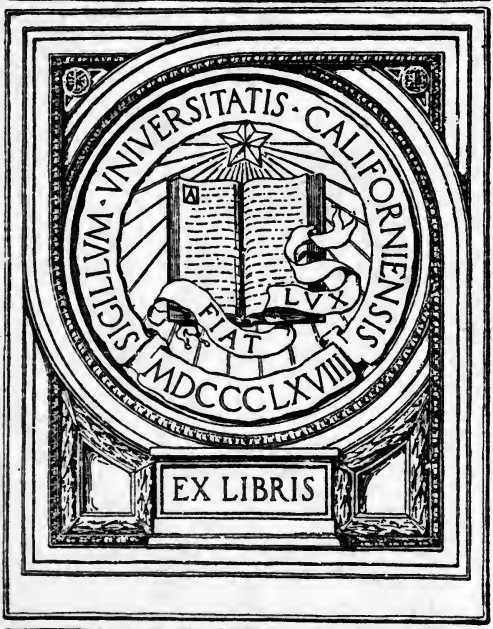

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To Rev. Leonard Bacon D.D.
with the best respects of
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April 15th 1856

THE

ROMAN EXILE.

BY

GUGLIELMO GAJANI,

PROFESSOR OF CIVIL AND CANON LAW, AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PEOPLE IN THE ROMAN CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY IN THE YEAR 1849.

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TO

PROF. BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, SEN.,

OF YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN.

MY DEAR SIR:

I beg you will permit me to inscribe to you this volume, which through your encouragement I am to submit to the American people. Do not believe, however, that I am induced to ask for such a favor only by the selfish motive of associating in some manner my unknown name with one so highly appreciated throughout the scientific world; my desire is to give you a public pledge of my high esteem for your noble and benevolent character as a gentleman and a Christian. I have seen in your house a good specimen of the virtuous peace and sweet comforts of an American home; and I have been led to think that such were the characters, and such were the homes, of those high-minded and warm-hearted American revolutionists of whom I have ever been a great admirer, and with whom you were closely connected by birth, by education, and by the recollections of your early youth.

I remain, with high respect,

Your obliged friend,

GUGLIELMO GAJANI.

BOSTON, March, 1856.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE

ROMAN EXILE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ANCIENT MILESTONE OF SAVIGNANO.

On a dark and gloomy night of April, 1831, my father was riding on the back of a powerful horse, holding me on his left arm. Our way was through remote by-paths. I was perfectly aware that we were flying from some great danger, of which, however, I had not a clear idea. What I knew was that we had been for some days in Rimini, and there, the preceding day, a tremendous battle had taken place between an Austrian army and the citizens with whom my father had taken part. My mind was still deeply impressed with the horrors which I had witnessed when the Austrians stormed a gate of the city next to the house in which I was sheltered.

I was then scarcely nine years old, with a short, thin, and weak body; but my rather precocious intellect had been carefully cultivated, especially by means of historical studies, so that I was able to appreciate the importance and nobleness of a struggle for the freedom of my native country, — nay, I felt the greatest excitement and enthusiasm when thinking of it.

We proceeded silently, both occupied by painful thoughts, till we arrived at a point where we had to cross the highway. It was at the entrance of a pretty little town called Savignano, ten miles north of Rimini. We crossed the road quickly, and were about to enter the open field again, when my father, stopping the horse suddenly, let me down gently, close by an ancient marble milestone; and then alighted from the horse himself, in order, as I thought, to take some repose.

It was then almost the break of day, and the clouds having been in part dissipated by a fresh easterly wind, the scene, covered with rosy light, was a glorious vision. The painful thoughts and fearful impressions of that gloomy night vanished from my mind, giving place to my natural childish cheerfulness as I heard the song of the birds awaking in the trees; and my mind anticipated the glorious spectacle of sunrise, of which I was exceedingly fond. My attention, however, was soon attracted by the ancient milestone which stood before me, and which had for me the interest of an object connected with the historical studies I had so earnestly pursued.

"It bears," said I, "the number two hundred and thirty-five (CCXXXV) in Roman numerals; and the two initial letters, A and U (*Ab Urbe* — from the city), meaning, of course, to indicate the distance from the central milestone of the Capitol to this '*Municipium*,' formerly called '*Sapinianum*.'" I expected, of course, that the skill in antiquities I thus displayed would attract a smile of approbation from my father, who generally took the greatest pleasure in promoting my knowledge on such subjects; but, raising my eyes to his face, I perceived upon it such an expression of dejection and grief that I was quite terrified.

"What is the matter with you, my father?" said I; "what painful memory does this stone recall to your mind, that you look so sad?"

"That stone," answered he, with a deep sigh, "was put there by our forefathers to show to travellers the distance from Rome; but, if we could interrogate it through the past ages, it would tell us a long history of crimes and miseries which it has been called to witness. I saw it once covered with innocent — innocent blood! and O what blood! It is a dreadful history, but you ought to know it; compose yourself, and listen to me with fortitude."

"Speak, father; no grief will overwhelm me," said I, and he continued:

"Thirty-two years ago, during the year 1799, my father, my poor father, a noble-hearted patriot, in the act of escaping from the bloody persecution of the Austrian invaders, here, on this very spot, was recognized by a cowardly monk standing in the door of that church, opposite, and was pointed out by him to the brutal soldiers. They fired at the fugitive. Many shots struck him, and he staggered on to fall down close by this stone, which he embraced, turning his face towards the murderers as if to make them ashamed; and in that position he was almost cut to pieces by a rush made on him with bayonets! I was there! I saw ——"

"Let me swear," interrupted I, "let me swear upon this stone that I will revenge that blood and hate the Austrians forever."

"Stop, my son," my father hastened to say, extending his hand towards me as he would have done to prevent me from falling from a precipice; and then he continued: "You recollect perhaps at this moment the

oath of vengeance which Hannibal took in Spain before his father, when no older than you are; but they were pagans, and we are followers of Christ, who taught the love of God and of mankind. Let us defend our native country; let us stand for our natural rights without——"

At this a sudden, clear sound of a near approaching trumpet interrupted my father, who shuddered, exclaiming, "Here come the Austrian cavalry!" and, without losing a moment, he mounted his horse, and, taking me again into his arms, rode rapidly through the open field before the approaching Austrian soldiers could see us.

After some moments, our flight having begun to be less rapid, my father continued his history, and said: "I was then scarcely twelve years old, and the only child. My mother, by a deed of desperate courage, had saved my father from being taken by the Austrian soldiers invading their house. She stood with a spear at the door of her room till her husband could escape by the window. Alas! it was in vain. He was discovered and killed at a short distance, as I have just told you. For this attempt she was taken to prison to be tried by a court-martial. Through the exertions, however, of many of our relatives and friends, she was sent to Ravenna, our native place, and soon after she was released and restored to me. But two months had scarcely elapsed when she died broken-hearted.

"Alone in the world," continued my father, "during those stormy years which followed the French revolution, my education was neglected, and the inheritance of my father was, little by little, feloniously taken from me. Hatred to Austria made me a soldier of Napoleon the Great: the same hatred has thrown me

into all the conspiracies which have been formed for the freedom and independence of Italy. But, alas! all in vain. Perhaps the days of trial are not yet over for us. Never mind! Let us do our duty bravely and labor constantly. God will at some time help us. The noble blood which covered that ancient milestone was not the first which our family had shed for Italy, and probably will not be the last: keep it in mind."

After a long course we stopped at a villa, where my father entrusted me to an old peasant; and then, taking a fresh horse, resumed his flight. In a short time I was again in Rome, in the arms of my mother; and not long afterwards my father, not being seriously compromised, was allowed to come home. Our life passed on quite smoothly, but the remembrance of the old milestone of Savignano came often to trouble and excite my mind: it has since had a great influence on my life.

CHAPTER II.

CONFESSION.

NEAR a small round table in our drawing-room my mother was mending some clothing, while I read a book, holding it open upon her lap. A servant came in and announced the visit of the Rev. Father Curate. At this, I observed something like trouble passing over the face of my mother, who, however, rose from her arm-chair to meet the new comer politely. This personage, till now unknown to me, was but little fitted to awaken my sympathy, although I was the main object of his visit.

The father curate was a friar of immense corporeal extension, clad in a dark and dirty robe; a large red nose, planted between two puffy cheeks of the same color, stood like a sign of his love for hard drinking and an idle life. There was a mingling of ignorance and cunning in the expression of his face, and his countenance and manners revealed immediately a man of vulgar and debased mind.

"How do you do, Rev. Father Curate?" said my mother, bidding me at the same time, by expressive glances and gestures, to kiss his hand.

"Very well. And how old is that boy?" said the curate, pointing at me, who, overwhelmed by a

vague sense of repulsion, had shrunk almost behind my mother.

"Sit down, Rev. Father Curate," said she; and, as he sat down, glancing at the book I had placed on the table, she continued: "My son is almost ten years old; but he has a sickly body, and requires to be under my particular care at home."

"Well," replied the curate, in a nasal, angry tone, "and why do you allow him to read bad books?"

My mother, hardly restraining a smile, observed she never suspected "The Jerusalem Delivered," by Torquato Tasso, to be a bad book.

"Very bad," insisted the curate, even more angrily, "because it speaks of love; and these sickly creatures are precocious in evil. And now I have just come precisely on purpose to remind you that he has not yet been to confess. I have known many of those so called intelligent boys, carefully instructed, indeed, but who did not frequent the sacraments, and they grew up good for nothing but the jailer or the executioner——"

"Do not utter such a bad augury," interrupted my mother, evidently shocked and disgusted. "My son is a good child, who loves God and his neighbors, and offers his prayers in the most edifying manner."

"Never mind," exclaimed the curate; "no one is good or acceptable to God if he does not go often to confession and communion; and besides, there is the law, and we shall enforce the law."

These words, no less than the manner in which they were uttered, frightened my mother, who, in a humble tone of voice, said she had never thought of disregarding the laws; and, as he (the curate) thought I was old enough for it, she would send me to confess with-

out delay. It was arranged that I should go the next morning; and the curate departed, leaving me in a state of open rebellion, for the first time, against my good mother. In fact, besides having twice resisted her directions for kissing the filthy hand of the friar, I declared, immediately after he had departed, that I was firmly determined never to go to confession. My mother endeavored in every way to shake my determination; but she found me immovable, no less by threats than by endearments. She went so far as to declare to me that I should lose her love forever by my obstinacy. I did not yield even to that intimation, so dreadful for me; but at evening, as I went to kiss my mother's hand, asking for her blessing (as every Italian child does before going to bed), I could not restrain myself longer, and I burst into tears. My mother then embraced me, weeping no less than I.

"Mother," said I, "you have been always so good, so partial to me; and why will you now join yourself to that wicked friar against me?"

"It is for thy sake," replied she, weeping still more; "because, if thou dost not go to confess, they will put thee into the 'Holy Inquisition,' and torment thee in every way."

I answered nothing, and I went to my bedroom in a state of dreadful agitation. My constancy had been almost shaken; and yet I felt it impossible for me to submit to the repugnant duty of going to confess. The repulsive qualities of my future confessor had, of course, a share in the horror which I felt against confession; but it was chiefly produced by a natural sense of repugnance not softened by any previous preparation.

Every one who has lived intimately among the

papists, knows well how much care they are obliged to take in order to induce children to go to confess, and keep up the habit of it against the natural repugnance experienced by those poor creatures. They begin to prepare the minds of children for it from the earliest age, representing confession in the best colors, and promising gifts and pleasures for that occasion; besides, the curate shows himself very kind to children, and occasionally will give them Madonnas or pictures of saints for their amusement. But, as for me, I was then rather too old to be managed in this way. I had not known the curate till this unpleasant interview with him, and my mother had never spoken to me of confession: nay, even now she insisted upon the necessity of complying with the request of the father curate in order to avoid punishment, but did not say it was a duty and a good thing to go to confession; so that it appeared to me like an imposition or abuse of privilege on the part of that intolerable friar.

Through these several causes, I felt so much excited that the fear of the "Holy Inquisition" had no power over my mind: nay, to be taken to that dreadful tribunal, and killed there, had for me almost the charms of a noble sacrifice and of a glorious death. But my mother — what would become of her, in such a case? Besides, they would not probably kill me immediately; they would shut me up in a dark dungeon. How could I live there without my mother?

It was in such a state of agitation that I knelt down to say my usual evening prayers, with the fervor and earnestness of one who is in great want of help; and, raising gradually and almost unconsciously my voice,

I exclaimed repeatedly, "O God, deliver me from the hands of that wicked friar who troubles my heart."

At this, the door of my room opened gently, and the venerable figure of an old man made his appearance, looking upon me with the deepest interest and emotion. Had not the noble features of that venerable head been familiar to me, I should probably have supposed him to be an angel of God coming to help me. He was the father of my mother, a man then eighty-two years old, and almost constantly confined by sickness to his room, which was next to that in which I was. Having heard my lamentations, he came to see what was the matter with me. His tall and commanding person, clad then in a large white *robe-de-chambre*, his gray hair and white beard bordering a noble and benevolent face, offered such a strange contrast with the ugly figure of the curate, which was then before my mind, that I gazed at him almost enraptured.

"Who troubles thee, my child?" said he, having caught only the last words I uttered.

I threw myself into his arms and told him my sad story, of course in passionate language, and with sighs, tears, and exclamations, declaring I would never confess to that friar nor to any other.

"Thou art right, my child," calmly observed the venerable old man. "I never confessed my sins but to my God, and upon him only I rely for their remission and pardon. Do so and thou art right."

At this I was of course greatly encouraged, and, interrupting him, I said, "You must say so to my mother, and then she will urge me no longer."

"Nay," answered he, "you must comply with her

wise directions by going to-morrow morning to the confessional."

This reply appeared to me a contradiction to his former proposition, and made me look astonished and disappointed; but he, smiling at this, added, "I am eighty-two years old, and, from my boyhood, I have been to confess as often as they requested me to do so: but I never made a real confession."

"How did you manage that?" inquired I, anxiously.

"In the simplest manner," answered my grandfather. "I presented myself at the confessional, declaring that I went there only to avoid unjust persecution and punishment; and I had not the least disposition to confess my sins to a man who was a sinner like myself. They pretend to be bound by inviolable secrecy, and so could not cause me to be tried before their tribunals. I have never disclosed this to any one before. My love for thee, and the deep interest I felt at seeing thee so much troubled, have overcome my prudence. But thou art intelligent enough to understand that the least revelation would ruin me, and I rely upon thy discretion."

Next morning, my mother found me ready to go to the church and confess. She was greatly amazed that I made no further opposition, but was far from suspecting that I had a fixed plan in my mind.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

ATTENDED by an old servant, I went to the church of our parish where I had to confess. We lived in the "Piazza Campo di Fiori," and thus our parish was that of "S. Carlo a Catinari;" for the city is divided into several parishes, and every individual, from his seventh year to his death, must be a member of the church of that parish in whose district he lives, and commune there at least once a year. The curate and his chaplains have a rich income from the properties belonging to the church, which is open and free at any time, both to the members of the congregation and to any one else except those formally excommunicated.

The curate, however, taxes his flock heavily, according to their riches; especially on the occasion of marriages, births, and deaths, as he has the exclusive right of performing the marriage ceremony, baptizing children, and attending the funerals of all those who have resided within the boundaries assigned to his parish. Besides, they have a large amount of money from the alms daily collected in the church for the liberation of souls from purgatory; and more especially from the masses and "solemn masses," celebrated for the deliverance of particular souls, at the request of pious relatives or according to directions in wills.

The curate is at the same time the spiritual director of his flock, the administrator and distributor of any benevolent succor to those who are in want, and the most intimate and well-informed reporter for the service of the police; so that his power is great and his influence dreadful.

On arriving at the church, I was taken into the vestry by the sexton, in order to have a preparatory interview with my future confessor. Fortunately the father curate was not there; nay, I was informed that he was confined to his room, in consequence, they said, of not being well, — from having drank too hard the night before, I suspected. They presented me to the father vice-curate. He was quite another man: polite in his manners, and clean in his dress, he looked more like a Jesuit than a common friar. His paleness, leanness, and an obstinate cough, showed that he was far advanced in consumption; but such were his looks that many would have been in doubt as to the cause of it.

The vice-curate addressed me kindly, and made a present to me, — in itself indeed of no great value, — namely, a small brass medal, such as are sold at three cents a dozen; but he told me that it had been blessed by the Pope, and consequently had the virtue of preserving me from temporal no less than spiritual dangers, provided I should wear it constantly suspended from my neck, and cherish a deep faith. After this I was directed to go into one of the lateral naves of the church, where I found many children waiting for the same object. The wooden confessional was placed against the right-hand wall, and had on both sides small wooden benches, — those on the

left side occupied by the boys, and the others by the young girls.

I had been there but a short time when the vice-curate made his appearance, and placed himself in the confessional. He shut the small door, and then, opening a little window on the right side, he began to confess a young girl; having finished with her, he shut that window, and opened the other on the opposite side, to confess a boy; and so he continued alternating. When my turn came, I went to kneel before the little window. The vice-curate, on opening it inside, made the sign of the cross with his right hand upon the iron grate, which was between his face and my own. He could see me, of course, and recognize me easily through the holes of the grate; but, pretending he did not, he made the usual inquiry,—

"How long is it since you have been to confess?"

"I never confessed," said I; "I am now sent here for the first time."

"Then recite the 'confiteor,'" replied the confessor. And I did it well, because I had easily learned it by heart that morning.

The "confiteor" is a general formula of confession in Latin, which must precede the particular narration and explanation of sins. Here it is: "Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, Beatæ Mariæ semper virgini, Beato Michaele Archangelo, Beato Johanne Babptista, Sanctis Apostolis Petro et Paulo, omnibus sanctis et tibi Pater, quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo et opere: mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa," etc.

"Now you must tell me," said the confessor, "all the sins you have committed in thought, in word, and in deed, mentioning all the circumstances."

I answered him I was not prepared nor disposed at all to comply with his wishes; but he overwhelmed me by so many reproofs and threats, that, in order to get out of the scrape, I thought it prudent to tell him some faults of no consequence.

"I confess," said I, "that sometimes I have got angry."

"You must explain," observed the confessor, "how many times it has happened, and against what kind of persons you felt angry."

"Once," said I, "I was angry at a cat, because it had killed and devoured my favorite canary-bird; another time I got angry at a servant, because he had broken my inkstand and stained with ink my illustrated story-book, — I told him angrily that he was a great ass."

I added to these some other stories, and then I told the confessor that I was over. He looked at me distrustfully, and then began his interrogations, saying first, "Do you think often upon our holy religion?"

"I say my prayers in the morning and evening, and I listen to my mother when she teaches me."

"You must early take up the habit," said the confessor, "of believing the truth of our only true religion, and never yield to the temptation of doubting it. The devil himself suggests to our minds such dangerous thoughts, and our natural pride makes us inclined to receive them. But this is that sin against the 'Holy Ghost' of which our Lord Jesus Christ has said that it shall not be pardoned. So that when such thoughts come to your mind, you must endeavor in every way to dispel them as the worst temptation of the devil."

I promised I would do so; and then the confessor made many inquiries about my manner of living at home, my father, my mother, and even my neighbors. I avoided direct replies, and finally told him that my mother had taught me it was too bad for a child to disclose home matters and the affairs of our neighbors. The confessor replied that he asked such questions for my good, and there was no danger of any disclosure, as he was bound by inviolable secrecy; but he did not insist upon it, and began to ask me about this or that sin, enumerating some of which I had never heard.

When waiting for my turn to confess, I had observed that almost all the young girls left the confessional blushing and confused, and then took their seats, hiding their faces for a little while. Now I guessed the reason, from the nature of some of the demands cynically directed to me. Auricular confession begins with scandalizing the innocent minds of children, and then by degrees destroys their sense of modesty; and finally creates the idea that sins are remitted by a detailed narration, accompanied by a sense of contrition felt at the moment. I know not of a more immoral and corrupting practice, and I firmly believe that it is a duty of every free and enlightened government to forbid it for the sake of public morality.

At length my confessor told me to recite the formula of repentance, which I did immediately, having learned it by heart from the little book of instructions given to me. Then he prescribed to me the penance to be performed for my sins, which consisted in reciting a rosary, kneeling before the image of the "holy virgin," called "del pianto" (weeping), which was

worshipped in that church. Finally the confessor, solemnly raising his hand, pronounced the formula of absolution in Latin, saying, "Ego te absolvo ab omnibus peccatis suis per quantum possum et tu indiges in vitam eternam; amen." And thus I was dismissed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

Next to our dining-room was a small cabinet, designed by my father for his study, and furnished accordingly with desks, books, and book-cases, in the simplest manner: but there was near the window a small book-case which was kept constantly locked; a red curtain inside the glass door prevented the sight of the contents; an inscription, however, had been placed upon that book-case, by which every one was made aware of the dangerous nature of the contents, by the words *Libri proibiti* (prohibited books).

It is well known, I suppose, that the Popes for some centuries have been in the habit of condemning all books which do not agree with their interests, views, or prejudices; and that an index of such books has been repeatedly published, which now has grown into a very large volume, comprising every kind of book, from the translation of the Bible to the least pasquinade. To read or keep any book described in that black index is punished only by excommunication in countries where the Pope has no temporal power; but his subjects enjoy the privilege of being sent to the galleys for the crime.

To mitigate, however, this law, which they could hardly enforce against scholars, it was determined by

the "Holy Inquisition" to grant special permission of reading and keeping more or less of the forbidden books to those who can show that they want them for their studies, and pay a certain tax for the permission. My father then was in the class of those privileged persons, and kept those books carefully locked up, according to the clause of the license, saying, *dummodo sic custodiat ne ad aliorum manus perveniant*, "provided he shall keep them so that nobody else may see them." To disregard that clause would be considered as criminal for him as for a druggist to keep poison carelessly.

"Prohibited books!" said I often to myself; "how nice they must be. Could I at least glance at their titles;" and lo! during a rainy morning, my father takes a pretty volume from that mysterious book-case, and begins to read attentively some pages of it: and then, "Listen to this passage," said he to my mother, and read some to her. I pretended to be entirely occupied with my play in a corner of the room, but I did not lose a word of what was read. It was a touching description of the dreadful evils with which Rome was afflicted, by the army of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, when taken by it, during the year 1527, under the command of the French constable of Bourbon. It made a deeper impression upon me, as that dreadful event is still traditionally known, and spoken of with deep feeling, by all classes of persons in Rome.

From that moment I was possessed by a passionate desire to explore the contents of that mysterious book-case, which of course appeared marvellous to my excited imagination. I imparted my wishes to a cousin of mine, then on a visit at our house, who

entered immediately into my views; and, being older than myself, and very skilful in mechanics, he succeeded in supplying me with a key to open the bookcase. He handed it to me at a late hour in the evening of a certain day. I hardly restrained myself till midnight should pass, and all in the house be quietly sleeping; then I slipped cautiously into the study. My heart beat quick, my breath was less free, and my hands trembled as if about to undertake something awfully wrong. But, conquering such an impression, I put in the key, and lo! the dreadful books were before my inquiring eyes.

My inspection began with a little carefully bound volume, as I thought that, being so little and beautiful, would perhaps be even less guilty than the others; nay, I was soon inclined to believe it to be entirely pure, when, looking at the title, I found that it was "*Del benefizio della morte di Cristo*," by Aonio Paleario. "A book discoursing of the benefit which we derive from the death of Christ could have been put here only through some mistake," said I to myself. But, as I turned almost mechanically the first page, I met on the second leaf with a short notice of the author, in which it was said that, for having written such a book, he had been condemned by the "Holy Inquisition," and burned alive on the third day of July, 1570, and the execution had taken place in Rome, in the "*Piazza Campo di Fiori.*"

It was then after midnight, and my mind was already deeply excited by that furtive exploration. Now the idea of a man burned alive, on account of the book I was holding in my hands, appeared of course to my mind like a dreadful phantom; and, besides, there was in full view the scene of that dread-

ful tragedy; for the window near which I stood fronted the "*Piazza Campo di Fiori*," in which the execution took place. This public square was formerly occupied by the temple of Flora, and still preserves the name of "Field of Flowers," although polluted by so many impious deeds of papal cruelty.

For a little while I remained there motionless and breathless, shuddering with horror and mysterious fear; and then, by a strong effort recovering possession of myself, I sat down and began to read with convulsive eagerness. As the book was very small, I went through the contents in a few hours. Then to the previous horror was joined in my mind the greatest amazement and confusion, for I could not find in the volume anything wrong; but, on the contrary, the book was written to explain the doctrine of "original sin," and the "atonement by the sacrifice of Christ," through which we are to be saved by our faith, — a doctrine which appeared to me exactly like those principles so early inculcated in me by my mother as to give me the idea that I was born with them.

Then, looking for some explanation, I perused a biographical sketch exhibiting the leading features of the life of Paleario, the author. I found that he was a native of Veroli, a city sixty miles east of Rome, and a man of great piety, virtue, talent, and scholarship, having written many valuable books, and lectured during many years in several leading universities of Italy; so that he was held in the greatest estimation, and honored by the friendship and intimacy of all the most distinguished men of his age, including Cardinals Morone, Saddoleto, Pole, Bembo, and others.

The publication of the book I had read exposed

the author to a trial before the court of Siena, which condemned him to death; but, appealing to the senate of that republic, and boldly pleading his cause, he avoided the punishment and recovered his freedom. Then Paleario, abandoning Siena, was allured under false pretences to Bologna. This city was then under the protectorate of the Pope, and therefore could not resist a friar, who was sent by His Holiness with authority to seize Paleario and take him to the "Holy Inquisition," in Rome. There he was dreadfully tormented, during three years, in a horrible dungeon, and afterwards he was burned alive, as I have said, preserving constantly wonderful firmness and consistency.

There was something exceedingly touching to me in the extract I found there of a letter which Paleario wrote to his beloved wife and children during the hour immediately preceding his death. "It is my wish," he said, "that you should not grieve at what is my joy and happiness. I go to my Lord, my Father, and my God. He has been pleased to call me to himself by a way which will appear to you a hard and painful one; but, considering that it happens with my full submission and joy of mind, you will find comfort by relying upon the will of God. I am now a useless old man. I leave you, for your inheritance, industry and virtue, together with the goods which I have already put into your possession, upon which there are no debts. My hour is coming. May the Spirit of God console you. Farewell."

I need not say that my warmest sympathy was immediately won for that victim. Then, and ever since, it appeared to me that a man standing firmly for his opinions, and never yielding, even before tortures

and death, is the most sublime expression of true greatness and virtue. My sympathy would perhaps have been equally warm even if I had detected any faults in the book of Paleario; but this was not the case. His opinions appeared to me as just as they were wise and pious; and they increased the interest I felt in him, and the confusion of my ideas.

The break of day found me lingering before the fatal book-case. Warned by the light, I replaced the book, shut up the case, and cautiously regained my room, in order to avoid surprise or discovery. But I had eaten the forbidden fruit, and now I felt the consequences: agitation, doubt, and confusion troubled my mind constantly.

CHAPTER V.

MYSTERIES AND DEATH.

SEVERAL days had passed since my nocturnal exploration of the case of forbidden books, and, nevertheless, my mind was yet filled with the sad impressions of that night. My inquisitiveness was now indeed bitterly repaid by the trouble of my mind. "There is a mystery," said I often to myself; "and mysteries should be respected, especially at my age."

In fact, mystery is a familiar idea, and commands an instinctive respect in the mind of a child born and educated in Rome. There, persons, laws, and institutions, no less than the ground, buildings, and ruins, appear to involve some mystery. Nay, Rome itself is nothing but a great mystery. That proud city, concealing its origin among the darkness of primitive ages, subdued the world by arms, and then by faith; and now again, casting away the corrupt and degraded papacy, awakes amidst the dreadful struggle of ancient and modern times, uttering the cry, "God and the people," which means the whole future of the third era of its greatness connected with the progress of mankind.

But now, everything around me, and even within me, appeared to me like mystery; nor could I succeed in casting aside those new, troubling thoughts. First

of all, that poor Paleario, burned alive, was constantly before my imagination. He, so learned, so pious and noble-minded, was he not an imitator of Christ, dying submissive to the will of God for the triumph of the truth? And, certainly, Paleario appeared to me like those earlier followers of Christ, whose virtuous life and glorious death had been narrated to me so often. But, if so, were not the Popes, Inquisition, and Jesuits like those Jews and wicked Emperors who killed Christ and his followers for the sake of the truth? But, on the other hand, why did they claim to be Christians?

Besides, my mother was of course a pious and religious woman; but why then did she not go to the church and confession as often as the neighboring ladies? And then I recollected what had happened when I was desired to go to confess, and there I found something not quite clear. And again, why was I taught at home by private expensive teachers, instead of being sent to the "Collegio Romano," or other public schools, where the Jesuits taught thoroughly for nothing?

The scrutinizing eye of an affectionate mother would of course easily discover that I was troubled by some painful thoughts; and she more than once tried to find out what was the matter with me. But I avoided all her questions, and finally declared that it was a secret of my conscience, which she ought to respect for having sent me to confess against my will. Then she did not insist any longer.

It happened that one night, being yet awake in my bed, I heard groaning in the next room, which was occupied by the aged father of my mother, as I mentioned before. I went there immediately, and, finding

him to be in a very alarming state, I ran to seek for a physician. Some relief was soon administered to the patient; but, from that moment, we attended him constantly by turns, for his life was in great danger.

A few nights after that, and during my term of attendance, the sick man having a moment of rest, we entered into a close conversation, during which he remarked that he had but a few hours more to live; and, as at this I could not refrain from weeping bitterly, he added, "Do not weep. Death is but the natural consequence of being born; besides, there is nothing painful connected with the approaching end of my life. Have I not lived many years? And now I am dying quietly in my bed, surrounded by the affectionate care of my dearest relatives; and, what is best of all, I feel that reliance upon the divine grace which is a pledge of salvation. Nor does death come unexpectedly upon me; it is long since I have been warned of my approaching end. Look at that case which is under my bed; it is the coffin I had prepared for myself three years ago."

The venerable old man uttered these words with such an expression of calmness, firmness, and confidence, that I felt almost reconciled to my lot in losing such a valuable friend. And then, being exceedingly touched, I could not help disclosing entirely to him my thoughts, my doubts, and what I had done rash or wrong. He remained for a little while silent and thoughtful, and then he said to me, "Thou hast entered too early into perilous researches. Thou art yet a child: wait for a proper time to obtain the explanation of those mysteries, and do not trouble thyself about it now."

I was very little satisfied, of course, with that

answer; nay, I was rather hurt by the appearance of mistrust concerning my age. "I do not pretend to be relied upon," said I, "but I tell you that I know how to be silent. For instance, all that you told me last year about the confession no one has known from me, not even my mother."

"Is it possible!" said the sick man; and he would perhaps have added some explanations, but at that moment my mother entered the room, in order to take her turn and send me to bed.

Next day,—it was the seventh since my grandfather had been seized by that fatal sickness,—towards dusk, a vetturino carriage stopped at our door, bringing a gentleman, who came in like an old acquaintance of the family. I did not know him, but he appeared to know me, for he addressed me by name in the most caressing manner, and said, "Is your mother at home?"

"Yes, sir," said I, and introduced him into the drawing-room, saying, "Mother, here is a stranger who wishes to see you."

My mother appeared to be exceedingly delighted and comforted at the appearance of this gentleman, who, after having respectfully kissed her hand in the Italian fashion, inquired, anxiously, "Is he still living?"

"Yes," answered my mother, with emotion; "but his hour approaches rapidly."

"Let us go and see him," replied the stranger. And they were going up stairs, when my father entered the hall: he embraced the new comer like an old friend; and, after a short conversation, I heard the stranger say, "Now I have a good passport, and I do not want to hide myself." At this, my father went to his desk, and, taking a printed sheet of paper, filled up some blanks in it, and then gave it to me to be

taken to the police-office. That sheet contained the announcement required by law of having received into his house a guest, and, consequently, exhibited the name of the new comer, his birth-place, age, social condition, habitual residence, the business he was coming for, how long he would remain, and the reason for which hospitality was extended to him.

The neglect of such an immediate announcement after having received a guest would be punished in ordinary times with a heavy fine and an imprisonment for some months; but, when martial law has been declared, the offence is sometimes punished by ten years in the galleys.

Next morning, as early as four o'clock, my sleep was broken by my mother, who dressed me in haste and took me to the room of her father, who was breathing his last, and had desired to bless me in that last solemn moment. The scene was more imposing than distressing. The venerable old man, speechless and immovable, had lost nothing of his serene countenance; he looked round his bed, surrounded by the whole of our family, as if taking leave of us with the most benevolent air. In the mean time, the strange gentleman of the evening before, holding the right hand of the dying man, was speaking the sweetest and most consoling words I had ever heard. This lasted but a few moments; and then I saw some slight convulsive movements on that face which was soon after composed in the solemn quiet of death.

At eight o'clock the same morning, the father curate made his appearance at our house. He had heard of the death which had occurred, and was coming to make arrangements for the burial. The curate at first made some bitter remarks to my father for not having called

him to assist the dying man and administer the sacraments to him, and said he would be right in denying the honor of burial to the corpse. My father uttered some light excuses, to which the curate yielded easily, because the dead was believed to have left a certain fortune, and the curate was anxious to share some of it under the title of funeral expenses.

Now the deceased had some years before made his last will, consigning it, sealed, to a public notary, who then came to open it in the presence of the corpse and seven witnesses, according to our laws and customs. The curate attended the ceremony in order to learn the directions for the burial.

"I direct my beloved daughter to procure the interment of my corpse without any pomp, and in the least costly manner possible." That was all on the subject of the burial, which took place exactly as he had directed.

Next morning, however, the sexton called at our house, bringing the bill from the Rev. Father Curate. It was very short and simple, and written in Latin, according to the fashion: "Pro funere non facto, ducenta scutatorum." That is to say, "For not having made the solemn burial, two hundred dollars."

My mother read the bill, and then turning to the sexton she said, almost ironically, "And how much would the father curate have pretended to ask if he had made the solemn funeral?"

"The same sum," coolly answered the sexton, "because our taxes are regulated by the wealth of the dead only."

"Well," replied my mother, "but, now the funeral having not taken place, what good will it do to me or my father to pay that sum?"

The sexton, by no means disconcerted, went on to explain, politely and skilfully, that every curate possesses the right, which is called "of stola nera" (black stole or dress), by which he exacts taxes from his flock on occasion of deaths, in the same manner that he raises contributions when baptizing or solemnizing marriages, in consequence of his right called "of stola bianca" (white stole). "Besides," added the sexton, "it will aid the soul of your father to escape sooner from the pains of purgatory."

My mother was by no means fond of money, and, affectionate as she was to her father, and distressed now by his loss, she would have given willingly everything in order to relieve his soul from pain. But, as every mortal being has some peculiar fault, so she happened not to believe in the existence of purgatory, and was not in the least inclined to encourage that trade. "Tell the Rev. Father Curate that my husband will call on him for the settlement of the matter," said she to the sexton, who went away muttering.

My mother called with the bill at a lawyer's office to inquire if the curate was wrong; but she was told that he was right, because there was really a law enforcing such impositions, and she must submit and pay the bill.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PRETEXTA AND MY HOME.

On the 25th of June, 1836, there was at our house a modest but cheerful dinner, attended by some of our most intimate friends and relatives; they had been gathered together cautiously, in order to avoid a descent of the papal *sbirri*, who would not have failed to disturb our dinner if they had known the object of it. In fact, my father had taken it into his head to celebrate the completion of my fourteenth year, giving me solemnly a man's coat, — in the same manner that the ancient Romans presented the pretexta to their children, who, from that moment, acquired all the rights and were subjected to all the duties of the Roman citizenship.

I was, of course, the lion of the banquet, and many toasts were addressed to me, in verse as well as in prose; and then my father, presenting me with a fine black coat, delivered a beautiful speech, which was very much applauded by our guests. As for me, I immediately put on my new coat, assuming a grave and dignified countenance, and mingled with the gentlemen, instead of clinging to my mother, as I would have done on former occasions. My father appeared to be satisfied with my conduct, and announced to me that from that moment I must take care of myself;

that he would soon send me to Ravenna in order to attend the public schools, and there he would not exercise any control over me, nor introduce me to any of his friends. "Your good conduct," added he, "is of more special importance to yourself than to me or any one else, and upon it will depend your meeting or not with valuable friends."

I was a little flattered by this, and felt I had strength enough to take care of myself, and to justify my father's confidence. My mother, on the contrary, was disturbed, and ventured to observe that I was too young.

"If you keep him like a boy for twenty years more, he will then be less capable than now of taking care of himself: he must learn early how to live in the world."

She made no reply, knowing of course that it was a resolution previously taken, and that it would be firmly kept by him; and in Italy, by a kind of tacit compromise, the father disposes of the sons and the mother of the daughters. Besides, she agreed perfectly in the determination to send me to Ravenna, because the public schools there were not in the hands of the Jesuits as those of Rome.

At that important epoch of my life, our family consisted of my father and mother, of course; and besides, I had some younger brothers and sisters, the number of whom, occasionally varied by births and deaths, was at last settled at five sisters and two brothers. An old faithful servant and a learned teacher formed a prominent part of the family, no less than I, the eldest son.

My father, notwithstanding some peculiar ideas, was a noble man, liberally endowed with talent and many

good qualities from nature. "What was his business?" a gentleman asked me not long ago; and I was sorry to be obliged to confess that his business was "Il dolce far niente" (the sweet doing nothing), with which foreigners so often bitterly reproach the Italians.

"How can a man live without doing anything in the world?" inquired the gentleman; to whom I answered, "I do not mean that he did nothing at all,—nay, he rode and hunted very often, read books when the weather was bad, and occasionally composed pleasant poems, and was even suspected to be the author of some witty pasquinades."

"Beautiful occupations indeed," interrupted the gentleman; "but a man who is not rich and has many children must give himself to some productive occupation, as they do in England and America."

Nothing, of course, is more right than this decision; but is it equally possible in Italy, as in England and America, to undertake some productive business? As for my father, I have seen him so tired and annoyed with his "dolce far niente," that I am sure he would have attended to some serious business with the greatest pleasure. But what could he have done? All his good qualities, disposition, and activity were paralyzed by his social position, as is the case with numbers in Italy.

In fact, my father early entered upon a military career, for which he proved himself very well fitted, during the last wars of Napoleon; but this career was cut short by the restoration of papacy. My father did not on this account give up the idea of an honorable and useful career; nay, he went to the University of Bologna, and with the greatest patience and earnest-

ness studied medicine; and, after four years of persevering application, crowned with success, he was about receiving his degree, when suddenly he was ordered to leave the university and renounce forever the idea of practising medicine, because he had been suspected of some connection with a political plot.

My father then made attempts to establish and carry on a commercial business, devoting to it a considerable part of his property and the whole of his attention. But commerce, every one knows, is so fond of liberty that it sometimes brings it, and can never exist without it. So that I need not say that commerce had been almost annihilated in our country since the papal restoration. Besides, my father was kept under particular control by the papal police: they would not allow him to travel nor move from place to place except he could prove it to be necessary; and then, a constant watch being kept upon him, he could not have any intercourse with other men of business without creating new suspicions against himself, and compromising others.

My father thus found himself compelled to withdraw from business, losing the property he had devoted to it. It was in that manner that he was reduced to "far niente," relying, for the support of himself and his family, upon the rents of some real estate belonging to the inheritance of his mother. So that I cannot bear to hear him abused for his "dolce far niente;" nay, I would have every one pity him for his forced and bitter idleness. Besides, and above all, I feel very much indebted to him for having inspired me with the greatest ardor for active life, and given me, by means of a wise education, a patrimony which papal confiscation cannot reach.

I wish to add, that an Italian ought not to be judged according to the ideas prevailing in England and America on this subject: we are not possessed by that eagerness for making money which is the most powerful stimulant to activity and daring enterprise. Italians have very few physical wants, and know how to restrain them within the limits of their means; "comfort" is a word not to be found in our language: thus we are easily reconciled to moderate fortunes, especially when we possess a house and a piece of land, which have been the constant object of the earnest wishes of Italians, from ancient times down to our days.

My father had saved a country seat and twenty acres of land from the wreck of his paternal inheritance, and some more valuable property had been left to him by his mother; and thus he considered himself, and was acknowledged by others, as a man of standing, and rich enough. So that, being young, and possessing some personal advantages, he might have married a young lady of fortune, which is not difficult in Rome, where the immense number of priests and friars condemns to a forced celibacy a great many young ladies. But he gave up that advantage, to contract a marriage of the heart, the story of which is an illustration of his character.

After having fought the last battle of Napoleon, at Waterloo, my father was coming home in a miserable condition, not yet entirely recovered from the effects of two wounds received there, and having no money to travel comfortably. He had crossed the Alps on foot, and reached the Appenines, between Piedmont and Tuscany, depending upon the small indemnity paid to the travelling soldiers; but, on a very hot day,

towards dusk, he fainted on the road, and was taken dangerously ill, his wounds having opened again. Some passers-by took him into a small cottage near at hand, where he met with the warmest reception, and was attended with the most affectionate care, until he entirely recovered.

The owner of that cottage was a gentleman of talent and highly cultivated mind, who had enjoyed a brilliant position during the reign of Napoleon, and who now, having lost almost all his fortune and experienced many disappointments, disgusted with the immoral spectacle of the restored tyrants, had retired to that mountain, with a daughter, who was then fifteen years old. She had been brought up in the world, and nevertheless showed no uneasiness in that retired life; nay, she constantly endeavored to make it tolerable to her father, by her affectionate care, playful humor, and sweet music.

The innocent charms of that blooming girl must have been very attractive; for she had the most regular features, and, even in mature life, preserved such an expression of modesty and tender affection that she seemed to have been created to be beloved. It was not strange, then, if the sick youth, recovering from his bodily wounds, became touched with love,—a disease in which the young lady herself soon shared.

"I have a certain fortune at home," said the young man, in the act of taking leave of the excellent and hospitable gentleman,—"I have a certain fortune at home, and, besides, I intend to practise some productive profession. Let me marry your daughter, and we will live happily together."

The old gentleman did not understand the sentiment

which had led the young man to make that proposition, and his delicate feelings were therefore wounded by the suspicion that the offer was made in order to relieve him from his present condition. So that, assuming a severe air, he gave a negative answer, in the coldest manner. The young man interpreted it as a mark of distrust and indifference, and they separated with reciprocal coolness.

In Rome my father mingled in gay society, and then went to Bologna to attend the lectures on medicine at that celebrated university, and there also he was in the gay world; but nothing could remove from his heart his love for the fair mountaineer of the Appenines; nay, the disappointments in his career, and the dreadful oppression of his native country, made him feel more and more the want of that domestic happiness of which he had dreamed so often when thinking of that girl.

One day a fashionable young gentleman, mounted on a fine horse, arrived suddenly at the door of the cottage mentioned before. The daughter of the house, now a perfectly grown-up young lady, was playing on her guitar, and singing a touching air, to which her father was listening with an expression of deep melancholy. They soon understood each other very well, and all was arranged.

"What have you been doing these last five years?" was the first confidential inquiry of the young gentleman.

"I have been waiting for you," replied the blushing girl. She had been waiting in that solitude for five years, without being comforted by any promise, without receiving any tidings of him. She loved, and that was enough for her.

I must add, that few marriages have been happier than this. On being introduced into the refined society of Rome, my mother filled her new position with easy grace; but she was not fond of amusements, feeling herself in her true element only when at home. In fact, she was not able to play on the piano-forte nor to sing modern opera airs, and even to modern dancing she was a stranger; but she was a good Italian scholar, knew Latin and French, besides being acquainted with all household concerns, and with her own hands provided the clothing of all her children, although they were at one time no less than twelve in number.

CHAPTER VII.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD.

My mother loved me exceedingly, and I loved her as much as a child may love; but some disagreement often disturbed our intercourse. In fact, she was a little too fond of discipline, and I, a lively boy, was rather impatient under it. When I recollect how many tears I have caused her by my childish excesses, I still regret that I was not able to control my warm temperament. Each fault was followed by deep repentance, and many promises of good behavior; but, alas! nature was too strong to submit to the artificial restraints which were imposed upon me. Perhaps my mother understood it, and perhaps she felt inclined to be forbearing with me; but she was not able to conquer the common prejudices concerning the education of children in Italy. Besides, she was constantly reproached by her friends and relatives, who said that she loved me too much, and consequently spoiled me. My father alone was not of the same opinion; and sometimes he concealed my faults or tried to excuse me.

Let no one, however, suppose that my faults were of a serious character. Sometimes I did not walk in a dignified manner when in the public promenade or in the street; or I associated with other boys who

liked discipline as little as myself; more frequently, I made a noise by running and jumping in the apartments, or in the court-yard, where I exerted my gymnastic powers and tried my voice rather too freely.

But the greatest want of discipline I ever showed was one evening when there was a dinner-party at our house. Short and thin as I was, I had been placed between two very tall gentlemen, who were talking to each other, thinking but little of me; and, when the large dish with meat made the tour of the table, in order that every one should help himself, in the Italian fashion, they forgot to hand it to me. I happened to be very hungry that evening, and the smell of the meat was very tantalizing; so that, after a little while, I could not refrain from raising my voice and asking for some of it. At this, my mother blushed deeply, and the whole party looked scandalized; even my father gave me a severe glance, because the circumstance of there being a party aggravated the fault which I had committed by breaking silence at table. Indeed, that evening I was in a bad strain. As soon as the dinner was over, and we went into the drawing-room to take a cup of coffee, instead of quietly taking my seat, I made some excursions around the room, with rather quick and noisy steps; and, being told to desist, I accosted a group of gentlemen, one of whom was describing the distress he had witnessed in Genoa, when that city was besieged by the English, during the year 1800. "The English admiral had offered good terms of capitulation, but the commander answered that he would not surrender till obliged by famine to eat his boots. That commander," added the speaker, "was a French general"——

"No," interrupted I, "he was an Italian, namely, Massena."

The gentleman looked upon me sternly, and then said, "You will do better to speak when you are requested to do so;" and then turned away from me contemptuously, and continued his speech. It was my last offence that evening, for I was ordered immediately to go to bed.

Now, the time of my deliverance from such discipline, which had become every day more intolerable to me, was indeed an occasion of great rejoicing. But I must confess that, having been brought up under so many restrictions, I felt now quite disposed to indulge to the contrary; and by and by I became a little daring, troublesome rogue. My father knew something of it, but, "Never mind," said he; "let him learn how to live in the world by his own experience." In fact, I met with so many unpleasant adventures in my new career that I put a stop to it myself. I will mention some of those adventures, which proved good lessons in my subsequent conduct.

Late on the evening of a summer day, I went to see the Coliseum illuminated by a beautiful moonlight. In order to enjoy that glorious sight in the best manner, I had taken a seat in a dark corner. I was all alone, and thought the place deserted; but, after a little time, I saw, like a vision, four young ladies playing gracefully not far from me. They also were alone, their attendant being, perhaps, in another part of that immense edifice. It is impossible for me to explain the impression made upon my young mind by those beautiful and playful creatures, in their simple white dresses.

They happened to pass near me; and, instead of

being frightened by unexpectedly finding there a youth, they looked upon me freely and easily, and then came back and passed again before me. At this, rising from my seat by a sudden, almost involuntary movement, I rushed towards them, and, without reflecting on what I was doing, or why I did it, I caught one of them in my arms. Perhaps it was in the same manner that, in the same place, in old times, Romulus took possession of Hersilia, the fair Sabine mountaineer. But my fair one was not a native of Italy; and so, instead of screaming and fainting, she, by a resolute and sudden movement, disengaged herself from my grasp, and then applied an earnest slap upon my face, accompanying that unpleasant gesture by some words which I did not understand, but they sounded very harshly in my ears — much like rogue, rascal, ruffian! And this was but a signal to the other young girls, who immediately came to her help, and revenged themselves upon me with such fury that, in great disorder, and bleeding, I considered myself fortunate to escape from their nails by a cowardly flight.

Next evening, while I was at the house of a friend, a gentleman called there, and, to amuse the party, related to us that, on the preceding evening, four young ladies from America had met in the Coliseum a daring rogue, who disturbed their innocent sports; but they had given him a good lesson. Of course all the company were amused and gratified except myself. But, from that moment, I have had an instinctive respect for young ladies; and to all my friends who were going to America I constantly gave the good advice, "Look out for the Yankee girls."

A few days after that event, I was walking with two friends on the ground of the ancient Roman

Forum, when we met, in the twilight, two Jesuits returning home from their promenade. They exhibited such an air of affected devotion and humility that we, looking at each other, smiled maliciously.

"It is a pity," then said one of them to his companion, "that in this holy city there are so many vagrant children, shamefully allowed to disgrace the streets and promenades."

This insult was evidently directed against my friends and me; and we felt it bitterly; so that we followed the Jesuits, with the intention of revenging it upon them. They soon passed near a little marshy spot, into which we suddenly threw three large stones, so as to cover their black gowns with muddy stains. They looked round, and there was nobody to be seen but ourselves. Then the one who had not before spoken said humbly to his companion:

"Let us bear it for the love of Jesus."

At this I was touched, and said to my friends, "We have been wrong. Perhaps there are some good persons even among the Jesuits."

"Very good, indeed," replied one of my friends, with a sneer. "But good Jesuits!"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a patrol of four papal *sbirri*, coming from a side street, entered the ground of the Forum near us.

"Take those three scoundrels to prison!" my good Jesuit cried out, angrily, and with a solemn tone of command; and the four *sbirri* hastened to obey.

I confess it was not the first mischief that my friends and I had committed, nor was that the first attempt of the papal sbirri to catch us: so that we were not taken by panic or surprise, and fled quickly in different directions, to scatter our pursuers. One of my

friends entered the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, now a church, which was very near, and, shutting the door behind him, went out by the opposite door, and escaped. The other also escaped easily by climbing up behind a carriage which happened to be passing. As for myself, I had taken the straight course leading to the Coliseum, a very fine hiding-place; but I had hardly reached the arch of Titus when I felt on my shoulder the hand of my pursuer, endeavoring to catch me. I made a sudden movement to the right, and, before he could stop and turn back in order to follow me in my new direction, I was already far from him, on the ascending path which leads to the garden on the summit of the Palatine hill. The door of the garden was shut; but I easily scaled the wall, and, while my pursuer sought for regular admittance, I went to hide myself in the subterranean remains of the famous Palace of the Cæsars, with which I was very well acquainted. Those remains, now entirely covered by rubbish on the north and east parts of the hill, where the garden is, are less encumbered on the south and west hill-sides. They present many spacious rooms, which were concealed and saved by the ruins of the upper part of the palace, when it was destroyed by the Vandals in the fifth century. In one of these rooms, supposed to be the private bathing-room of Nero's "Domus Aurea," was found the famous group of Laocoon and his sons, destroyed by serpents, which is the most remarkable sculpture in the Vatican Museum. I went down there by an ancient staircase, imperfectly cleared from rubbish, and entirely covered by vines. The vault of the room in which I had taken refuge had partially fallen down, opening a hole, through which some of the rubbish from above had

fallen, forming a kind of well from the upper ground. It was through that well that I heard the gardener saying, "If you want to go down to seek for him, I will give you a lamp;" and the papal *sbirro* replying, "Let me watch here,—he must come out, no doubt."

In fact, the papal *sbirri* are not remarkable for their courage, and, above all, they are exceedingly afraid of going into subterranean places, because there are occasionally in such places certain persons, outlaws, who would not like to have them go out again and betray their retreat. However, I thought it prudent to conceal myself in a more interior part; and then I descended a staircase leading to a floor below, which circumstance I did not recollect when afterwards I tried to get out from my hiding-place. So that I found myself lost in that dark labyrinth.

My movements through the place roused a crowd of bats, owls, rats, reptiles, and other animals, some of which occasionally expressed their dissatisfaction at my intrusion among them. This, and the mephitic smell of that damp place, showed to me that a night spent there would be rather unpleasant; but, what troubled me most of all, was the thought of the anguish of my dear mother on discovering that I was missing that night.

But lo! a tremendous sound, repeated by the numerous and powerful echoes of those subterranean regions, came to revive my courage. In fact, I perceived immediately that this noise was the effect of the ordinary ringing of the bells of the churches at the close of the first hour after sunset. The heavy, slow-measured strokes of the largest bell of St. Peter were the most distinct; and, taking the direction from which their sound reached me, I was led into a narrow passage

where a faint ray of the moon found its way. In short, I was again in the open air; and, by scaling a small wall on the west side of the hill, I found myself in the public road called "De Cerchi," near to the Velabro.

It is in that place that capital punishment is executed; and the first object I saw by the moonlight was a scaffold, with a guillotine covered with fresh blood. In fact, a young man had been executed that day, and the execution had been delayed till towards dusk, because the patient refused to confess. Looking towards the next chapel of "S. Giovanni Decollato" (St. John beheaded), I saw there the corpse, placed on its back on the floor, with the feet towards the door, and the head upon the chest. Behind it were two men, having their heads and bodies enveloped in the sack-cloak of the ancient "brotherhood of death" (compagnia della morte), which, by its institute, constantly sends some brothers to accompany the victim to the scaffold, and then to take care of the corpse. A feeble lamp placed at the feet of the corpse reflected its trembling light on that lifeless face, and cast only some dubious rays upon the two attendants, whose life was betrayed only by the movement of their sparkling eyes shining in the darkness through the holes of their cowls.

This spectacle made a solemn impression upon me, inasmuch as I had just now got out from a bad scrape; and, in spite of myself, there came obstinately to my mind the sad augury uttered some years before by the curate, — "to grow up good for nothing but the jailer or the executioner."

I went home directly and shut myself up in my room, indulging sad reflections. I had then some very

painful moments, after which, kneeling down to say my evening prayers before going to bed, I felt a deep emotion, my conscience reproaching me with bad conduct. Then I fervently implored God to restore my peace of mind, promising to give up my mischievous friends and reform my conduct; which, in fact, I really did.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY ELDEST SISTER.

Among the family guests who attended the ceremonial dinner when I was given the pretexta, there was my eldest sister Silvia, who had with her an accession of a husband, and a child only two months old. She was only twenty-two months older than myself, and, notwithstanding this, she was there in the serious position of a wife and a mother, to witness my formal passage from boyhood to youth. The instance of a mother not quite sixteen years old is not a rare one in the south of Italy. Both our physical and moral life develop early in that mild climate, and amidst the frequent sensations produced by the enrapturing beauty of nature and of the fine arts. My sister, when fourteen, was a grown-up young lady, and, finding that our house was too crowded, she accepted the hand of a gentleman who was nineteen, and an orphan.

This young couple loved each other with the warmth of a first love in Italian hearts. This was a sufficient reason for them to accept the great responsibility of parents, at such an early period of their life. My father opposed, at first, the conclusion of that marriage; but my sister grew melancholy for this, and then a sentimental paleness began to discolor her rosy cheeks. My mother was alarmed lest her darling daugh-

ter should fall sick. At this my father summoned a family council, composed of relatives on both sides of the two lovers, who were not admitted to plead their cause. The decision, however, resulted in their favor. A few days after a public notary was summoned to our house, in order to make a public deed, concerning the assignment of a convenient dowry made by my father, and the *sponsali*, that is to say the engagement, of the young couple. My sister was not present at this act in which she was so much concerned; my father gave the consent, and subscribed, instead of her, according to our customs.

Now the matter was to be arranged with the church, because matrimony under the papal dominion is not a contract, but merely a sacrament to be administered in a sacramental manner by the curate. The bridegroom went to our curate, and informed him of his intention of marrying my sister. The curate wrote down this declaration on a large sheet of paper, in which he enclosed the documents exhibited by the young man. These were the proofs of having received the sacraments of baptism and confirmation, of being in communion with the papal church, of having not been ordained a priest nor a friar. The curate appointed the following morning for a similar interview with the bride. My sister went to the curate, attended by my mother and myself; but he desired her to enter alone into his study, in order to comply with the law prescribing that both the spouses should manifest their consent to the curate separately, and without the presence of influential persons. She, young, timid, and excessively reserved, felt a great instinctive repugnance to follow that ugly friar: he was the same one who, two years before, called at our

house in order to compel me to go to confession. He perceived her difficulty, and allowed me to be with her, for, at twelve years of age, I could not be regarded as an *influential* person.

The next Sunday the curate, as he said mass, interrupted the service, soon after having read the Latin selection from the gospel, and gave notice to the people of the projected marriage, warning every one, who knew any reason why it could not be lawfully performed, to denounce it secretly to the ecclesiastical authority. This notice was given again and again, on the two following Sundays, and afterwards the curate appointed a day for the performance of the matrimonial ceremony. The bride was clad in a new white dress; a long white veil was placed upon her head, and fixed there by a crown of white roses. She, blushing modestly, proceeded, with her eyes cast down, and taking the arm of her spouse, who, fashionably dressed, walked erect in a bold and triumphant manner. They were followed to the church by a long procession of ladies and gentlemen, the relatives and the intimate friends on both sides. The church was crowded by curious spectators.

The spouses went directly to the confessional, where the curate waited for them, and, after having separately made their confession, they went to kneel on the stool-desk prepared for them in front of the principal altar: there the curate came to say the mass, during which he administered to them the communion. The curate was over with the mass in twenty minutes, and then he put on a rich cope, took a silver *aspersoire*, and sprinkled the wedding couple with "holy water." After this the curate interrogated first the bride, and then the bridegroom, if they wished to be

married. Their positive answers were registered in the parish book, and two gentlemen, summoned as special witnesses, signed their names also. The bridegroom took from his pocket a ring, upon which the curate poured thrice his benedictions and the "holy water," with many mysterious gestures. Finally, the bridegroom put the ring upon the ring-finger of the right hand of the bride, and grasped it, while the curate, holding their united hands, uttered the Latin formula, "*Ego conjungo vos in matrimonium in nomine Patris, Fili, et Spiritus sancti,—amen,*" and all was over. A simple refreshment was served at our house, and afterwards my sister went to her new home.

My sister was a pattern of the most common feminine beauty in Italy; tall and slender, with fine white complexion, fine black hair, black sparkling eyes, arched by thick dark eyebrows, and then a spacious forehead, from which descended a well profiled nose; rather thick lips, and fine white teeth. But her education was still very imperfect, owing to her youth, and to the difficulty of procuring a good female education in a country oppressed by both political and religious despotism. Besides, she was a timid, simple-hearted, and inexperienced girl, wanting some one to take care of her, to guide, and to support her. Taken away weeping from the arm of her mother, to which she used to cling, she took the arm of her young husband with a feeling of dependence upon him as a protector and a faithful guide through the new world which she was entering. All this gave her a greater attraction in the eyes of her lover, who used to say that she was an ideal of a bride. In another country perhaps she would have been regarded as a

good young girl, to be sent to school for the next six years, before thinking of a wedding; but in Italy they have peculiar ideas on this subject.

Generally the Italians are great admirers of a woman of talent and learning, and she will be entitled to more regard in Italy than elsewhere; but, when they have to choose a companion for life, talent and learning will have no attraction for them: they will look for a simple soul, for a tender heart preserved from previous impressions, and for a character still indefinite, and to be moulded by the husband. Personal chastity has no value for an Italian if there is not a virgin soul, pure from the contamination of the world, — like a crystal, kept from every vaporous breathing. So that an Italian young lady has a much better chance of finding a partner when she is a simple, untaught girl, than when endowed with all the accomplishments of a later age. The Italian girls instinctively understand this, and consequently they feel anxious to be married as early as possible.

The condition of an Italian girl, whose twentieth year has passed away without affording any prospect of marriage, is a melancholy one. She begins to be designated by the unceremonious title of *zitellona*, "old maid;" her beauty rapidly fades away; her temper grows dark and irritable; and she remains enslaved by many petty ties and exigencies in the paternal house, or takes a gloomy refuge in a convent; for numberless restraints are imposed upon unmarried women, while a married lady is even too free in Italy.

All these circumstances sometimes bring forth unhappy marriages in Italy; because a girl too young, and anxious of having a husband, will sometimes accept a hand unworthy of her, inasmuch as the

chances of marriage are made rare on account of so many young men condemned to celibacy by the priestly, monkish, and military systems. But in these cases an Italian wife will suffer in silence and with heroic virtue her domestic griefs, which will seem more tolerable to her if concealed in her house. Foreigners have been for a long time in the habit of charging the Italian women with loose morals, and they will continue to bring these charges, notwithstanding there is no foundation for them. A profligate court in France produced there an almost general havoc of the public morals. Seven courts in Italy, including the most profligate of all, that of the pope, must necessarily have some bad influence. The auricular confession, too, and the existence of so many friars and priests, are dreadful means for the corruption of morals.

The opposition, however, of the Italians against the pope and the other petty tyrants has exercised a good influence on their morals. It has been wisely said that in a monarchy the vices of the rulers descend to corrupt the people, while in a republic the virtue which exists constantly in the large masses constrains the candidates for the offices of the government to be virtuous. Now, the real power in Italy resides in the people, because the rulers are foreigners, or supported by foreigners. It explains why the corrupting influence of the courts has no power in Italy at present.

Now my sister, though marrying at the age of fourteen, had fortunately placed her affections on a man perfectly worthy of her; and, being both young, they were able reciprocally to mould their characters in a satisfactory manner. I confess, however, that having not seen my sister since the day of her wedding (for

she lived in a neighboring town), I could hardly realize now that the little thing which she brought in her arms was not the same doll with which she used to play a short time before. But the child seemed to be anxious to give notice of himself, showing an exuberant spirit of life. I remember constantly, with great interest, that little sprightly child, because, only thirteen years after, he shared with me the dangers and the fatigues of the siege of Rome in 1849.

My sister had brought her child to Rome because she wished me to be the sponsor for him at the baptism, which she had purposely delayed. I had never witnessed the ceremony of baptizing a child, because generally they perform it almost privately, in a room or chapel appropriated to that use, at any time that a child is brought there. My mother warned me that I must take care not to burst into a laugh during the ceremony, and I felt quite confident of being able to exhibit a serious countenance, inasmuch as it was the second day since I took the *pretexta.* The *battistero*, that is, the room of the baptismal font, was small, but beautiful. The wall opposite to the entrance was occupied by a fine fresco representing John the Baptist with an oyster-shell in his hand pouring water upon the head of Jesus Christ, who stood half immersed in the water. In the middle of the room was a graceful marble fountain covered by a high wooden cone, which being removed, I saw the basin, containing about a gallon of a certain mixture of water, salt, and two different kinds of sacred oils; it must be prepared each year on the "holy Saturday," that is, the day before Easter Sunday, and it takes five hours to perform all the ceremonies which are required by the "*ceremoniale romanum*," in order to make a good

water for baptism. John the Baptist and the apostles thought that the simple water of a stream would bring about the effect, but the popes since that epoch have *improved* everything, according to their *infallible* wisdom.

The ceremony began by exorcizing the child, in order to drive away from him the evil one. The curate then interrogated him in bad Latin, "*Abronuntias Satanass?*" (Do you give up Satan?) and I was directed to answer for the child, "*Abronuntio*" (I give him up). Then the curate said, "*Accipe salem sapientiæ*" (Take the salt of wisdom), and freely poured soda-salt into the mouth of the babe. He was tightly wrapped in his swaddling-clothes, but the bitter impression of the salt in his mouth, used only to sweet milk, made him cough convulsively, during which he disengaged his little right arm, and began to use it freely against the face of the curate. But the friar did not mind this, and coolly continued his performance, by breathing thrice into the mouth of the child, whose face he then moistened with his saliva. At this filthy operation I could not restrain a laugh. The curate turned angrily to me and severely scolded me, observing that there was great danger that the child would grow up a fool in consequence of my foolish laughing during the sacred ceremony.

After this the curate, putting his finger into a little vase of sacred oil, made with it a cross on the forehead of the babe, and then, with oil taken from another vase, made a second cross on his shoulders, and a third cross on his breast. Now the curate handed the child to me, directing me to hold his little head in suspense above the fountain, while he, taking the liquid of it, poured it three times on the head of the babe, saying,

"*Calliste, ego te baptizo in nomine Patris, Fili, et Spiritus sancti,—amen.*" I thought that all was over now; but the curate, handing me the extremity of his white stole, said, "*Accipe stolam candidam quam immaculatam perferas ante tribunal Domini*" (Receive the white stole, to be brought spotless before the tribunal of the Lord); and then he walked towards an altar, I following him like a blind man.

"Kneel down," said the curate, "and recite the *credo*" (creed). I obeyed; but the curate pretended that my creed was not good, because it was a little different from the formula given by the Jesuit Bellarmino, and charged me with ignorance of the Christian doctrine. But I knew by heart the Latin formula of the creed as they read it during the mass. I proudly recited that creed, and cut short the dispute.

CHAPTER IX.

MY JOURNEY TO RAVENNA.

As the re-opening of the public schools was at hand, in the fall of the year 1836, my father one morning took me into his study, and, handing to me a small package, said: "Here is some money for your journey to Ravenna, and a note to the farmer who rents my small estate near that city. He will give you twelve dollars every month; that must be sufficient for all your wants; if it is not, so much the worse for you, because you will not obtain a *baiocco* more. Proceed, then, to Ravenna, attend the school there, and let your parents have reason to rejoice at your good behavior and success."

I knew, of course, the geographical position of Ravenna, it being a remarkable city in Italian history; but to find the means of getting there in the most direct and economical way, was not an easy problem for an untravelled youth. The distance was no more than 240 miles north-east of Rome; but, the country being ruled over by the pope, the railroads had been rigorously proscribed as an invention endangering the interests of the papal church. Besides, the pope himself monopolized the slow and uncomfortable means of conveyance which the passengers are allowed to use, namely, the *pontificie diligenze*,

corrieri and *velociferi.* Their terms were too high for me, and, besides, no one of them passed through Ravenna. But I discovered that there were some private *vetturino* allowed, under many restrictions, however, to convey passengers; and I easily so arranged the matter as to be brought to Rimini, only twenty miles from Ravenna, in six days and a half, provided the weather should be good. My lodging and meals during the journey were to be supplied by the vetturino at his own expense. For all this I was to give him only seven dollars, with an addition of fifty cents if I were satisfied with the treatment.

We were six in the carriage; but my fellow-travellers were all foreigners, and I had only the vetturino to converse with. Fortunately he was an intelligent and warm-hearted young man, and we were soon friends. He gave me occasionally some lessons in driving skilfully, and besides told me all the names, stories, and traditions of all the places which we passed. He was also a fine singer, and knew by heart the sweetest songs of love, as well as the most forbidden patriotic hymns. We sang very often together; and, when passing through the frequented roads, our songs were of a light character, as "*La Biondina in gondoletta,*" "*Erminia tra l'ombrose piante,*" &c.; but, when travelling through solitary mountains, we freely gave vent to exciting political songs, as "*Sotto i pioppi della Dora,*" "*Suona la tromba e intrepido,*" &c.

On the morning of the sixth day of our journey we arrived at the *Furlo.* This is a narrow passage between two high, escarped, rocky mountains, formed in part, and entirely occupied at the bottom, by a furious torrent, throwing its waters into the Adriatic Sea. The road was cut in the rock a little above the water,

and at a point where the mountain was exactly perpendicular on both sides, a short gallery was opened through the rocks. It was with deep emotion that I rode through that historical passage, for I knew that it was there that was fought the battle which entirely restored the Roman fortunes, and proved fatal to the Carthaginians in Italy. They were guided by Hasdrubal, and were coming to help Hannibal, weakened by "the delights of Capua." The consul, Livius Salinator, then commanding on the north of Italy, had not troops enough to prevent the passage of that powerful army. But the other consul, Claudius Nero, who was in front of Hannibal on the south, made secretly a rash and rapid movement with the best of his soldiers to help his colleague.

The Carthaginian general occupied the heights of those mountains; but the Romans, by cutting that road and gallery with wonderful celerity, effected the union of their armies, and then, making a powerful assault behind the military lines of the African general, defeated him completely. All this was done with such secrecy and celerity that Hannibal had the first intimation of what had occurred from the consul Claudius Nero himself; he, coming back to his encampment, caused the head of Hasdrubal to be thrown into the camp of Hannibal, who then uttered the famous words, *Agnosco fortunam Cartaginis*, "I foresee the fate of Carthage."

We safely arrived at Rimini, the ancient *Ariminum*, on the morning of the seventh day since we left Rome. Six hours and a half would have brought us there if there were a railroad. I had been formerly in Rimini when only nine years old; but I preserved some distinct recollections of the city. The magnificent arch

which the senate and the people of *Ariminum* erected to Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of the Gauls, stood before me as I entered the gate, and I looked upon it with excited feelings, owing to the historical recollections associated with the name of that hero, who afterwards crossed the Rubicon a few rods behind that arch.

A few steps distant from the ancient arch there was a comparatively modern building, highly interesting to a reader and admirer of Dante,—I mean the palace of Malatesta, with its bridal-room, where Francesca da Rimini and her brother-in-law were slain.

The walls of Rimini on the northern side are washed by the river Marecchia, and there Cæsar Augustus erected a remarkable bridge, which was the head of both *via Flaminia* and *via Emilia*. The bridge was made of marble stones, without any cement, and, after nineteen centuries, needs no repair; nay, it seems to challenge all future ages. All the ancient Roman works prove that they had the firm conviction that there would not be an end for their descendants. Occupied by this thought, I paced up and down the bridge, when by chance I observed and recognized a lofty terrace near the gate opening on the bridge, from which terrace I, five years before, witnessed, with great danger, the storming of the bridge by an Austrian army. They were twice driven back from the bridge by the citizens. A young general, mounted on a splendid horse, put himself at the head of a third column in order to repeat the attack: he was struck at once by many shots, and fell upon the edge of the bridge, and then into the water. He was the young Prince of Lichtenstein.

These dreadful events had been so deeply impressed

in my tender mind, that their images vividly excited my imagination, inasmuch as the city was still garrisoned by those hated Austrians. But I could not help a sentiment of compassion for that courageous young general. He, in the prime of life, handsome, accomplished, rich, and beloved in his country, came to die in a foreign land, amidst the ferocious shouts of a people desperately fighting for their freedom. He, free and independent, had sold his sword and his blood to the service of the most dreadful tyrant of Europe; and, though a Protestant, he died for the restoration of the pope.

Now I engaged a seat in a light wagon bound to Ravenna, which was only twenty miles north of Rimini. There was an elderly gentleman with me in the wagon, who proved to be a very agreeable fellow-traveller. The wagon was now stopped at the gate of Ravenna by an Austrian soldier, who, with his barbarous accent, bade me deliver my passport to the custom-house officer, who gave me a ticket by which I was directed to call at the police-office within twenty-four hours; and then the officer asked of me, "Where are you going to stay?" My reply was that I had never been before in Ravenna, and did not know any person or place there. But the officer, in his rough manner, insisted upon the necessity of complying with the law; and I should have been much embarrassed had not my fellow-traveller come to my aid, saying that he would take me with him to "La Bella Emilia" (beautiful Emily). It was not a young lady, but a hotel, taking its name from the ancient appellation of the province of Ravenna.

The chief waiter of the hotel was a native of Rome, and knew my family; consequently he treated me

exceedingly well; and, after I had supped, he took me to a comfortable bed-room, informing me with great solemnity that I was to enjoy the privilege of sleeping in the room of Lord Byron. In fact, the famous English scholar, being in love with the Countess Guiccioli, took up his abode in that hotel, almost opposite her palace. Lord Byron lived a long time in Ravenna, and his memory is very popular there; for his manners were more like those of a fanciful Italian poet than of a proud English lord. He had intimate intercourse with the Italian patriots, and took part in their conspiracies. In consequence of this, the order for imprisoning and trying him was sent by the pope to the cardinal legate of Ravenna; but Lord Byron succeeded in making his escape, and went to Greece.

CHAPTER X.

MY FIRST DIFFICULTIES IN RAVENNA.

I ROSE early on the following morning, and, leaving my Byronian room, procured a guide-book and a map of the city, in order to proceed to my business with no loss of time. First of all I went to the school building, called "Collegio," to inquire at what hour I should find the office open for the reception of new daily pupils. I was told, "Not before nine o'clock;" and, it being then only seven, I thought I would employ the interval in paying a very interesting visit, of which I had thought a great deal, and often dreamed, during the journey.

It was in Ravenna that Dante, the greatest of the Italians, breathed his last, and there the bones of the illustrious poet are preserved, in a small temple of pagan fashion, erected to his memory. It was very near the "Collegio;" and soon I read on the corners, "Rione (ward) Dante," and then, "Via Dante," and lo! the temple stood before me, with its simple Latin inscription on the architrave, "DANTIS POETÆ SEPULCHRUM." At the sight I was seized with a trembling of reverence and confusion. Was I not unworthy to approach those bones, consecrated by genius? What had I done, or tried to do, for mankind or my native country? And then, looking at the stern face of the

marble bust of the poet, I seemed to hear resounding in the air the dreadful sentence against those "Wretched who never lived, since they lived without either praise or blame: the world preserves no memory of them; both mercy and justice despise them. Do not speak of them; only look, and go on."

My enthusiasm for Dante did not make me forget my important business: exactly at nine o'clock I was at the office, waiting for the "Rettore" of the "Collegio," who soon made his appearance. I had prepared my mind for an unpleasant meeting with a filthy friar or a hypocritical priest; but I was pleasantly disappointed. The "Rettore," although clad in a priestly dress, and nominally belonging to that caste, was a man of talent and virtue, whose easy, gentlemanly manners accorded with the delicate feelings of his heart. Evidently, he had been appointed to that office through some mistake; and, in fact, he was deprived of it some two months after. The "Rettore" treated me very kindly, and, enrolling my name among the students, he was very happy to discover that I was the son of a dear friend of his.

I rejoiced very much at my success; and, thinking that all difficulties were over, I felt anxious to go and visit the famous monument of Theodoric, the king of the Goths. Having on my dress-coat, I went back to the hotel to change it; but had hardly reached the door when a piece of paper was put into my hands, requesting me to call immediately at the office of the police. "The twenty-four hours since my arrival have not yet passed," said I to myself; "there must then be some trouble." I went to the office, therefore, with a trembling heart.

The director of police was a ruined count, whose

name was "Volpe" (fox), although he looked like a bear. After some trifling interrogations he said to me, "Why did you come here to attend the public schools? Are there no public schools in Rome?"

"Because," answered I, "it pleased me more to attend the public schools in Ravenna than in Rome."

At this simple answer the director of police burst into a fit of anger, and overwhelmed me with threatening reproofs for having failed in the respect due to him. I attempted to observe that I did not mean anything disrespectful; that it was my father who had commanded me to come there.

"Ah! your father?" interrupted the furious director. "Then go back, and tell him that he is a fool, because there is a law, which he ought to know, forbidding the student to attend the public schools, except in the province to which he belongs. I allow you twenty-four hours to prepare for your departure; and, should you not leave, I will send you to Rome by 'corrispondenza.'"

I had not yet tried that manner of travelling, with which, some years after, I became thoroughly acquainted by bitter experience; but I had often met poor-carts, overloaded with ruffians and thieves tied in them, proceeding slowly, and stopping every night at the jails; so that I shuddered at the idea of being dragged along to Rome in that way, and in such company, and was therefore anxious to comply immediately with the intimation I had received. But, looking at my pocket-book, I found that I had not money enough for a journey back to Rome. In such a state of disappointment, trouble, and anxiety, I felt a bitter discouragement, which, however, lasted only a few moments.

To divert my mind a little, and think more coolly of my embarrassing condition, I followed my former project of visiting the monument of Theodoric, which is only a short distance from the city. This monument is an octagon marble temple, of correct Roman architecture, built without cement, and covered by an immense stone, forming the entire roof. It is the largest and most magnificent monolithic temple existing. The great stone is cut skilfully, in imitation of the roof of the Pantheon of Rome, and presents twelve bases, upon which formerly stood the statues of the apostles. On the summit was a large urn of porphyry; but a thunderbolt had broken down the urn, as well as the statues, and divided the great stone into two pieces, without impairing the stability of the building.

On returning to the city, — occupied, of course, with my sad thoughts, — I unconsciously passed the gate by which I had gone out; and, continuing my course near the walls, I found myself in front of another gate, on which I read the name, "Porta Adriana." This recalled to my mind the letter which my father had given me for his farmer, because it had the direction, "Three miles from Porta Adriana." How precious was that discovery! The farmer would pay me twelve dollars for the first month, and this was more than enough for my journey. So that, taking the letter from my record-book, I started immediately in that direction, and very easily found the country-seat, owing to the exact description of it in the letter. But how amazed and gratified was I on seeing the house, and the old farmer coming to meet me! It was the same country-seat where my father had left me five years before, when we were flying together; and

the old farmer was the same man who had taken care of me, and restored me to my mother in Rome.

We embraced each other, with deep emotion, and then he said, "I am very happy that you are to spend some years in Ravenna, as your father told me some time ago."

"Nay, say a few hours," replied I; "because I have been ordered to leave to-morrow before noon, for the director of police says there is a law preventing me, because born in Rome, from attending the public schools in Ravenna."

The good old man expressed his grief by violent exclamations, not forgetting to curse the police. "A bad institution," he said, totally unknown when he was young, and introduced by Frenchmen. At length, assuming the air of a man who has found out some remedy, he said to me, "Look here; I know a gentleman, now spending his vacation in this neighborhood. He is a lawyer, but not of that kind who skin poor people; and, besides, he is a friend of your father. Let us go and consult him, for I am sure he will find the way to help you."

"Let us go," repeated I, catching at this new hope; and in a few moments we were at the house of the lawyer. He was not in; but we saw his wife, a lady of great beauty and sweet manners. She was a mother, and therefore I need not say that she felt greatly interested in a boy far from his home, alone and in trouble. I had hardly finished the recital of my sad adventure, when the lawyer entered, and was eagerly accosted by his wife, earnestly pleading my cause.

"The law is really against him," remarked the lawyer; "but, fortunately, there is something peculiar in

his case, because this farm which his father holds is a primogeniture, to which, as the first-born, he is entitled. Besides, his father still enjoys the citizenship of Ravenna, and his sons participate in it while they remain under his paternal authority. So that this youth may lawfully claim to reside here, both as a possessor of land and of citizenship."

"That is well," replied the lady. "But how will this poor boy be able to make his reasons known and respected? You know the prolegato (governor), and a word from you would arrange everything."

The lawyer was but little disposed to take so much trouble as to go with me to Ravenna, in order to speak to the prolegato. The lady, perceiving this, did not insist, wishing to avoid an explicit refusal. Soon after, however, holding her beautiful child in her arms, and presenting him, with a sweet smile, to the caresses of her husband, she spoke of me again, saying, "Poor thing! I pity him, indeed, — here without his mother, in trouble and alone; and, particularly, when I think that our dear child may one day find himself in such a position."

Here she paused, and then remarked that the weather promised a very fine evening. The lawyer answered nothing; but she, of course, knew well the sound of the key she had touched, and, taking a servant aside, bade him make ready the carriage for Ravenna; and, a few moments after, I was seated in it with the lawyer. I should have wondered, indeed, if he had not yielded. A young and beautiful wife, holding in her arms a fine child, and sweetly pleading, would move even such a husband as Nero.

On our way to the palace of the prolegato, we passed before the hotel "La Bella Emilia," and I en-

tered to put on my dress-coat. It was sunset when we arrived at the palace of the prolegato. It is well known, I suppose, that "legato a latere," or legate, means a cardinal, whom the pope dispatches *from his side*, to intrust him with an important mission; and sometimes a simple prelate is charged with such duties, when he takes the name of *prolegato*, that is, vice legate. The governorship of Ravenna was generally given to a cardinal legate, but was now filled by a prelate, because, owing to the rebellious tendencies of that province, no cardinal wished to go thither.

A legate, or a vice legate, when in his province, is more powerful than a proconsul, and possesses the absolute authority of a Turkish pasha over property and life. The prelegato of Ravenna was Monsignor Vannicelli, who is actually a cardinal, and the Archbishop of Ferrara. It was exactly the hour during which he gave audience. We were introduced into his rich apartments, passing through a long suite of magnificent ante-chambers, filled with soldiers, servants, and attendants of every kind, and profusely adorned with pictures, statues, tapestries, precious stones, chiselled metals, carved wood, silk works, china vases, and every kind of luxury; but there was nothing in that regal pomp greatly to impress a native of Rome, already accustomed to it.

The privileged being for whose residence that luxurious palace was designed was a little short man, still young and rather handsome, but of a boyish beauty, of which he appeared to be very proud, taking particular care constantly to show his fine little hands, and a pair of feet as small as his understanding. He was born in humble condition, in a small village called

"Amelia," and owed his position entirely to the protection of Cardinal Lambruschini.

My guide, being an acquaintance of the prolegato, was admitted to the honor of kissing his right hand, while I was obliged to kiss his gown, or the "sacred lappet," as they call it. My lawyer was a fine speaker, and explained the object of our visit very well; nay, too well; and thus the prelate understood nothing, as often happens with ignorant or light-headed persons. The lawyer perceived his fault, and was trying to simplify the question, when the prelate, getting impatient, turned to me, saying,

"In short, what is it you want?"

"To remain here, in order to attend the public schools," answered I, tendering to him a paper containing my petition. At this, he wrote his name upon the paper, without taking the trouble of reading it, and dismissed us entirely satisfied.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

On the 5th of November, 1836, I was carefully examined, to ascertain to what class I was to be admitted to hear the lectures, which were to begin on the 13th of that month, according to the general custom in Italy. The result was a triumphant one for me, being admitted into the second class or year of the superior course; and thus in two years I should be able to go to the university, and obtain my doctorate in my twentieth year,—a very uncommon event. This prospect encouraged me to earnest study.

To understand the advantages of my position as a student, it is necessary to know something about the organization of the schools in the Roman state, which differs but little from that of the other states of Italy. We have, then, the elementary schools, in which children are taught to read and write, and something of grammar, arithmetic, and ancient history. Such schools are maintained at the public expense, and paid from the municipal treasury; being found alike in the cities and villages, except in a few poor hamlets in the provinces nearest Rome, which have been longer under the papal yoke. But country-people can hardly enjoy the advantage of those free schools, because they live in scattered houses, on the land which they cultivate.

Next come the superior schools, having a course of six years, divided into superior and inferior courses. They comprise all the Italian and Latin branches, speculative and natural philosophy, and the first rudiments of jurisprudence. Some less important cities have only the first part of that course; but the largest, especially in the north, have good schools, with the complete course. Each city pays for its own schools; but some are kept at the expense of the province, and others have endowments of their own.

The public schools of every description are entirely gratuitous. The government gives not a cent for their support, but exercises a severe control over the directors and teachers, who are placed under the immediate authority of the bishops. In that way many teachers are despotically dismissed, and many pupils excluded from the schools. In some places, those schools have fallen into the hands of the Jesuits, notwithstanding the constant and courageous opposition which they meet everywhere from the municipal authorities, and sometimes even from the secular clergy. In Rome there is no municipal authority, it having been suppressed by Sixtus V.; and, consequently, all the means of public instruction are in the hands of the Jesuits, except the university called "la Sapienza Romana," because that university, like that of Bologna and others, has its own endowments; and, by the law of its foundation, neither a monk nor a friar can be a lecturer there.

The school or "Collegio" of Ravenna was one of the best, having learned and well-paid professors, who taught in earnest and with good method. I had to attend three lessons, of two hours each, every day, except Sundays and Thursdays and the frequent holi-

days. The first lesson, beginning at eight o'clock, was on the rudiments of logic, metaphysics, and ethics; the second was on geometry and algebra; the third, on Italian and Latin eloquence and literature. But between the first and the second lessons there was an interval of twenty minutes, during which all the students were forced into a magnificent chapel to hear the mass; and there were no means of escaping, because all the school-rooms were placed around a very large square court, and a sentinel stood at the only door leading to the street.

Some of the pupils chose that time to take their lunch; some played, talked, and laughed, notwithstanding the exertions of an overseer; a very few looked resigned; and no one perhaps was able, at that moment, to turn his mind to religious thoughts. The mass was thus an occasion of scandal and punishment. As for me, I did not like it any better than my colleagues; but, having good reasons for carefully avoiding the least suspicion about my religious feelings, I retired into a corner of the chapel, where I looked over my next lesson in geometry and algebra; and the overseer appeared to be entirely satisfied with my quiet conduct. Somebody, however, denounced me to the "Holy Inquisition," for my profane reading in a consecrated church during mass. In fact, one evening, — it was the 23d of June, — as I went out to see the fireworks exhibited in honor of St. John the Baptist, a man, dressed in the pompous livery of the archbishop, told me that his master wanted to see me immediately. I was not at all acquainted with that *gentleman;* and so, foreseeing some trouble, I went to his palace with a trembling heart.

There was not in Ravenna a regular tribunal of the

"Holy Inquisition," because there were no Dominican friars in that city. The grand inquisitor of *hæreticæ pravitatis* was then under the direction of the archbishop. Cardinal Falconieri, the Archbishop of Ravenna, was a native of Rome, and was slightly acquainted with my father; besides, he was told that I was very young, attentive to my school duties, and quiet. He was therefore not inclined to be severe. He was bigoted and narrow-minded, but good-natured. So he had sent a servant of his instead of a *sbirro;* and then, taking me aside, he advised me freely to confess my fault, for thus they would not be severe with me.

I waited awhile in great anxiety. I was ignorant even of what I had been accused, but knew that imprisonment, though for a short time, would ruin my long-cherished hopes of getting the first premium at the approaching close of the schools. At length the servant introduced me into a very large room, and closed the door. The room was all hung with black cloth; and there was no light, except from two small wax-candles burning on a small altar at the foot of a large statue of Christ hanging from the cross. Next to the altar was a large bench, with a grate before it, hiding from me the faces of the occupants. A small chair in front of it was the only furniture, and, trembling, I approached it.

A small window was opened in the grate, and from it a missal was pushed towards me, that I might take the ordinary oath to speak the truth, and never to reveal what I should now see and hear. Then a voice from the inside uttered, "You are accused of having often read profane books during mass at the college chapel: do you confess your fault?"

"I do not know," said I, "what they mean by *pro fane books.* I have no other books than the text-books of my class. I confess, however, that I have been in the habit of looking over my lessons of geometry and algebra during mass."

"Why did you do so, instead of listening to the mass?" replied the same voice; and I answered, that, feeling no disposition at all to pray then, my distracted mind would have been filled with bad thoughts if I did not occupy it with my next lesson. This answer appeared to be satisfactory, and one of the tribunal spoke officially in my defence, according to the usage of that tribunal. He remarked that the reading of scientific books in a church could hardly, in itself, be considered a profanation and constitute a crime, if there was no evidence of its having been done in contempt of religion; and that, in consideration of my age, good conduct, and the ingenuousness of my answers, I ought to be dismissed. After a short consultation, his advice was adopted.

My hopes of getting the first premium were not delusive; and I felt a great pleasure, inasmuch as it was the first I had received, having been, until now, taught privately at home. I must add, that the method adopted by my professors was well fitted to give solid instruction, as well as to promote emulation among the pupils, and secure a right and impartial judgment of their relative merits. The first lesson was an appropriate introduction to the others; after which, the professors began each succeeding lesson by a short repetition of the preceding one, and finished by putting some questions to one of the pupils, all of whom were expected to be prepared for a general weekly repetition each Saturday.

Besides, a theme or a problem was given to us every fortnight; and to prepare it well was a matter of great importance for us, because the professors examined it carefully at home, and decided impartially. We had also a preparatory examination at the end of the first quarter, and another at the end of the second. So that, when the formal examination took place at the close of the school, the relative merits, skill, and progress of the pupils were well known to themselves, as well as to the professors and directors of the institution.

The distribution of the premiums was made with a solemnity which gratified the boys no less than their parents; nor was it a vain show, because the youth who had gained a premium was constantly esteemed and preferred by the municipal authorities; and, should a very poor boy take the first premium during all the three years of the superior course, they will send him to the university at the expense of the city, and, in the case of a youth showing extraordinary talent, they will enable him to complete his studies even in foreign countries. Professor Matteucci, for instance, who is now the greatest Italian natural philosopher, was thus educated at Paris and elsewhere, at the expense of the city of Forli. I recollect that he was lecturing on his first electro-magnetic discoveries, filling for the time the chair of our professor of physics in Ravenna, when he was suddenly sent into exile by the papal government, without receiving any intimation of the cause of it. Matteucci received that iniquitous sentence as he would have done an honor bestowed upon him; for papal condemnation is a testimonial of merit and virtue.

CHAPTER XII.

MY COUNTRY-SEAT AT RAVENNA.

During my residence in Ravenna, I never failed to avail myself of every holiday in order to go to the country-seat rented by my father to the farmer of whom I have spoken. There I had no better society than the old man and his wife. The house was a plain, two-story building, presenting no interest whatever. The country itself was a wide plain, offering no attractive scenery. But it was a family estate, and a property to be mine, as the eldest son; and that was enough to make it very dear to me, for we Italians are excessively fond of possessing real estate. It matters not whether large or small, we want a piece of land, with a house on it. It is the same passion which was so strong among our ancestors as to produce many popular revolutions.

Besides, I had found a way of spending my time there according to my taste. I went out hunting in the morning, coming back at twelve o'clock, with a good appetite, to dine at the frugal table of the farmer. Then I took a ride on their poor horse. To see the affectionate care of those poor creatures for me, any one would have thought that I was a relative, or at least a generous and benevolent master. But I was a perfect stranger to them. They paid their rent

punctually; and I was never able to induce them to accept any compensation; nay, they were pained if I did not freely enjoy everything they could afford me, and I was always received by them in the warmest manner.

For this kind treatment I was indebted, in a great measure, to their good, hospitable, and loving character. They were a fair specimen of the Italian peasantry: sober, laborious, warm-hearted, and intelligent, though kept in absolute ignorance, and spoiled by prejudices and superstitions. They have a great respect for well-educated persons, and easily become attached to them if treated frankly and with an unassuming air. Some of those country people own a small piece of land, which they carefully cultivate, and some pay rent, or give half of the produce to the proprietors. This class of laborious, temperate, and energetic people forms almost one-half of the Italian population, and will be the most powerful element of strength, prosperity, and greatness, when the sun of freedom shall again shine upon that classic land.

The farmer and his wife, besides liking my manners, had conceived an exaggerated idea of my talent and learning. They were enraptured by my stories and anecdotes. Besides, they had been informed by the old man who daily swept our school-rooms that at college I was thought a distinguished boy; and by the same means the old farmer had been introduced among the spectators when the first premium was conferred upon me. I had noticed him among the crowd, shedding tears of joy; and, as soon as the ceremony was over, I went to shake hands with him, and he was exceedingly flattered.

Next morning I was, of course, at the country-seat, and a chicken had been killed to prepare a dinner for me, of which the old curate of the parish partook, having come upon his donkey to make my acquaintance. He had with him his breviary, as usual, and requested me to read a Latin psalm, as a proof of my skill; I recollect it was the Fifty-first Psalm, and I read it with the emphasis due to the sentiment, and also translated it with ease into Italian. The poor curate was exceedingly amazed at this, because he had never himself been able to do so, although he had been reading that psalm almost every day for the last fifty-two years.

I must add that I had rendered the old farmer a valuable service. He was much thought of among his neighbors for his honesty, good sense, and worldly experience; but he was unable to read or write, and could not therefore be a trustee of the parish or a council-member of a poor neighboring village. But, with patient and constant effort, I taught him to read and write tolerably well; in consequence of which, the honors he had coveted in vain all his past life came to comfort his old age, even more sensible to such distinctions. Thus I entirely won his affection and esteem, as well as his gratitude.

Now there was to be an extraordinary feast in the parish, for which a great deal of money had been collected. The church was consecrated to St. Anna, the mother of the "Holy Virgin;" and, as the ancient wooden statue of the patron saint was entirely worn out, the trustees had purchased a new one from a dealer in saints in Ravenna, and intended to inaugurate it, with due solemnity, on the 27th of July, the holy-day of St. Anna. The old curate and the trustees tendered me a hearty invitation to attend the dinner

which was to be given on this important occasion, and I was prevailed on to accept it.

A programme of the feast had been printed, as usual, on large sheets of colored paper, and hung some days previously on the door of the church, and also in the most conspicuous places of the neighboring villages, alluring people to attend the feast by the description of the spectacle; and a great many people came there, even from a distance. On the ground in front of the church stood the booths of the dealers in saints, Madonnas, rosaries, relics, medals, and Christs, of every material and description. Next to them were the dealers in wine, bread, biscuits, fruits, and everything to satisfy the appetite of the attendants.

The beautiful country girls, with their simple but picturesque dresses and white veils, came in great numbers, "to see and be seen;" and no less numerous was the attendance of the young men, neatly dressed, and with peacock feathers and flowers in their hats. Many priests also had come: they belonged to that class who, having no charge of any church, earn their livelihood by going to and fro, selling their masses to the highest bidders, especially on occasions of feasts and burials. They were paid for that day fifty cents each, besides a good dinner. There were likewise a great many clerks, that is, youths destined for the priesthood, and dressed like priests; they, however, received only five cents besides the dinner.

Many masses were said in haste in the morning; but at eleven o'clock the *solemn* mass was sung according to the programme; and, soon after, a *solemn* procession set forth, extending a mile on the public road. At the head of it was a blooming girl, bearing a cross,

on which was nailed a plaster statue of Christ; and next to her were four other girls, with burning wax candles in their hands; then followed a respectable corps of women, children, and girls, proceeding by couples, accompanied here and there by overseers armed with large sticks. These overseers belonged to a brotherhood whose members came next, clad in their long white "cappe" and red cowls. Afterwards the young priestly clerks made their appearance, and were followed by the priests.

All these people, in a language intended to be Latin, were singing what they believed to be the praises of St. Anna, whose statue was borne upon the shoulders of six young men, and under a large canopy carried by six other young men. There was the old curate, in pontifical robes, attended by two of the oldest priests, and two very young clerks had been chosen for the office of burning incense, and offering the smoke of it to the statue with their censers. The young men, who formed in two wings, had been idle spectators, exchanging occasionally some glances with the passing girls, or making trifling remarks; but they now followed the procession, crowded together behind the canopy, and I was with them.

At the stopping-place of the procession was a large oak tree, under whose shadow a small altar had been prepared; the statue was placed upon it, and every one knelt on the dust to pay it worship. The old curate also knelt for a few moments, and then, rising before the others, directed the bearers of the statue to move it up and down, here and there, so as to form a sign of the cross in the air, while he pronounced a Latin benediction. At this, by a concerted signal, began at some distance the firing of five hundred small mortars, so

skilfully arranged as to produce, by firing at measured intervals, a certain cadence.

After this, the procession returned to the church, and all the attendants went to enjoy a dinner worthy of such a feast, — some at their own homes, some at their friends' houses, and some at the booths erected for the purpose. As for me, being an invited guest, I sat at the table which, as well as all the other amusements and ceremonies, had been prepared by the curate and trustees with the funds for the feast. We amounted to about fifty at the table, which was liberally supplied with excellent meats and good wine. It was the first scene I had ever witnessed of free eating, hard drinking, and very noisy rejoicing; and I confess that I felt scandalized by it, although it was all done for the honor of St. Anna.

After the dinner was over, some of the priests rested on beds and sofas, some played cards, and some went to visit their female acquaintances among the attendants of the feast, till the hour should come for the vesper service. It was held at four o'clock, and lasted half an hour, closing with the benediction, now given by making a sign of the cross with a wafer, said to be the real flesh and blood of Jesus Christ; but, evidently, it had not for the people so much attraction as the new wooden statue of St. Anna.

Going out from the church, we found already prepared, in front of it, a large paper balloon, on which was painted the image of St. Anna, and an inscription mentioning the object and the date of the feast. It was launched in the air. Soon after sunset fire-works were exhibited, the closing piece being a portrait of St. Anna, skilfully illuminated, with her name beneath it. It was very dark when the crowd took their way

home; and darkness covered, perhaps, a sequel to the feast which would have done but little honor to St. Anna.

"It has been a magnificent feast," said the farmer, as we were going home.

"I never spent a pleasanter day," observed a young girl of our party.

"Our St. Anna looks very pretty," added the farmer's wife; but to her opinion I was not able to subscribe. There were important errors in the proportions of the statue; and the face, besides being too large, was of as red a color as a priest's after dinner. This made a shocking contrast with the wig of fair hair, the valuable gift of a rich old lady of Ravenna. The gown with which the statue was clad was formerly a rich wedding robe, belonging to an old lady who had breathed her last some months before; but upon it had been placed a large cotton mantle of blue color; and here was another unpleasant contrast. In short, it appeared to me that altogether the statue was somewhat unworthy of so much parade. But I durst not express such ideas, which everybody would have considered very wrong.

It was almost two hours after sunset when we arrived at the country-seat, and a little shower of rain had begun; so that I was prevailed upon to spend the night there. The farmer and his wife occupied only the four rooms on the ground floor; the second story had been reserved by my father for his own use, and one of the rooms was constantly kept in order to receive him when coming to Ravenna. I saw the old woman very busy in preparing a bed for me in one of their rooms, and I said to her,

"Do not take so much trouble. I want to go and sleep up stairs in my father's room."

"Don't do it, for mercy's sake," exclaimed she, almost terrified. And then she explained to me that those rooms in the second story were constantly infested by bad spirits during the night, and told me a dreadful legend of an ancestor of mine, whose spirit was supposed to come back to make a noise and hurt the sleepers. At this I could not help laughing, because I did not believe in the return of spirits, or in their power to make noises and hurt people, since they have no material form. But, to calm her fears, I observed that my father had slept there many times without being hurt.

"Well," replied she, "but your father has been a soldier, and went as far as Russia, and knows, no doubt, some secret against bad spirits."

"I know the same secret," said I; "that is, I do not believe in the coming back of spirits."

Of course, in that year (1837) every person of good sense and education would have been disgraced by believing such absurdities. Sixteen years after, however, landing in New York, I found a great many people seriously engaged in reviving those creations of the middle ages. As for me, I confess that I heard some noise that night; but, not being acquainted with the theory of the "rapping spirits," I thought they were "rapping rats."

CHAPTER XIII.

MY RETURN TO ROME.

I LEFT Ravenna on the 3d of August, 1838, feeling very happy at my success in my studies, and anticipating the pleasure of being again with my mother at my sweet home, after a separation of two years. I took the road through Ancona, wishing to see that place, and stopped there for two days. That important fortress had been garrisoned by Frenchmen since the year 1832, when they took possession of it by treason, pretending that they had come to help a revolutionary movement. Ancona is the most advantageous position for the eastern trade, and its port is the largest and most convenient on the Adriatic Sea. A short railroad from that city to the River Po, which would connect with the railroads of Lombardy, Piedmont, Switzerland, France, Belgium, and Germany, would make Ancona the emporium of eastern commerce for Continental Europe.

For many years, no means had been spared to induce the pope to consent to the construction of such a railroad; and even some foreign governments, interested in it, had made earnest representations to him. A final answer was expected from the pope when I arrived at Ancona. Gregory XVI., pressed from so many directions, at length answered: "I fore-

see that, after my death, such innovations will take place, and do evil to religion. I am already an old man: let me die in peace, without witnessing them." After this, he strictly forbade everybody to speak to him of such things as railroads, steamboats, and gas-light.

I heard much murmuring on this account at Ancona, though it was repressed by the French garrison. It was then, for the first time, I began to enter into the practical views of the Italian revolutionists. My love for freedom was, of course, born with me, and had been greatly developed by my parents, by my growing up amidst the monuments and ruins of Rome, and by the study of our national history. But my aspirations for political and religious freedom were not till now of a practical character. Now I began to feel that there was no use in merely wishing the destruction of papacy, — that we must undertake it by material means, in order to secure our moral and material interests.

Indulging this new train of ideas, I revolved in my mind the difficulties of such an undertaking. French and Austrian garrisons were under my eyes; and, besides, the pope had six thousand Swiss troops. On the other hand, I recollected many unsuccessful attempts, and the cruel vengeance by which they were followed. But all this excited my juvenile enthusiasm, instead of quelling it. I had heard much of the secret political societies existing in Italy, and I relied greatly upon them for success. To be connected with some of them was now my earnest desire; but I felt that I was too young to command the confidence of those who were putting their lives at stake.

On the evening of the second day after my arrival

at Ancona, as I was looking for a conveyance to Rome, a vetturino, with his carriage, put up at my hotel, and I easily arranged the matter with him, as he was going to Rome, and had but one passenger. I supped at the same table with my future fellow-traveller. He was a handsome young man, with easy manners, perhaps five years older than myself. He also was a native of Rome, and was now coming back from the University of Bologna, where he had earned the doctorate at law. We were both happy in our meeting, and an unbounded confidence was soon established between us.

"What do you think," said I, "of the pope's proscribing railroads, steamboats, and gas-light, as being irreligious?"

"I think that the pope is right; because, in order to preserve his political and religious system, he must prevent every kind of progress, and bring back society to the condition in which it existed at the time when that system originated. The people, however, are wrong in allowing themselves to be ruled over by a pope."

To this I replied by naming some of the difficulties to be encountered in getting rid of the pope; but my new friend smiled at me, and in a low tone began to sing a well-known stanza:

"Libertà non fallisce ai volenti,
Ma il sentier dè perigli ell' addita;
E promessa a chi ponvi la vita,
Non è premio d'inerte desir."

Liberty smiles on daring hearts,
And wills that never swerve;
Of manly virtues 't is the test,
None who can die need serve.

Next morning I was sitting in the carriage with Mattia (such was the name of my countryman), and, after a pleasant ride, we arrived at ten o'clock at our stopping-place, to take our meals, and allow a rest of three hours to the horses, as usual. This place happened to be Loreto,—a poor town, with two thousand wretched inhabitants. It has been for ages a great resort of pilgrims from the whole of Italy and Europe, coming to worship the "Holy House." This object of worship is a very poor house, consisting of one room, and built with the limestone of that place, like the houses of the poor peasants of the country.

This "Holy House" stands on the summit of a beautiful hill, in view of the Adriatic Sea. A very large cathedral has been erected around that building, which occupies a small part of the space under the airy dome. The house is worshipped because it is said to be the *very* house of the "Holy Virgin," formerly standing in Nazareth. Such, at least, was the infallible opinion of a pope, who, in his Latin bull to explain that remarkable change of place, said that on a very dark night angels took the "Holy House" in their hands, and brought it from Nazareth to Loreto, before daybreak; and this night was found out to be that of the 10th of December, 603. The papists have on that day a feast, called "The Passage of the Holy House."

The exhibition of the house, and the miracles performed by it, afforded, "in good times," immense riches to the popes; but the trade was ruined by Napoleon. It was his policy to destroy the commerce of his enemies; so that, being at war with Pope Pius VI., during the year 1799, he plundered the "Holy House," and took as prisoner to Paris the statue which

was worshipped there. From that moment the credit of the "Holy House" was lost, and its exhibition does not now produce enough for the support of the numerous attendants, and for the ordinary repairs of the buildings.

"Let us go and see the 'Holy House,'" said Mattia, who wanted to show it to me; and curiosity induced me to assent. There were some worshippers in the cathedral, all poor country people or foreigners. They went to the "Holy House," walking on their knees on the marble floor; but, using the privilege of travellers, my friend and I entered that barn freely. It was dreadfully hot inside, in consequence of two hundred wax candles constantly burning, day and night, before the statue of the "Holy Virgin" and her Son, taken from life by St. Luke, and now redeemed from French captivity. It consists of a piece of wood, in the form of a cut cone, surmounted by two very black and ugly heads, of different size, and both almost destroyed by too devoted worms. On one side is the iron key with which the "Holy Virgin" locked the door when she went out on business, and on the other side is the *very* wooden cup from which she used to drink. All the amulets must be put into that cup, and remain some minutes, before being sold.

"I thought that St. Luke was a more skilful artist," said I to my friend, as we went out; "because I have seen at Ravenna a bas-relief Madonna, in fine Italian marble, said to have been made by him, which was much better."

"It must be an apocryphal work," answered my friend, "because I have seen at Bologna the famous 'Madonna di S. Luca,' painted by him, and it was at least as ugly as that statue. In fact, we know from

Paul that Luke was a physician, and no one has said that he was also an artist, although we have a hundred of his works both in painting and sculpture."

"Away with jests!" said I; "is it not an abomination?"

"Speak low," answered Mattia, "because here all these wretched inhabitants earn their bread by manufacturing and selling the little images of that statue and other amulets; so that we run the risk of hearing them, full of wrath, cry out, 'Great is the Holy House of Loreto,' and raising a mob against us, as happened to Paul, when by his preaching he endangered the trade of the jewellers of Ephesus."

"Well, my friend," observed I; "you quote freely from the Bible. Do you not know that it is a forbidden book?"

He smiled at this, and we shook hands significantly.

Two evenings after that, we were at Fuligno; and, having supped very early, we went to take a walk, and afterwards entered a fashionable coffee-house to take some refreshments. There were present many persons, coffee-houses being very much frequented by the Italians. They looked upon us as unknown persons; and Mattia, like myself, appeared to know no one of them. Nevertheless, we had seated ourselves but a little while at a small table, when I saw many of those persons come to shake hands with my friend in a very familiar manner; and then plenty of refreshments were placed before us, for which we had to pay nothing. Was it not a mystery?

Some of these kind people took the trouble of accompanying us to our hotel. Among them was a young man who immediately won my esteem and affection. He offered me his friendship; and, from

that moment, we were intimate friends, till his death, which happened lately in London. My poor friend! six years of bitter exile among those fogs depressed his poetical mind, extinguished his genius, and consumed his strength, till he died broken-hearted.

Now, from all that had happened at the coffee-house of Fuligno, I was led to conjecture that my friend was a prominent member of some secret association. I tried to make known to him my sentiments and wishes, without uttering, however, any request or allusion; for I considered myself too young to be admitted to his confidence. So that, speaking of Ravenna, I mentioned the "Carbonari," a secret society which was formerly very powerful there; and then I said to Mattia, "Do you think that the 'Carbonari' have done good for Italy?"

"No doubt," answered Mattia; "their attempts, though unsuccessful and ill-directed, have advanced the national cause; besides, their noble firmness, generous self-sacrifices, and heroic endurance under the most cruel torments, have contributed more than anything else to popularize the national idea, and create the actual strong character of the Italian youth."

"Do you think then," added I, "that it is desirable to have that society continued or restored?"

"That is another question," replied he; "and I tell you that I think not. We have made great progress in a few years: the idea of liberty and independence is now the aspiration of every soul, and our obstacles are all from abroad. What, then, would be the use of the gradual initiations and mysteries to which the Carbonari resorted?"

The conversation was cut short by our arriving at Terni, a pretty town where we were to spend the

night; and, there being yet two hours before sunset, we determined to go and see the fall called "Le Marmore," not far from the town. "It is a glorious sight," observed Mattia, "and will make amends for the debasing spectacle which we saw at Loreto."

Many falls of water are more abundant and important; but no one is more poetical and picturesque than this, — a river falling upon another river from a high perpendicular rock, where it has been led by the powerful hand of man. The Velino was a furious torrent, which often made wide and dreadful devastations. The ancient Romans cut a passage for it through a rocky mountain, at the foot of which the Nera was quietly running her tributary waters to the Tiber. The furious Velino precipitates itself upon the quiet Nera with a tremendous noise, the sublime effect of which, among magnificent scenery, is beyond any description.

We found there a young Belgian artist travelling on foot to Rome. He was an acquaintance of Mattia, and was easily prevailed upon to take a seat in the same carriage with us, because the interest of the country gradually diminishes as we approach to Rome. His company afforded us great pleasure. The next evening we were at Civita Castellana, a poor town, thirty-eight miles from Rome, known only because it contains one of the fortresses in which prisoners for political offences are tortured to death. The fortress was emptied by the revolutionists during the year 1831, but was now filled again.

It was impossible for Mattia and me to pass under those silent walls without feeling a shudder of horror. We thought that we heard the clanking of the chains and the groans of the victims. It put us, of course,

in bad spirits, and the places through which we passed next morning were but little fitted to dispel them.

Mattia first broke the silence, saying to the Belgian, "This soil is the richest and most favored by nature in Italy, free from snow, freezing, storms, and exceedingly hot weather. The Etrurians built here a great many populous cities, of the best materials, supplied by the soil itself. Not less than six millions of inhabitants have lived comfortably in this territory, which is now a desert, and consequently unhealthy. This is the effect of a thousand years of papal domination."

"Of course," observed the Belgian, "papacy has surrounded its nest by a dreadful desolation; but I have heard some priests attribute it to the indolence of your people."

"Look at Bologna," answered Mattia; "it is the least privileged by nature of our provinces, and yet it is the best cultivated, and its large population are prosperous and active, because that province has been thrown absolutely under the papal yoke only since the year 1815, by the impious Congress of Vienna. Ferrara, Forli, Ravenna, Perugia, and other provinces, exhibit each a different stage of decay, according to the time of their coming under the papal sway; while the provinces adjoining Rome, and forming the so-called 'patrimony of St. Peter,' are in the most wretched condition."

"I think," said the Belgian, "that the Roman people are right in trying to shake off the papal yoke, and I highly appreciate the generous efforts of all the Italians for their independence; but, even admiring their noble conduct and generous self-sacrifices, I cannot approve the course which they have taken in attempting to free their country by conspiracies and secret

societies. We Belgians have emancipated ourselves from Holland without resorting to those mysterious arts."

"Moreover," replied Mattia, "the Belgian revolution had the help of a French army; it was plotted by Jesuits; and was cherished by European diplomacy as the means of forever putting down Holland, a true Protestant nation" ——

"Do you think, then," interrupted the Belgian, "that even English diplomacy was in favor of the so-called catholicism?"

"Truly I think so," answered Mattia; "but never mind now. What I want to observe is, that Belgium, under the Dutch king, enjoyed at least as much freedom as now, being a united nation, with a national representation, a free tribune, and a free press. The Italians, on the contrary, have no parliament, no tribune, no press at all; and, besides, there is no personal security, no right of meeting more than three together, and spies note their movements, words, and almost thoughts. So that we have not the means which you had to promote the national idea, and to come to a common understanding; and, consequently, the Italians must resort to those means which their tyrants cannot reach."

The Belgian appeared to be almost convinced, and then objected again, saying, "The Carbonari have disgraced themselves by mysterious executions, spreading terror instead of persuasion."

"It would be easy to prove," answered Mattia, "that their pretended excesses have been exaggerated, and sometimes provoked, by the conduct of other secret societies erected by the governments against them; but now it is enough to say that that

society belongs to the past, and has been succeeded by the national society called 'Young Italy,' which has neither mysteries nor executions, and proceeds in a very different manner."

Now, at ten miles distance, we began to discover the immense dome of St. Peter towering in the air; and nothing more was to be seen, till, at four miles from Rome, the magnificent panorama appeared before us. At that place there was a carriage stopping, and, as we were passing it, a cry of joy attracted my attention. It was my mother! I had written to her from Ancona; and, calculating exactly the time of my journey, she was coming to meet me. O, what mutual happiness!

CHAPTER XIV.

MY VACATION IN ROME.

I AT first passed very happily the time of my vacation. I rose at seven o'clock, and spent the whole of the morning studying in my room, or at a public library. I breakfasted about twelve, and then went to visit the galleries, museums, churches, monuments, ruins, and all the remarkable places, sitting often for hours with a book among some solitary ruins. At six o'clock I dined with my family; and, when that was over, went to some coffee-house, to meet my friends. In the evening no one does business in Rome, and I amused myself according to the general habit.

Music is with us the greatest source of amusement. It is by means of excellent music that papal priests occasionally succeed in crowding their immense churches, deserted by faith; and for the same reason we frequent the theatres. But, on the occasion of a great display of music, the churches become the resort of pickpockets, and other wicked characters, and offer the best occasion for a great show of ornamented beauties of both sexes, and an exchange of glances, words, secret notes, &c. Guerrazzi has said that "the Italians fall in love in their churches;" he should have added that to them may be traced almost all the

less innocent intrigues of love, which are greatly favored by the crowd in constant motion.

The theatre, on the contrary, is a more honest place of amusement, and offers no scandal. There each one keeps his seat in a dignified manner; each family has a separate box, and all are listening to the music with rapture. Besides, the play must be previously approved by a special committee of distinguished men, who also have a box near the stage, from which they watch that nothing may be introduced to offend decorum or modesty. No mother, therefore, has any objection to taking her daughters, and even little children, to the theatre; and my own mother, whose moral and religious feelings were of a very severe cast, would never allow my sisters to go to hear the music in the churches, but took them often to the theatre.

Sometimes I consider the taste of the Italians for the fine arts and for music as a kind of compensation, enabling them to bear with less grief the sad lot of our unhappy country. Surely, Italians not only like music, but need it. Our rather quick temperament, and the horrible state of oppression and almost continual provocation which we suffer from our tyrants, would too often excite us to extremities, if our souls were not soothed and softened by music. It makes us forget, for a moment, our griefs and our wrongs; and, when the remembrance of them comes back to the mind, it has lost much of its force. To music we are indebted for that delicate disposition of mind which makes the Italian people satisfied with simple, and almost puerile, amusements.

"Where do you spend your evenings?" Mattia, with whom I had preserved an intimate friendship, in-

quired of me one day; and I informed him that I went every evening to the opera.

"Every evening is too often," said he; "and I have thought of introducing you to a party of friends, who meet three times a week, in the evening, to study political economy."

I was very much pleased and flattered at this proposal, as a great privilege in itself, and as being probably a first step, or experiment, which should lead me to the secret political associations; for I had observed with pleasure that Mattia looked on me as a future fellow-laborer. Political economy, in all its branches, has always been a favorite science with the Italians: it was born among us, and we have contributed to it more than any other people. To be ignorant of political economy would be a shame for a lawyer; and even a physician, a banker, or an architect, will boast of knowing something of it. Unfortunately, however, our governments do not share the affection of their subjects for that science.

In fact, the great impetus given to political economy by Genovesi, Beccaria, Filangeri, and other not less conspicuous modern writers, was checked as soon as the impious Congress of Vienna gave Italy to the pope, Austria, and other ancient tyrants. They suppressed the chairs of that science in the universities, and tried to restore ignorance by persecuting learned men. This explains why the friends of Mattia held secret meetings in order to study political economy. They had succeeded in procuring a copy of the lectures then delivered at the University of Paris by a distinguished Italian exile, formerly professor at Bologna, and now made by Louis Philippe a peer of France,—I mean Pellegrino Rossi, a great economist.

They had also a copy of Beccaria, and some other books, all of a moderate and conservative character.

The method of mutual instruction adopted by the party, and the earnestness with which they followed it, made their transactions very pleasing and instructive. I did not take an active part, being too young, and not sufficiently advanced in other studies. The most prominent among them was the brother of a cardinal, a middle-aged man, who had been engaged in the revolution of the year 1831. The conferences were held in his apartment, which was in the palace of his brother, but had a private access.

The regular meetings went on very well for some time; but at length the police tracked us. An immediate descent upon us was impossible, because the palace of a cardinal, with all its dependencies, is as inviolable as his "sacred person," there being no tribunal to try a cardinal, either for criminal conduct, or for his debts and obligations. But our case had excited so much suspicion and alarm that Monsignor, the governor of Rome, applied to the pope, who gave him a note to the cardinal to this effect:

"A party of bad-intentioned young men having found a way to shelter their lawless meetings under the roof of your EMINENCE, who certainly knows nothing about the matter, WE request your EMINENCE to allow a descent of the police upon them."

One of our party was reading a dissertation which he had prepared on the subject,—"Merit and rewards in society;" and we were all very attentive to him.

"Your reward will be a prison, rascals!" suddenly interrupted the harsh voice of a papal police-officer,

while his *sbirri*, with pistols and daggers, surrounded us, crying, "*Chi si move è morto*" (whoever stirs shall be killed).

We had no better arms than some books, paper, and pens, which, however, were seized immediately. No arrests were made, owing to the place in which we were; but the officer registered accurately the names of the whole of the party. For some days we lived in constant fear of being arrested. But the cardinal, wanting to save his brother, saved the whole of the party, at least from immediate persecution.

This first experiment in joining a secret association was certainly not promising; but I now felt more anxious than ever to be formally admitted to the "Young Italy."

A few days after this, Mattia called at our house when I was breakfasting with my parents. I had introduced him on a former occasion to my mother, and now I was about to present him to my father. But Mattia introduced himself much better than I could have done. They went together into my father's study, and had there a short private conversation, and then, coming back to the dining-room, Mattia said to me,

"I come to propose to you to go out hunting with me to-morrow morning."

I answered that I was very happy to accept the invitation; and, after having made some arrangements about it, Mattia took his leave. I was not a good sportsman, nor very fond of hunting; but I often went with my gun to the country, because the *campagna*, deserted and desolate as it is, had a mysterious attraction for me. Some traveller has compared the "campagna" of Rome to the corpse of a handsome lady.

There is certainly no appearance of life; but the body exhibits uncommon strength and health, and we feel that a little care would restore it, as if it were but just drowned. The body does not impress us with the horror of death, but with an anxious desire to bring it again to life.

Here and there amidst those desolate fields we find a gigantic Pelasgian wall, an Etrurian tomb, a Latin ruin, or a Roman aqueduct, like the bones of a gigantic race which lived before us. Ruins, belonging to many different nations and distant ages, are now mingled upon that earth, which is nothing but a great ruin. There, near the remains of Veii, is the dilapidated tomb of Nero, and the gigantic arches of the aqueduct cross a ground pierced through in every direction by subterranean galleries; for the catacombs are not to be found in Rome alone, but everywhere in its territory.

The greatest attraction, however, was, that there alone in the desert I felt I was free — *entirely free;* so that I breathed freely, walked erect, and, like a madman, uttered and repeated to the winds, with the whole strength of my voice, those words which I could not safely utter in Rome; and, after long shouting *Italia e libertà,* I felt my burning heart greatly relieved, and my mind filled with the most generous and lofty aspirations. Indeed, I never felt my soul more elevated to God than in those moments.

Often, while sitting on a small hill, with no companions but the singing birds and some wild horses, oxen, and buffaloes scattered around, I watched the sublime spectacle of sunrise. Then I felt alone with my God; my prayers flowed from my heart like water from a fountain; and I enjoyed sweet, unbounded conso-

lation. We may no doubt be alone with God, and elevate our minds to him, in every place; but there nature itself praised the Creator; the air was pure from contamination; there was no smoke of incense offered to idols; nor did I behold the spectacle of men worshipping pictures and statues, the work of their own hands. In short, there I was free, and could open my whole heart without fear that some spy was listening to my half-uttered words, or watching the movements of my countenance in order to divine my thoughts and denounce them.

CHAPTER XV.

A CATACOMB NEAR VEII.

EARLY in the morning I heard the concerted signal from Mattia, and dressed myself in haste in order to join him. At the gate called "Del Popolo" we showed our regular licenses for hunting, and, opening the wicket, the sentinel let us go out. We crossed the ancient bridge Milvius, now "Ponte Molle," where Constantine defeated Maxentius; and, leaving "Via Cassia" on our left, we entered the open field. There was no moon, but the morning stars were bright, and dawn began to appear in the east. A solemn quiet reigned in that solitude. We were the only beings moving throughout it, and proceeded silently, as if afraid of breaking the universal stillness, till we arrived at the remains of the ancient city of Veii.

"Let us stop here a moment," said Mattia, pointing to a broken column, upon which we sat down; and then he told me that he intended to introduce me into the secret society of the Italian patriots, according to the desire which I had often manifested. I was exceedingly pleased at this, but could not avoid feeling a sense of mysterious trepidation, thinking that I should probably be subject to trials of which I had but few and indistinct ideas. Mattia, perhaps conjec-

turing my thoughts, added, "Our society has no mysterious initiations and trials. We seek for secrecy, and meet in secluded places, only to avoid useless victims."

Just then an old man, evidently a shepherd, came to us, saying, "Good morning, brethren. The birds are in the nest."

"Let us go to them," replied Mattia; and, following the old shepherd some distance over that undulating surface, we came to a little bushy valley, when the shepherd, drawing aside some shrubbery, uncovered an entrance, almost blocked up, but still with a sufficient opening to admit the passage of a man's body. I had seen many such entrances leading to the catacombs widely spread throughout all the territory of Rome; so that I understood it, and entered without hesitation. Our guide lighted a little lamp and led us through a corridor about six feet wide and nine feet high, extending far off in the darkness.

That corridor was cut out in the bed of "puzzolana," as are all the corridors of the catacombs; for these excavations have been continued from the earliest antiquity down to our days, in order to dig out puzzolana. This is a kind of volcanic production, the best cement known. It is very easy to dig it with a common spade; and, notwithstanding the want of solidity, the corridors, holes, and rooms cut out in those beds of puzzolana stand uninjured much better than masonry would do; and, after perhaps three thousand years, the form of the instrument with which they were dug may yet be seen. Besides, puzzolana gives no passage to water. This explains how, formerly, a population of true believers might be sheltered in the catacombs near and under Rome, and how these

retreats could be ornamented and converted into chapels or burial-places.

We soon reached a place where the corridor was divided into three avenues, leading to different points. At the entrance of one of these avenues there was a broad flat stone, which was removed by our guide's opening the mouth of a narrow well, through which Mattia and myself were lowered by means of a rope, and then the shepherd closed the hole over our heads, and probably went to his business, carrying with him the lamp.

We were now in a second corridor, some twelve feet below the first, and probably cut out in the same manner; and, passing on in the darkness, we soon arrived at the end of the corridor. Then Mattia whistled in a peculiar manner three times, and soon after a ray of light came to us from a distant part of a new corridor, which was at our side. The light, which was red, turned white, then green, and soon after disappeared.

Advancing along that new corridor, we came to a "luminaria," that is, one of those air-holes, like wells, intended to give fresh air, especially to the second or third story of the catacombs, for those who were engaged in digging out the puzzolana. I saw a faint ray of daylight through that luminaria, which gave me much pleasure. Soon after, we came to a place where Mattia, opening a little door, introduced me into one of those enlargements which are often to be found in the catacombs. It was now illuminated, and furnished much like a room, and within there were five gentlemen sitting at a small table. Mattia told them my name, and said that I wished to become a fellow-laborer in their work, adding, "My friend, though very young, is a prudent and trustworthy fellow: besides

my own knowledge of him, I have the word of his father, who is well known among us."

The president of that small meeting politely invited me to sit down. I knew him well, but did not dare either to show it or to speak a word. He perceived my embarrassment, and hastened to say, "Be not uneasy, my young friend; here we are all brethren. Our association is founded on the principle of mutual love, and has nothing to do with the forms and means of terror formerly used by secret societies. Our aim and our doctrines are not a mystery,— only, living under despotism, we are forced to meet in secret places, and to conceal the names of our associates."

At this, feeling much encouraged, I said, "It is well that you know me and my family. My grandfather was a martyr for Italy; my father has done all in his power for the same cause; and I intend to follow their example."

"I do not doubt your enthusiasm for our unhappy country," replied the president; "but let me remind you that, to be our fellow-laborer, you must have uncommon strength, both to control yourself and to bear firmly whatever may happen to you. If you do not feel such strength in yourself, do not join us; you may be useful to your country in other ways. You are still perfectly free to go out without making any engagements."

To these words of the president, I answered that I was firmly determined to work with them, and was ready even to meet death on the scaffold for my native country.

"That is well, but not enough," observed the president; "there is something worse than death on the scaffold. In that solemn moment your enthusiasm is

excited by the occasion, by the sympathizing multitude of spectators, and by the idea of setting a noble example, and leaving a glorious memory. But, if you were confined in a dark dungeon for years; tortured with hunger, loss of sleep, heavy chains, beating, and all the ill-treatment invented by our tyrants, and were to die a slow death there, conscious that your sacrifice would be unknown to all but your executioners, interested in calumniating your memory, — what should you think of this?"

"I think that the idea of doing my duty, the approval of my conscience, and the presence of a just God, would make me quite submissive to my fate. I feel that a life bought by cowardly treason would be more bitter than such a death."

"Well," said the president; "but let us consider another case, less dreadful, but perhaps more tantalizing. If you succeed in making your escape, after some unsuccessful attempt or otherwise, you must first abandon your country, your mother, your lady-love, and everything dear to you, and then seek for shelter in foreign lands, followed by the habitual calumnies on the conquered, and persecuted everywhere by the impious sect of the Jesuits. You will be obliged to fly from land to land, meeting everywhere with contempt or barren compassion; you will feel how bitter is the bread of the exile, — how painful it is to give up the long-cherished dreams of an honorable career, and of a sweet home, with a lovely wife and children; and then, sick at heart, in sorrow and in misery, you will have constantly before your eyes the doors of your home opening if you become a traitor" ——

"I would rather die a thousand times," interrupted I, indignantly; and the president, pleased with my answers, went on to explain the peculiar duties imposed on the members of the association.

"We want to free ourselves," said he, "before attempting to deliver from slavery our native country. The man who has no control over his passions is not free, and he who indulges his sensual appetites will never be able to do anything generous and great. Worse even is he who betrays another's confidence, and destroys the peace of an hospitable roof. On this point we are very severe. If you wish to join us you must be sober and temperate, and, above all, strictly honorable in your intercourse with the other sex. God has given to Italy the loveliest of women: to make them objects of degradation, or to elevate them to the dignity of powerful instruments of regeneration, depends upon our conduct."

This admonition was rather too early at my age, inasmuch as I had been constantly engaged in my studies, scientific visits, and country excursions. I blushed a little, and promised, "di tutto cuore," that I would constantly observe regular conduct, and lead a sober, temperate, and active life.

"Now," added the president, "I have a last word to say to you. We do not want atheists among us. We do not pretend to impose on our members any particular form of worship, for freedom is our aim, both in religion and politics; but Tasso has well said, 'Non v'ha fede in uom che a Dio la nega' (There is no faith in the man who denies it to God); so that we have printed on our flag the sublime motto, 'DIO E POPOLO' (God and the people), and adopted the di-

vine precept to love God supremely, and our neighbor as ourselves."

"Well," said I, "I profess to be a Christian, pure from the abominations of papacy."

"So much the better," answered in chorus the members of the committee; and one after the other they embraced and kissed me.

"Shall I now take my oath?" inquired I, as the session appeared to be ended.

"We want no oaths," replied the president. "The man who has no respect for his word, his honor, his Christian duty, would not be held by a thousand oaths. Besides, we are bound together by the same desire, the same interests, and the same faith. So long as we are honest, no one will betray the other; and, if there is some wicked man among us, so much the worse for him. We have abolished every kind of punishment against traitors, and leave it to divine justice. Whoever thinks of betraying us, let him know that he has not to fear the secret vengeance of our association; but our innocent blood will be constantly before his eyes, and upon his head."

At this the president shook hands with me, and immediately directed one of the committee to take me into the adjoining room, to teach me the doctrines of the association, and answer my questions, as there was some one else waiting for admission. Mattia occupied the seat left vacant by my new tutor. The worthy man who then filled the presidential chair was a very rich merchant of the "campagna," namely, one of those who possess there herds of cattle, and who occasionally cultivate tracts of land with grain. I can fully give the name of that ardent patriot, for

he is now far beyond the reach of papal vengeance. He was Paolo del Grande, who afterwards was colonel of the first Roman legion, and, arms in hand, met death at the head of his regiment, fighting against the Austrians at the battle of Vicenza, June 27, 1848.

CHAPTER XVI.

YOUNG ITALY.

THE room in the catacombs into which I was led by the new attendant assigned me by the president of the committee was much like the one I had left. The name of my instructor was Fabio, a prominent member of the Roman bar. We sat at a small table, on which were placed a lamp, and some newspapers, both Italian and French. In a corner of the room was a hand-press, and next to it cases of types, with all the conveniences necessary for printing a small sheet of paper. It was evidently one of the sources of those secret newspapers which are sometimes widely spread in spite of the most vigilant police. I looked with curiosity and interest at these objects, as well as at the place in which they were found.

"We have many of these 'furnished apartments,'" observed Fabio; "we have inherited them from the Carbonari, who perhaps succeeded to some other society, for these places have been often used for conspiracies, and are indeed well fitted for such a purpose. In fact, the catacombs are very numerous and extensive, and their labyrinths are traditionally known only to a few. The pretended shepherd, for instance, who introduced you here, was an ancient Carbonaro, who escaped from prison, and has lived eighteen years in

the catacombs. The agents of the papal police will never venture a search in such places; and, even if they should, and find out one of our retreats, we have many others, and everywhere there are well-arranged means for escape."

"What is the name of the society to which I have been admitted?" inquired I of Fabio, who answered shortly, "La Giovine Italia" (Young Italy).

At this I started a little; when Fabio, guessing the reason, smiled, and said, "Were you acquainted with that name?"

"Of course I was," said I; "for the official newspapers of the government, the only ones we are permitted to read, are too often filled with the most virulent denunciations against that society; quoting freely from the London Times, the Gazette of Augsburgh, L'Univers of Paris, and other newspapers, which relate 'the impious deeds and doctrines of "Young Italy."' Besides, I have occasionally read some of the writings of father Bresciani the Jesuit, minutely describing the awful ceremonies of the initiation to 'Young Italy,' which he says requires an absolute denial of Christ and a self-dedication to Satan by means of impious and bloody mysteries."

"And did you believe it?"

"Not in the least, indeed, and never will I believe anything from such impure sources; but what made me start was the striking contrast between what I have read and what I have seen of this society. But, tell me, why do they wilfully utter and publish those impudent falsehoods?"

"You must know," answered Fabio, "that they are men without honor or conscience. For them to lie is the same as for us to speak truth, because they are

in the habit of it. Besides, they have an end which some of them consider to be right, and do not care for the wickedness of the means. 'Calumniez, calumniez toujours, et quelque chose y restera toujours,' is a capital rule with the Jesuits; and, if some of the newspapers to which you allude appear to be in opposition to the Jesuits, it is only a jealousy of trade."

"Well," observed I, "but so many calumnies, often repeated and widely spread in every direction, will at length probably ruin our cause, by throwing it into discredit and contempt."

"Be not afraid of it, my friend," answered Fabio. "Our aim is just and right as well as our means; and, although we cannot come forth and defend ourselves, such is the nature of justice and truth that they will eventually be acknowledged.

"Our association," added Fabio, "has for its object to obtain freedom and independence for Italy. To achieve it, we must have a great revolution, for which we are preparing. In order to carry on such a revolution, we shall have to fight the barbarous soldiers of Austria, and those of other European powers supporting papacy. But our revolution does not consist in merely overcoming material obstacles. To break your chains is not to secure your freedom, when you are still in a narrow prison, or surrounded by watchmen. So that, in order to destroy religious and political despotism, we must work steadily for the progress and improvement of moral, religious, and political ideas; for these are the means of securing religious and political freedom."

"Will it be possible," inquired I, "during the dreadful oppression now prevailing?"

"It is at least," answered Fabio, "the main object

of our association; and, so far, our success has exceeded our hopes. In fact, the ancient prejudices have been almost entirely destroyed; papacy owes its precarious existence to foreign armies; our customs and morals have been greatly improved, and an earnest love of freedom and independence has been diffused throughout all classes. Very soon this love will be transformed into a strong *will*, able to conquer all obstacles.

"To be just, however," added Fabio, "we must acknowledge that this work had been commenced and greatly advanced before us by the society of the Carbonari. In opposition to the French Free Masons, they rested their foundation upon Christianity, proclaiming Christ to be their Master, and were so zealous for good morals as to punish their worst violations with death. But there was too much of mysticism in their doctrines, which, besides, were confined to a few privileged individuals, who, for the greater part, were men of talent, virtue, and renown, but wanted all the qualities which were necessary to carry on a great revolution. Their energy was therefore consumed in a long preparation, and then they appeared to be frightened even by the great elements which they had to make use of. We have done away with every kind of mysticism and mysteries, and have popularized the revolution."

"What are the principal tenets of the association?" inquired I.

Fabio, showing me a number of an Italian Review, answered, "This is a monthly publication issued abroad by our society under its own title of 'Young Italy.' You will find on the first page a short exposition of what you want."

I took the Review, and was in the act of putting it into my pocket, when Fabio grasped my arm, saying, "Do not take it with you. Last week, one of our associates was condemned to the galleys for ten years because a number of our Review was found in his possession. We have the means of circulating it safely even in Rome, and you shall have the Review in your turn, but at a proper time. Now it is enough to look over with me this first page."

"God and the People," read Fabio; and then said, "Keep steadily in view this sublime motto. It is the programme of our movement, nay, of the general transformation which is to happen throughout all Europe: it is the practical application of the law which commands the love of God and of our neighbor. In fact, the kingdom of God, for which we daily pray, is at hand; when none will exalt themselves over others, saying, 'We are your masters,' or 'We are mediators between you and God.'"

Here Fabio paused a moment, as if to give me time to collect my thoughts; and then read the following sentences, which, having the book now before me, I can faithfully present:

"'God and the People. — God is standing at the sublime head of the social edifice: the People, that is, the whole of our brethren, are at its base. God is the Father and Teacher; the People are the progressive interpreters of his law.

"'We ought to know the truth; and, for this purpose, God has given us the Tradition (the Bible), the past life of humanity, and the warnings of our conscience.

"'We are not on the earth to work out here our happiness: we can only obtain it elsewhere, and God

prepares it for us. Nor have we the right to exercise our faculties and freedom according to our fancy: they are but means which we must use to discover, as far as we are able, the divine law, to practise it according to our individual powers, and to diffuse the knowledge of it among our brethren.

"'We are on the earth to work as brethren for the foundation of the unity of the human family, which one day will present only "one fold and one shepherd."

"'We must love. Love is the wing of the soul to God. But our love must be that which Dante has taught us, — a love which draws us ever heavenward instead of lowering us to the ground; seeking for a peace which is not to be found on earth. Loving, we must purify, fortify, and improve ourselves, and do nothing for which a fellow-soul should blush for us, here or elsewhere.

"'Love your native country: it is the earth where your fathers sleep, — the house which God has given you. Devote to it your thoughts, your counsel, and your blood.

"'Rome is the temple of our nation, and there we must make the covenant of our unity. There are the heathen world and the world of the popes; and both are *dead*. A third and a greater world is to be erected there, — the world of the people. Pagan Rome gave way to papal Rome; and now, pure from the contamination of both, the Rome of the people is raising itself.

"'Love humankind. Let us remember that beyond the Alps and the sea there are nations of brethren, all proceeding with us from the same Father, and all having the same high destiny with us.

"'Have the greatest respect for your conscience. Have constantly upon your lips the truth which God has placed at the bottom of your hearts.

"'Be tolerant with dissenters; but keep your banner steadily erected, and boldly profess your creed.'"

At this, my friend Mattia came in, and said that the young man presented after me had been dismissed by the committee, who wished to see me again. The secretary of the committee presented me with a book, in which I wrote my assumed name, and then the president said:

"Do not keep for yourself alone the advantage of being put in a good way: try to illuminate your brethren who are in darkness, and heal those whose hearts are withered by selfishness. You will receive orders and communications through your friend Mattia. We have no general meetings or general signs by which to recognize each other. We adopt some means of safe communication and recognizance among ourselves on particular occasions, and change them often. You shall know of them when you receive some commission."

After this and some other warnings, the president dismissed Mattia and me, with the usual formula, "God be with you, and bless Italy!" Then we went again to the place where I had seen the luminaria, and I saw there a rope hanging from the ground above. Mattia shook it three times, and, the sign having been answered by three peculiar whistles, he ascended by the rope, and I went after him very easily, owing to the narrowness of the air-hole. The old shepherd was there in attendance. He cordially shook hands with me, warning me by a quotation from Dante:

"Che seggendo in piuma
In fama non si vien ne sotto coltre;
Senza la qual chi sua vita consuma
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia
Qual fumo in aria od in acqua la spuma."

"For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, fame is won;
Without which, whosoe'er consumes his day
Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth
As smoke in air, or foam upon the wave."

Then the old shepherd desired us to dine at his poor barn. He had plenty of fresh milk and butter. We had bread, a bottle of wine, and, for a salad, a little bottle with olive oil, vinegar, and salt. I kindled a fire near a small stream and roasted some birds we had shot; while Mattia collected chicory from the field for the salad. We dined with good spirits and appetites. Our host was a model of good humor and wit. Instead of seeking for refuge in foreign lands, he had lived many years in the deserted *campagna*, sheltering himself in the catacombs. Now he was so well transformed into a shepherd that no one would suspect him to have been formerly a fashionable young man, and the intimate friend of Leonida Montanari, who was condemned during the year 1823. I cannot think of that old shepherd without feeling a deep emotion; for, when I took leave of him, he strongly grasped my hand, and, fixing on me his flashing black eyes, said, "I will see you again: we shall soon fight together in Rome." Years elapsed, and I had almost forgotten these words. One day, during the siege of Rome in the year 1849, while, with the company I commanded, I was engaged in an unequal

skirmish, a band of the common people came out from St. Pancrazio's gate to rescue us. Their leader was struck by a French bullet, and we picked him up dead. He was the old shepherd!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PROPHET OF THE IDEA.

"WHO was the founder of 'Young Italy?'" This question came to my mind only when I had no one to answer it, namely, during the restless night which followed the impressive day of my admission to that society. Its wise principles, and the style in which they were announced, revealed to me a mind of lofty character and of deep convictions. I therefore felt anxious to know something of the personal qualities and conduct of a man who had already commanded my admiration and affection. The first thing I did next morning was to call on Mattia and put to him this question.

"It was Joseph Mazzini," answered Mattia, "a young man of genius and virtue. He was a native of Genoa, and had early before his eyes the spectacle of that ancient and glorious republic destroyed, and then given as a worthless part of the spoils to the King of Piedmont, the worst of the petty tyrants who were restored by the Congress of Vienna. Joseph Mazzini was the only child of respectable parents; and his mother, a woman of uncommon talent and learning, devoted all her cares to his education. She had deep religious feelings, and loved freedom with enthusiasm; her character was strong and lofty, and her manners

modest and sweet. Mazzini's earliest training was in such a school.

"Mazzini, in the prime of his youth, was well described by one of his school-fellows in these words: 'Mazzini had a finely-shaped head, the forehead spacious and prominent, and eyes black as jet, at times darting lightning. His complexion was a pale olive; and his features, remarkably striking altogether, were set, so to speak, in a profusion of flowing black hair, which he wore rather long. The expression of his countenance, grave and almost severe, was softened by a smile of great sweetness, mingled with a certain shrewdness, betraying a rich comic vein. He spoke well and fluently; and, when he warmed upon a subject, there was a fascinating power in his eyes, his gestures, his voice, his whole bearing, that was quite irresistible. His life was one of retirement and study. The amusements common with young men of his age had no attraction for him. His library, his cigar, his coffee, some occasional walks, rarely in the daytime, and always in solitary places, more frequently in the evening and by moonlight, — such were his pleasures. His morals were irreproachable; his conversation was always chaste. If any of the young companions he gathered round him occasionally indulged in some wanton jest or expression of double meaning, Mazzini, God bless him! would put an immediate stop to it by some one word, which never failed of its effect. Such was the influence that the purity of his life and his incontestable superiority gave to him.

"'He was well versed in history, and in the literature not only of his own but of foreign countries. Shakspeare, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, were as familiar to him as Dante and Alfieri. Spare and thin in body,

he had an indefatigably active mind. He wrote much and well, both in prose and verse; and there was hardly a subject he had not attempted,—historical essays, literary criticisms, tragedies, &c. A passionate lover of liberty under every shape, there breathed in his fiery soul an indomitable spirit of revolt against tyranny and oppression of every sort. Kind and generous, he never refused advice or service; and his amply-furnished library, as well as his well-filled purse, were always at the command of his friends.'

"Mazzini has since," added Mattia, "gone far beyond the brilliant hopes of his early friends. He conceived the plan of 'Young Italy' in the prime of his youth, and carried it out when he was scarcely twenty-two years old, and an exile from Italy. 'Young Italy' was an entirely new creation of the powerful genius of Mazzini, who proved to be the prophet of a new era for Europe, of which he laid the foundations. It has been said that Mazzini is an idealist, and that his sentiments are obscure and unfit for a practical object; but he addressed himself to the people, and especially to the young, who fully understood him, and received his doctrines with enthusiasm. 'Young Italy' made the tour of Italy with the rapidity of lightning, and its doctrines were immediately embraced by all the best Italian youth. Nay, the influence of those doctrines was felt even beyond the Alps, and Mazzini was called to lay the foundation of 'Young Switzerland,' 'Young France,' and 'Young Europe,' all with the same views.

"This rapid and wonderful success arose, of course, merely from the justice of Mazzini's principles; for he was a young man, alone, exiled, and rich only in talent and virtue, besides having to struggle against numerous difficulties and persecutions. In fact, he had early

entered the secret society of the Carbonari, with which he was soon disgusted, and they were the first to oppose him. The King of France, placed upon the throne by a revolution, became alarmed at the progress of 'Young Italy,' and bitterly persecuted its founder, who succeeded in finding a shelter in Switzerland. But, alas! the Swiss republicans, basely obeying the commands of Austria, expelled Mazzini from their territory. Even the boundless hospitality of England was abused against him, and two ministers, Aberdeen and Graham, attempting to ruin him and his cause, brought a shameful stain upon their names by base intrigues.

"Besides, Mazzini has been the object of constant and numberless calumnies by the venal press of all Europe, charging him with atrocious crimes, and attributing to him impious doctrines. Many of his dearest friends deserted his cause, and his attempts in Italy were all unsuccessful. But nothing could prostrate Mazzini, and the confidence of the people in him was not in the least shaken or diminished. Amidst the storms of his eventful life Mazzini has been constantly firm, calm, and confident, though deeply affected. His whole appearance shows a life of trial and suffering; but his manners and address are still simple and unassuming, and his conversation charming.

"Faith," added Mattia, "is the secret of Mazzini's strength and success. He believes and trusts in the justice of God, and foresees its triumph among the people. He believes, also, and relies on, the virtue of men; thinking that, although there is much corruption in the present state of society, the great mass of the people preserve the sentiment of justice, and the feel-

ings of generosity. To those persons his appeals are directed, especially to those of young hearts. He relies upon the masses, instead of expecting the national regeneration from a corrupt aristocracy, from men of genius, or from a king. Everything is to be achieved by the people and for the people. The youth of the land, endowed with unshaken faith, virgin love, and ardent enthusiasm, must achieve the work, impeded by the temporizing policy of timid men, disheartened by want of faith, and corrupted by selfishness.

"Mazzini found the Italians bitterly disappointed by the fallacious promises and vain boasting of the French revolutionists, and perceived that the leaders of the national movement had lost the confidence of the people. He warned the Italians not to depend upon foreign help, to do away with the prestige of great men, and trust only in God and themselves; because their cause was just, and they were twenty-four millions of people. Besides, said he, all the people of Europe are ready for the movement, and the initiative taken by the Italians will be followed by many. Nay, Mazzini thinks that the initiative belongs to the Italians, and that they must not give up its advantages."

Mattia spoke with enthusiasm, for he knew Mazzini personally, and had made a journey to London solely to see him. I listened to Mattia with great pleasure. The wise principles of "Young Italy" had already made on my heart a deep impression, as they were in accordance with my personal feelings. Now to know that the founder of that society was a great man, whose sober, chaste, indefatigable, and virtuous life was a practical example of the principles he had pro

claimed, gave me the greatest satisfaction. On one point, however, I wished to know the opinion of Mattia. "They say," observed I, "that Mazzini is rash in his attempts, and that he has sacrificed the lives of many generous young men."

"It is very easy," answered Mattia, "to find fault with the leader of an unsuccessful movement, because he cannot come forth to vindicate his plan, and give the reasons of his failure; besides, it is a common disposition with men to praise success and blame misfortune. But I tell you that the accusers of Mazzini are his enemies, or those few selfish Italians who, unwilling to do anything for their country, take every occasion to slander any one who does better than themselves. The sacrifice of a generous young man excites their hypocritical zeal, inasmuch as they do not feel capable of denying themselves a glass of wine, or of going to the theatre five minutes later, though it would save Italy. But among all those generous youths who have lost their property, their homes, or their lives, not one has directed a reproof to Mazzini, not one has denied the principles of our association."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOOD NAMES AND BAD THINGS.

I HAD spent almost the whole of a rainy day wandering through the immense galleries of the Vatican Museum; and now, the sun having shone out from among the clouds, I felt inclined to take a walk in the open air, and directed my steps towards the nearest gate, called Porta Cavalleggeri. I had gone but a short way, leaving on my left the Piazza di S. Pietro, when I found myself in a narrow and dirty street, called "Via del S. Uffizio," the Street of the Holy Office, and, soon after, a large marble palace was before me, with its Latin inscription, "Palatium Sanctæ Romanæ Inquisitionis," the Palace of the Holy Roman Inquisition. As I could not avoid feeling a shudder of horror while passing through those infamous places, I was, for the first time, struck by the epithet of "holy" applied to impious things.

"Holy office! holy Inquisition!" I muttered between my teeth, proceeding slowly and thoughtfully; when a gentleman, putting his hand upon my shoulder in a friendly manner, inquired of what I was thinking. It was Fabio, my instructor in the catacombs: he also was inclined to take a walk, and we went together out of the city. Then I told him my impressions.

"God only is holy," observed Fabio; "but the

popes, in their pretended quality of 'great vicars of God on earth,' have applied to themselves the epithet of 'holy,' nay, of 'very holy' *(santissimo);* and their holiness is so abundant that a constant emanation flows from it to sanctify everything belonging to them or proceeding from them. 'Holy and apostolic' are the three immense palaces which the popes have erected for themselves with unparalleled luxury; 'holy and apostolic' is the chair on which they sit, and the bed in which they sleep; and 'holy' must be all the tribunals, because the pope is the only supreme judge. Therefore we have the 'Holy Rota,' 'Holy Consulta,' 'Holy Signatura,' 'Holy Inquisition,' &c. But the people accept the word 'holy' in the same sense that our ancestors called the infernal furies pious."

"Your explanation is good," said I; "but such profanation is too revolting."

"You will see something worse by and by," answered Fabio. "For instance, do you know anything about the secret Society of the Holy Faith?"

"I have heard," answered I, "of a great many iniquities committed by that society, and have read in the history of Coletta the almost incredible excesses which were perpetrated by its members, when armed and headed by Cardinal Rufo; but I have not a clear idea of its organization."

"You ought to be acquainted with it," replied Fabio, "because our society is constantly in trouble on account of that sect. We know the Society of the Holy Faith more from its exploits than otherwise; but the judicial trials made by order of Napoleon against some of its members, who are called *Sanfedisti*, revealed something of its origin and organization. When the Jesuits were persecuted as a public nuisance by all

the Catholic courts of Europe, and then suppressed by a bull of Pope Clement XIV., during the year 1773, they formed themselves into a secret society called 'The Society of the Holy Faith.'

"Some bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries of great influence were then and afterwards admitted into the society. Its members styled themselves *Padri Sanfedisti*, and preserved the views of their order, adopting, however, new and more perfidious means. Soon after, they founded a kind of brotherhood called *Fratelli Sanfedisti*, all laymen, generally belonging to the lower classes. They know nothing of the secret aim and organization of the society; they are bound only to obey the orders which they receive, without inquiring into them, because even bad means are sanctified by the good end which the leaders have in view.

"These blind executioners of the will of their leaders are generally men who have committed horrible sins and crimes, and have been allured into the society as the means of making atonement, and of securing their eternal salvation, as well as their present immunity. They will, therefore, occasionally indulge in new crimes without any restraint. The horrible oaths which they take are well known, having been often published since they were discovered."

"It is dreadful to think," said I, "that we have among us such ruffians, strengthened by a secret association and fanaticized by impious leaders. But tell me, do you think there are many of them?"

"No; and, besides, they are more remarkable for their impious cruelty than for their courage. Capable of poisoning and assassination, they cannot fight, being cowards, as all wicked men are. Four years ago, for instance, the pope was prevailed upon to organize

those brothers *Sanfedisti* into a military body, in order to keep down the liberal party. A certain Bertolazzi, commissioned by the pope, enrolled sixty thousand of them, and gave them arms. He was a well-known and daring leader of highwaymen; and now, having such a great force, could not help indulging in some exploits so wicked that the pope, sparing his life, ordered him to be shut up in the 'holy office' for life. But those sixty thousand armed ruffians still remain, and are a great trouble to the honest and totally unarmed population; so that we hear frequently of crimes, offences, and revenge. But, were there not foreign soldiers, no one of these rascals would dare to stir; and you may depend upon it that, in case of a revolution, not one of them would fire a gun for the support of the pope."

"Do you believe that the pope has really organized them in order that they should exercise an intolerable oppression upon the other citizens?"

"Perhaps it was not his intention," answered Fabio; "but, by his giving arms, privileges, and power to such people, abuses must be a matter of course, and redress becomes impossible. In fact, these wicked men are bound among themselves to support each other; and to bring false testimony, to silence true witnesses, and ruin their opponents, is for them an easy matter. Besides, the officers of the police and the judges often belong either to the *Padri Sanfedisti* or to the *Fratelli Sanfedisti*. Not long ago, for example, a young man, belonging to a rich and noble family of Cesena, met here in the Corso one of those ruffians called Virginio Alpi, who, without any provocation, and only because the youth looked at him, slapped his face, and knocked him down with a pistol. The injured

youth applied to the tribunal, and made a complaint; the offender complained also, and succeeded in obtaining his own exculpation and the condemnation of the young man to six months' imprisonment.

"Hence it is," added Fabio, "that highwaymen and brigands cannot be extirpated in our state, and that they are a dreadful plague, as well as a great shame to our country in the eyes of foreigners. These ruffians belong invariably to the 'Society of the Holy Faith,' and have protectors, and often accomplices, among the police, as well as among the prosecuting officers and judges. To detect and imprison them is therefore very difficult, and it is even more difficult to convict them. The government itself is often baffled with impunity by a band of ruffians, and, to get rid of them, sometimes resorts to wicked and dishonorable means."

"Is it true," inquired I, "that some years ago the papal government signed a capitulation with a band of highwaymen, headed by a famous assassin called Gasperone?"

"Too true," answered Fabio; "and I remember it well, because I lost on that occasion my nephew, a child, and one thousand dollars which I had given to save his life."

"Tell me the story," said I.

Fabio, hardly suppressing a deep sigh, began: "I had a brother living in the city of Anagni, under our paternal roof: he had many children, one of whom had put on the ecclesiastical dress in order to enjoy the rents of a family *Juspatronatus*, or ecclesiastical benefice, and consequently attended the schools at the episcopal seminary of the city. One day, towards dusk, this child was returning from the usual promenade, together with eleven alumni of the same insti-

tution, and their tutor, when, near the walls of the city, they were seized and carried away by a band of highwaymen.

"Next morning, a notification from Gasperone, the chief of the band, was circulated in Anagni, purporting that the boys would be set free, and restored to their parents, provided they should send twelve thousand dollars, a thousand for each boy, and a cargo of bread for the tutor (undervalued because he belonged to a poor family), to a place there described. It was not a new example; nay, many rich and honest citizens had been taken prisoners, and then delivered by paying a tax in the same way. A few days before that event, the friars of a convent near Frascati, twelve miles from Rome, had all been carried away, and afterwards redeemed by the government. But to lay hands on the friars and alumni of the episcopal seminary was too bad; and Cardinal Pallotta, the legate of the pope, was determined to punish it in some manner.

"My poor brother had no money, and, in a state of deep sorrow, applied to me. I had not at hand such a sum; but in a short time I succeeded in getting it, and supplied him. The other parents also raised the sum in the best way they could. Cardinal Pallotta, the special legate of the pope, took it upon himself to send the money, and supplied the requisite cargo of bread. The assassins went cautiously to the appointed place, and took the money and the bread to their dens.

"Now the unhappy parents looked anxiously for the return of their children; but in vain. The next day, some one ventured to the place of deposit, and found all the heads of those unhappy creatures cut off from

their bodies: it was in revenge for the cardinal's having poisoned the bread sent to the ruffians."

"Horrible! horrible!" exclaimed I. "And what punishment was inflicted on the cardinal and the ruffians?"

"The cardinal," answered Fabio, "was praised for his zeal, and intrusted with more ample power to subdue the brigands. He immediately published a notification, offering a thousand dollars reward for the head of Gasperone, the chief of the band, and two hundred dollars for the heads of each of his associates. But Gasperone issued another notification, offering ten thousand dollars for a less noble part than the head of the cardinal, who, frightened by it, fled to Rome.

"In the mean time, the Austrian general, who had quelled the revolution of Naples some years before, crossed the Roman state, when going with a young daughter on a visit to the King of Naples. They fell into the hands of Gasperone, who, besides robbing them of everything, abused their persons in the most shameful manner, and then let them go, hardly covered with rags.

"The pope was informed of the painful occurrence by the King of Naples himself, and answered that he was very sorry indeed; observing, however, that the event ought to be regarded as a special visitation of God, since the general and his young daughter were obstinate Protestants. The Prince of Metternich, however, was but little pleased with that 'holy observation' of the 'very holy father,' and, in the name of his Emperor, sent a threatening note to the papal government, saying it was time to put a stop to such iniquities, the cause of which was to be found in the

anarchy of the papal government, because nothing of that kind happened in other parts of Italy.

"At this the 'paternal viscera' of the pope were moved; and, calling a friar who had been a prisoner of Gasperone, he sent him to make a treaty with the brigands. The friar succeeded in sowing discord among them, and then concluded the affair with Gasperone and some of his most influential friends, who agreed to lay down their arms, and live quietly and honestly in some city, in consideration of a fair income to be paid to them monthly, and of a general absolution from their past crimes and sins, with the assurance of eternal life.

"The matter being thus arranged, Gasperone and other signers of the treaty surprised their companions, and, having killed them, took off their heads. I happened to be present when these ruffians, headed by the friar, presented themselves to the prelate governor of Anagni, showing the bloody heads of their former friends, and asking the promised price of two hundred dollars each, which the prelate paid. I cannot help feeling a shudder of horror every time I think of that horrible scene."

"What has become of those infamous miscreants?"

"Some died a natural death soon after, and some were imprisoned or executed for new crimes. Only Gasperone is still living and free in Civita Vecchia: he behaves himself well, and often sits as a model assassin for the artists."

"Where was the monster born?" inquired I.

"Gasperone," answered Fabio, "was born in the poor village of Sonino, formerly on the road to Naples, and now entirely destroyed by order of the pope for being a nest of assassins. Gasperone had but one

sister, who married Joseph Antonelli, of the same village. Her oldest son, James Antonelli, has been lately made a prelate, and appointed governor of Viterbo."

"Was the father of Monsignor Antonelli also an assassin?"

"No; but he was in business with them, trading in the result of their depredations, and sheltering them occasionally. On that account, he was sent to the galleys for life, during the government of Napoleon, in the year 1813; but, as soon as the papal restoration took place, two years after, it was represented to the pope that Antonelli had been condemned only because he was a prominent member of the Society of Holy Faith, and an officer of the bands of *Sanfedisti*, commanded by Cardinal Rufo; so that the pope set him free, and then amply rewarded him."

"Holy faith! holy inquisition! holy office! holy chair! very holy pope," muttered I; "good names and bad things."

CHAPTER XIX.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Among the members of the "Young Italy" with whom I had been put in communication was a young painter from Venice, called Marco. Owing to his good qualities, he was quite a favorite with all his numerous friends; he had great talent and learning, was very pleasant in his manners and conversation, and unbounded in his generosity. He was also the treasurer of our association, for we had funds resulting from the small sum of ten cents which we paid monthly, and from some other contributions.

One evening Marco suddenly disappeared, and nothing was heard of him. On that evening he had supped in good spirits with two friends at Lepre; he then went to the theatre Argentina; and, when the play was over, was seen to take the way to the Capitol and Coliseum; but, after that, he could not be traced. Some of our friends went to his apartment and to his studio, and both were in their ordinary condition. A secret place, known to them, was opened; and there was the sum belonging to the society, intact. We were quite alarmed at this, fearing that he had been arrested in consequence of some discovery of our association; but many cautious researches proved to us that he was not in the common prisons.

In the mean time, the news reached Rome that Viterbo, a city fifty miles west of Rome, had made a revolutionary movement against the pope, in consequence of which the papal delegato or governor, Monsignor Antonelli, had fled to Rome, together with his executioners. We knew that such a partial movement had been neither ordered nor encouraged by "Young Italy;" but, having no better explanation than this, we supposed that Marco had been allured to Viterbo, and killed in the repression of the movement, which took place soon after. True, Marco's name had not been spoken of in any list of proscription or condemnation; but secret executions in the prisons, and death from tortures, were events too common at that time.

To the general mourning for the dreadful vengeance which followed the movement at Viterbo, we added special grief for our friend Marco, whom we thought a victim of it. The movement of Viterbo was styled "a mad attempt," and was bitterly denounced by the English press,—which, by the bye, had not a word to register the causes of that desperate effort, or the horrible cruelties in which Monsignor Antonelli indulged when he was sent back with an army to quell it.

What is the use of such movements, which cannot succeed at any rate, because all Europe is united in a conspiracy to maintain by force the tyranny of the papal government? The effect will of course be to embitter the condition of the oppressed. But the movement of Viterbo, and many others of the same kind which very often occurred after the papal restoration in 1815, were not the effect of a preconcerted design. The people, dreadfully oppressed and shame-

fully wronged by a perverse caste, are sometimes driven to utter a desperate cry.

This cry only excites new persecutions, and new blood will be shed. This is, alas! too true; but there is no chain which will resist long when continually wet with blood. Besides, this innocent blood will fall on the heads of the European diplomatists, and their iniquity will smell to Heaven.

Terror reigned now in Rome as well as in Viterbo; to show the slightest grief for the victims was a crime; spies and soldiers watched your steps, your words, and even your looks. This was the occasion of the good fortune of the prelate Antonelli: he showed himself an able instrument of ferocious vengeance, and was used freely afterwards. The mayor of the city of Viterbo was a friend of Antonelli; but his son, a youth of seventeen years, had followed the movement: no spy, however, had noticed him. The father, anxious on his account, went to implore the clemency of Monsignor Antonelli; but the youth was immediately seized and condemned.

Antonelli, moreover, assisted on that occasion by an able spy called Freddi, invented and used a plan which has been often tried since then with success, in order to discover the enemies of the government. He pretended the existence of a political plot, and by his agents allured incautious people to join it; so they were deceived, imprisoned, and condemned.

Our meetings, even of no political character, were now less frequent and more cautious than before. "Poor Marco!" we whispered very often, and entertained no hope of seeing him again. Fifteen days after his mysterious disappearance, a little before midnight, I was with Mattia, Fabio, and two other friends,

in the garden of the Cafeè Ruspoli, a magnificent and much frequented coffee-house in the Corso. Some of the oil-lamps were extinguished, and the effect of the others was diminished by the exuberant vegetation of the orange-trees and roses; so that our group in a corner was but little in sight of the passers-by. We were talking about the account given by Benvenuto Cellini of his nocturnal visit to the Coliseum, together with a magician, who called up many thousand spirits there. Mattia charged the writer with being an impostor; Fabio tried to explain how Cellini, having the ideas of his time, had probably been imposed upon by means of some chemical preparation, producing quite a delusion.

Suddenly I started, and uttered an exclamation of wonder. My friends all turned to me, inquiring what was the matter. "I have seen," said I, "our friend Marco: he passed away like a shadow." At this they began to laugh and sneer at me, saying that I believed in the appearance of spirits. It was not the case; but the alteration of my countenance at that unexpected sight gave a force to their charge which I was not able to repel, for I was much surprised. But a few minutes had elapsed when we all saw the noble figure of a tall young man, a few steps from us, evidently looking for some one.

"Here is Marco!" I cried out, starting to embrace the new comer, and so did my friends, for really it was Marco, in flesh and spirit; but "O, quantum mutatus ab illo!" Serious, pale, with a frightened look, uncombed hair, and dirty dress, Marco had evidently been the victim of some disaster. We were about to overwhelm him with congratulations and questions; but he quelled our enthusiasm by a significant gesture,

and, turning coolly to Mattia, inquired if he (Mattia) had taken away the key of his apartment, to secure it during his absence.

"Here is the key," answered Mattia; "but tell us what has happened to thee."

"I cannot! I cannot!" replied Marco, and, wishing us good night, went away, leaving us more astonished and disappointed than ever. For some days Marco brusquely declined to satisfy our intense curiosity. At length, having recovered his health and his good humor, he consented to tell the whole story, provided we would keep it secret.

"Some months ago," said Marco, "a patron of mine gave me a commission to make a picture for his gallery, on the well-known subject of Cleopatra killing herself with asps. In order not to copy from our great masters, and still make something tasteful, I wanted, above all, a beautiful living model. I found, not without difficulty, a girl possessing the features I desired; but she was not accustomed to sit as a model and often made me very impatient. At length I had made the head and a part of the neck; and now she must keep steadily unchanged, — a rather difficult position, — with an asp in her hand. One morning, when she was unusually heedless, and I felt in a bad humor, in a fit of rage I effaced the work, casting aside the canvas.

"After some days, looking by chance at the canvas, I observed that the head had not been injured, and was a beautiful one; and then I thought how I might derive from it some profit. I hastily painted a blue veil around the face, and covered the breast, on which I painted a pair of crossed hands. Now the picture, with its despairing air, was in the costume of a Ma-

donna; and I gave it for sale to Mr. Vallati, who keeps an extensive assortment of cheap damaged saints, Madonnas, and Christs.

"Some weeks ago I again determined to make the Cleopatra, and sent for the model, who, as usual, came with her mother. She warned me to treat her daughter kindly, and not scold her roughly, if I wished to have her more attentive in keeping her position. I agreed, and the girl behaved in a satisfactory manner till the work was finished. Then, as a reward, I was prevailed upon to take both the girl and her mother on an excursion to Monte Rotondo, on the 8th of September, the holyday of the 'Conception of the Holy Virgin' (then not yet immaculate). The feast was to be celebrated with extraordinary pomp; for Cardinal Lambruschini, the lord of the village, was himself to perform the pontifical service, and then a horse-race, with large premium, and the drawings of a *tombola*, or lottery of five hundred dollars, were to take place, besides a display of fireworks in the evening.

"Passing before the church of the village, we were allured into it by the good music; but the first object which met our eyes was my former Cleopatra transformed into a Madonna. It was placed high upon the principal altar, among a hundred burning wax candles, and the cardinal, on his knees before it, was offering incense with a silver censer. The girl and I looked at each other, and could not help laughing, which was so perceptible as to scandalize the honest worshippers. Many severe glances were fixed upon us, and I was sorry and ashamed, but was unable to refrain from laughing, any more than the girl. I therefore thought it best to take her away, for the present. We enjoyed

the amusements of the day, and returned to Rome at a late hour, having attended the fireworks, exhibited in honor of my disguised Cleopatra.

"Next evening, a little after midnight, while I was walking in the neighborhood of the Coliseum, three men, well armed with daggers and pistols, made a rush upon me from their hiding-place. I offered them my purse and watch for my life; but they informed me that they were not highwaymen, and desired to take me prisoner to the 'Holy Inquisition,' whose 'familii' they were,—a very bad 'family,' by the bye. At a sign from them a carriage advanced, and I was pushed into it and carefully bound. They gagged my mouth and blindfolded my eyes; then they brought me to a small dark room, in the palace of the 'Holy Inquisition,' I suppose, and, shutting the door, they left me there.

"After an interval which appeared tedious, somebody came into the room, and led me up stairs, through a narrow staircase, to a magnificent apartment, from which we passed into the room of the 'Grand Inquisitor,' which was hung with black. I need not relate the forms of that dreadful tribunal, which you already know. After many interrogatories, which were carefully registered, as well as my answers, the inquisitor said: 'You are accused of having shown a sacrilegious contempt towards an image of the Holy Virgin in a sacred church, during the religious service, and in the presence of a cardinal of the holy mother Church. Do you confess your crime?'

"At this I plainly related all the history of my poor Cleopatra, begging leave to present the testimony of Mr. Vallati and of the girl, and alleging that

my laughter had been involuntary. At this, one of the judges spoke, according to their rules, in my defence. He said that my confession appeared to be sincere, and perfectly consistent with the deposition of Mr. Vallati and of the girl, taken beforehand. He concluded that there was more levity than wickedness in my case, and suggested a fifteen days' hard impris onment, with bread and water, as a sufficient punishment.

"The inquisitor observed that, the offence having been public, and full of scandal, it would be more appropriate to expose me, well bound, with a gag on my tongue, at the door of the church, for three Sundays, during divine service. But the opinion of my defender prevailed, and I was taken immediately to a dark and damp subterranean dungeon. For fifteen days I heard no human voice — saw no human face — and no ray of light whatever came to my dungeon. It was very narrow, and contained no furniture at all. Once a day, through a turning wooden box, I received a small piece of very bad bread and a pint of water.

"The dungeon was not large enough to permit me to lie down and sleep, and its unpaved floor was exceedingly muddy. Here and there, however, I felt under my feet some hard objects, which, after examining them with my hands in the darkness, I found to be bones and skulls, belonging probably to prisoners who had died there.

"After the fifteen days had elapsed, at the same hour in which I was imprisoned, they brought me to the same place in which I had been taken, and set me free; warning me to be prudent and silent, if I did not wish to go back."

CHAPTER XX.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA.

HAVING determined to go through a regular course of jurisprudence, I went to the university of Bologna, instead of attending the lectures at the Roman university called *Sapienza*. My father had several reasons for sending me thither, and the principal was that in Bologna lived his uncle Vincenzo, an old bachelor, who would probably bequeathe to me his respectable fortune. They were not on good terms; but I had nothing to do with their reciprocal wrongs, and my grand-uncle might regard me as the future representative of the family. In fact, he received me with a hearty welcome, and treated me kindly during all the time I spent in Bologna.

I arrived in that city at the end of October, 1838 (though, as usual, the lectures did not begin till the 12th of November), because I wanted to arrange the matter for my regular admission. The university, and all the lectures delivered there, are constantly open and free to every one; but the academical degrees and the doctorate are conferred only upon those who have been admitted as regular students. Now, my age presented a serious obstacle to my admission, as I was but little over sixteen, while the pope had *wisely*

defined that the capacity of understanding the lectures at the universities of Rome and Bologna does not arrive till the completion of the eighteenth year.

Fortunately, however, my grand-uncle enjoyed the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Cardinal Oppizzoni, Archbishop of Bologna, and archchancellor of that university. He could not directly violate the law; but he exempted me from exhibiting among the other papers the certificate of baptism, which for us is the proof of the age of the individual. In that manner the question was overlooked.

I asked for admission to the second year of the course of jurisprudence, which is sometimes granted to those who have made uncommon progress in a good school. I was thoroughly examined on the subjects which are taught during the first year, and then my wish was complied with. So that I had to attend the university for only three years in order to complete my theoretical course, and to earn the doctorate, provided I should prove successful in all the examinations. This course, however, was merely a theoretical one; practical knowledge being the object of another course, to be attended afterwards as an apprentice in some office of a lawyer or judge.

All this being arranged, I was very happy to spend the few days I still had of leisure in visiting and observing, with my grand-uncle, the university and all its appurtenances. He was an admirer of that institution, and made me acquainted with its history and former importance.

"Bologna," said he, on one occasion, "has been constantly renowned for its learning. Its former name was Felsina; but the Roman conquerors changed it into Bononia, and we say Bologna. Its very ancient

device, to be seen here in the university and in the church of S. Petronio, was the word 'LIBERTAS,' written in two different diagonal directions, and the motto, 'Bononia docet,' as you see here on that proud coat-of-arms. It was not a vain boast, for Italy and Europe have borrowed learning and learned institutions from Bologna."

"Was not the university of Bologna founded by Charlemagne?" observed I.

My uncle, shaking his head, answered: "Charlemagne was an ignorant barbarian, and came to Italy for the sake of war, and yielded to the request of the pope, without thinking of civilization. But the sight of Italy, her lofty monuments and ruins, excited his powerful genius; the institutions which he saw won his admiration; and the learned men whom he met there inspired him with esteem and love for learning, — nay, he took some of them with him to teach in France. Peter of Pisa, Paulus Warnefridus, and Theodulphus were of the number.

"Probably, however, Charlemagne gave some encouragement to those learned institutions which he afterwards transplanted to France by means of the learned men referred to. For instance, he is said to have introduced into France the free public schools which, no doubt, he found preserved in Bologna and other parts of Italy, since the time of the ancient Romans. There exist many monuments to prove that the university of Bologna was held in great estimation long before the time of Charlemagne, and that the light of science was never entirely extinguished there, even during the darkest epoch of the middle ages."

"But the ancient Romans," observed I, "had no institutions organized like our universities."

"True," answered my uncle. "But it was to protect science against the overwhelming barbarism that the learned teachers of Bologna thought of forming themselves into a corporation, with particular forms and organization; because, at that epoch, only the strength of association was able to save an institution or a trade. But the constitution of the university of Bologna is the best proof of its Roman origin, as well as of the liberal spirit of its democratic founders.

"Lectures were to be delivered in public, and free of charge, admitting, without any distinction, persons of every class, of both sexes, and of all nations. The lecturers were chosen from among the most learned men, and paid by the municipal authority with particular funds devoted to public instruction, and constantly augmented by private donations, so as to constitute a rich endowment. The lecturers were bound to wear the ancient Roman toga and mantle, and a Roman ring on the first finger was the mark of their dignity. They uttered and supported the famous motto, 'Cedant arma togæ.' Such an institution was evidently in opposition to the warlike and feudal spirit of the barbarous conquerors, who appreciated only the arms.

"Besides, Latin was the only language of the university; and the degrees or titles of doctorate were formerly conferred by clothing the pupil in a Roman toga and mantle, and by putting on the first finger a Roman ring. Those degrees also were first introduced by the university of Bologna, as a certificate of a relative advancement in the sciences, in connection with the exercise of a profession or a branch of it. Even now, for instance, the Baccalaureate at law enables a pupil to become a notary. *Licentia*, or

license, is required for an attorney, and only a doctor is able to be a lawyer, a judge, or a professor at law. The parchment diploma given by the university of Bologna had the clause, 'Ad exercendum hic et ubique,' which was respected by eighteen nations. All the universities of Italy and Europe have adopted substantially the constitution of that of Bologna, and even the same Roman forms, as regards dress, the academical titles and degrees, and the manner of conferring them."

"Have all these forms and regulations been preserved?" inquired I.

My uncle replied: "They were generally, till the present century; but now several changes have been forcibly introduced. Latin, for instance, was abandoned three years ago; a sum of forty dollars must be paid for the doctorate; lecturers have been placed under the control of the government; foreign pupils and many Italians are arbitrarily prevented from attending the university by the despotic orders of the police, and the most learned professors have been sent into exile."

"Are the professors appointed by the government?"

"No: when a professorship is vacant, notice must be given to the public, and any learned man has a right to make application. The comparative merit of the applicants is determined by means of a trial before the professors of the university, except, however, in the case of a man of uncommon talent and skill, whom they would invite to lecture without any trial. But the government often nullifies the choice, which must then be made again. Even in its present bad condition, our university numbers some men of genius, as Mezzofanti, who speaks fluently fifty-six of the most

difficult ancient and modern languages; Tommasini, the founder of a new school in medicine; and some others."

"But what is the spirit of this university?" inquired I.

"It is truly liberal," answered my grand-uncle, "and consistent with its popular origin and constant struggles against emperors and popes, the Inquisition and Jesuits. In general, the universities of Europe preserved the same liberal spirit, and adopted a democratic constitution, even where despotism ruled, or a proud aristocracy divided the people into dominant and servile classes. Any government daring to touch those democratical institutions of science met constantly with a dignified, consistent, and strong resistance, and excited public indignation."

"At present," observed I, "the pope is the absolute master of Bologna, and cares but little for public indignation, having powerful foreign armies to quell any outburst. What is there, then, to prevent him from giving up to the Jesuits the universities as well as the other schools?"

"Every kind of despotism," answered my uncle, "has some limits, because an entire people cannot be beaten, imprisoned, and killed; so that there is something which a tyrant, foreseeing a general opposition, will not dare to attempt. Let me quote a recent instance. To fill the chair of Professor Silvani, a man of great merit, who was sent into exile for his liberal opinions, the pope appointed a base intriguer called Giovanardi. It was an open violation of the by-laws of our university, and its members remonstrated, but in vain, and Giovanardi went to deliver his first lecture.

"A crowd of many thousand persons had early filled the lecture-hall, as well as the corridors and a court-yard adjoining. They were the most respectable citizens of our city, coming to express their dissatisfaction, and make a solemn protest. The vile intriguer took the chair, but was unable to speak, and retired amid a general hissing. Many arrests were made; the building of the university was put in a state of siege; for fifteen mornings, Giovanardi made his appearance among a crowd of soldiers, but was finally obliged to give up the ill-earned professorship; and soon after, having obtained a large sum of money under false pretences, made his escape into a foreign land."

I visited the numerous and extensive cabinets of astronomy, of all the different branches of natural history, of chemistry and physics, of anatomy, physiology, pathology, &c., as well as the library, containing sixty thousand volumes, besides numerous manuscripts and collections of documents and antiquities. It was with great pleasure that I observed the portraits, or marble inscriptions, kept there to preserve the memory of all the most distinguished men who had been connected with that institution.

Among those monuments, I saw a marble statue erected to Laura Bassi, a lady who filled the chair of natural philosophy during many years with extraordinary success; and my uncle pointed out to me the portrait of another lady, exhibiting a severe, stern face, with flashing eyes and long curled hair,—it was Lucia Tambroni, who lately lectured there, for many years, on ancient literature, and was considered the best Greek scholar of the last century.

"Some other ladies have occasionally occupied the

chairs of our university," said my uncle, "lecturing on civil and canon laws, philosophy, and even anatomy; but we have not the portraits of them, probably because they were destroyed by time, or lost among others in some gallery."

The university of Bologna is now, as formerly, divided into five faculties or colleges: — 1. Theology; 2. Jurisprudence; 3. Medicine; 4. Mathematics; 5. Philology. Each of them numbers twelve professors, — except that of medicine, which has eighteen, — but some chairs are not filled: in jurisprudence, for instance, there are only nine lecturers. From the 12th of November to the 24th of June, all the lecturers must teach during one hour every day, except Sundays, Thursdays, and the many holidays: if prevented, they send a substitute.

Each pupil has from four to six lectures to attend every school-day. If he neglects his duty, the professors have the right of vetoing his promotion at the end of the annual course; but they will scarcely use it. He may expect, however, to be examined in a more severe manner than a diligent student. Besides, the pupils are entirely independent of the university, as they were in former times. The wicked police of the government troubles them occasionally; but they form a strong, compact body of energetic young men, united by general and constant affection.

The course of jurisprudence requires four years, as well as that of theology. Three years are enough for the courses of mathematics and philology; but students of medicine must attend the lectures during six years, because they are instructed there even by means of practical attendance in a large hospital kept for that purpose. Generally, a boy who intends to

exercise a profession must study at least sixteen years before obtaining his object.

Besides the regular students at the university, there may be seen mechanics attending some lectures interesting in their trade, some scholars seeking for improvement, and many people attracted by curiosity or amusement. Very often, a venerable, gray-headed man appears among the young people. But all these different persons are united and led to sympathize by the common love of instruction. Nobleman and plebeian, rich and poor, mechanics and scholars, young and old, constantly present the beautiful spectacle of mutual respect and friendly intercourse. It must be so; for science is the patrimony of mankind, and before her must disappear all the distinctions of class, age, or nation.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY.

My life as a student in Bologna was a happy one. Students there regard themselves as an independent corps, and live in great harmony among themselves. They are also exceedingly popular among the citizens, who treat them with great kindness. The university does not supply rooms for the students, as it would have been almost impossible, when there were thirteen thousand of them, and still difficult even afterwards, when they were reduced to three thousand. Since the year 1815, however, it would have been easy, as the number was no more than five hundred; but no innovation has been made. A family, having plenty of rooms, will take in one or two students, and make them feel entirely at home; and, as students generally are joyful and well-bred, an intimate friendship is soon established between them and their hosts. The terms are very easy.

I boarded with a rich merchant, at the rate of seven dollars monthly, for which I was supplied with a fine bedroom, breakfast at ten o'clock, and dinner at six, according to the custom of the city. He had many acquaintances, who, in a short time, became also mine. My uncle often paid for my board, and presented me to his friends; so that I had means for amusement

when I had time. I had a lecture to attend at eight, and another at nine o'clock, both on ancient Roman laws. At ten I went to breakfast, and then studied until the next lecture, at twelve, on canon law. At two o'clock my lessons were over, and I went home to study till six. After dinner I took a walk, even when the weather was bad, because the streets were flanked on both sides by airy and fine porticoes. I very seldom studied during the evenings. My schoolfellows generally lived in the same style.

The Thursday holiday, formerly introduced in the honor of Jupiter (Jovis day), has been constantly kept by all ancient and modern schools of Italy as a traditional custom, and because it is well calculated to give a rest to the teachers, and sufficient time to the pupils to recollect and digest the instruction given to them in the course of the week. In Catholic countries, however, Sundays and other holidays are used for the same purpose; because study is not considered as a manual work, to be abstained from on the Lord's day, and to study on those days in which people generally only seek for amusement is regarded as meritorious, provided the student attends the mass, which lasts but a few moments.

There was a law that all the students should attend mass at a church next to the university, on Sunday and the other holidays, from half past eleven to twelve o'clock, and this was the only act of religion required from them; but the law was not rigorously enforced. From twelve to one o'clock, generally, was the mass-time for fashionable people. Masses are said at any moment in all the churches, during all the morning; but fashionable ladies sleep very late, and want time for a careful toilet, first going to see and

be seen at the churches of S. Petronio, S. Stefano, Sa. Catherina, and other resorts of the gay world, and then to the Montagnola, and other public promenades. The students, though not required by any law, were constantly in attendance in those churches at that hour.

I did not choose that occasion in order to see the ladies and pay my attentions to them. It was too repugnant to the education which I had received from my mother, who constantly closed her weekly note to me with the words, "Keep religiously the day of the Lord." But I often attended the *conversazioni*, or evening parties, which are very common and agreeable in Italy. These private gatherings of gentlemen and ladies, forming a circle to hear and say pleasant things, as well as to hear and execute excellent music, are a most remarkable feature of our society. Coarse manners are not to be found in Italy, even among the lower classes of the people. Italians like to be polite on every occasion; but it is in their *conversazioni* that they display their good taste and wit. Those social gatherings are a substitute, or a compensation, for the want of a truly domestic life. Our family affections are, indeed, strong; but we want public life on every occasion, and do not know the pleasure of shutting our door to enjoy the charms of a domestic circle.

A "gentlemen's party" would be a perfect anomaly with the Italians; for ladies are a necessary element in all our parties and amusements. This is perhaps the chief reason for the temperate habits of the Italians. A gentleman at a dinner-party, having at his side a lady, who, when the dinner is over, will take his arm to go into the drawing-room for a social

conversation, will not dare to indulge in eating and drinking like an English club-member. Certainly, when the dishes are served, the gentleman will take for himself a portion double that which he has given to his fair companion, and will drink a full glass of wine when she only tastes it; but this is allowed to his stronger frame, provided it does not cause him the least excitement.

But all the weight of a *conversazione* is usually supported by gentlemen, who often have not an easy task to carry it on in a manner suitable and agreeable to the ladies. Politics and religion are excluded from the topics of our conversation, as dangerous subjects, "De Deo parum, de principe nihil;" and the sciences, on the other hand, are too deep for many of our ladies. They are endowed with great natural talent, and some of them prove to be excellent scholars, poets, and artists; but generally they have not the means of a scientific education. Bologna, for instance, a city famous for learning, and for its female lecturers, has not a school for young ladies. "Let them be educated in the nunneries," says the government. But citizens prefer to have them brought up ignorant at home, rather than half taught and entirely spoiled in a nunnery. Now, however, the private education of young ladies at home has been greatly improved.

I confess that the *conversazioni* which I attended gave me great pleasure; and, notwithstanding the manifest inferiority of the ladies to the gentlemen, and their lack of knowledge when compared to many foreign ladies, I never have found abroad anything of that kind which I should prefer. Those parties are also well fitted to establish and maintain friendly intercourse among the citizens, whom the despotic

governments endeavor to estrange from each other. Foreigners, in reproaching Italians for their fondness for *conversazioni*, public promenades, and theatres, should know that it is not amusement which is the chief attraction on such occasions. We need public life, and come together for some common interest or object; it has been constantly an urgent need with the Italians, who, forcibly prevented from taking care of their political interests according to their democratic tendency, give vent to their favorite passion the best way they can.

By frequenting the *conversazioni* of Bologna, I soon became acquainted with many learned men, and even with my teachers at the university. One of these, a friend of my uncle, took great interest in me, and an unbounded confidence was established between us. One evening I told him frankly that I was not satisfied with his method of teaching, as it consisted merely in delivering a lecture for one hour on common topics, without any free discussion.

"It is not my fault, nor that of my colleagues," he replied. "We are constantly under the watchful eyes of a suspicious police and of the Holy Inquisition, both irritated against us by the malicious arts of the Jesuits; so that, in matters having any connection with politics and religion, we must be exceedingly circumspect, and, above all, avoid any discussion between ourselves and the pupils. Some years ago, for example, a student from Belgium, still breathing the spirit of their successful revolution, put openly to me the question, 'Are governments for the people, or the people for governments?' I tried to avoid a direct answer, asserting, however, that the pope and kings reigned 'by the grace of the Lord,' having a 'divine

right' to command. But the young man pressed me with all the strength of his inexorable logic and cruel wit, overwhelming me, to the great scandal of the audience. The imprudent youth was exiled immediately from Bologna, and the bitterest reproofs fell on me.

"Another time," added the professor, "I lectured on the different forms of government. I made a dry exposition of them; and as for their comparative merit, I quoted the words of the text-book, saying, 'Monarchy is the best form of government; an elective monarchy is preferable to a hereditary one, which sometimes will fall into the hands of a king unable to govern by himself. Papacy, however, is the best of all elective monarchies, because the electors of the pope are directly inspired by the Holy Ghost: so that papacy is the best of all governments.' At this, a middle-aged man rose from among the auditors, and, with a marked foreign accent, said, 'Your definition is very good, I think; but, if so, I beg leave to inquire why papal subjects are in a wretched condition, and in almost a constant state of rebellion?' I silenced him by saying that it was an impertinent question; but even then a heavy reproof fell upon me."

The same professor suggested to me the idea of arranging with some friends regular private meetings, in order to indulge my desire of freely discussing the subjects of my studies. I had still a fresh remembrance of the danger caused to me by such meetings in Rome; and I knew that the police watched every step of the students, suspecting all of them to be members of "Young Italy." I did not, therefore, at the time, follow his advice. But, during the month of March, a Spanish student came to board at the same

house with me. He was a young man of talent, pleasant manners, and liberal views. We were of the same class, and agreed to study some hours together, which resulted in great mutual improvement.

He was generally much pleased with me, when the matter of our discussions was the ancient Roman laws, because I was able to afford many illustrations, in consequence of my theoretical and practical knowledge of Roman antiquities. But when we happened to speak of the canon laws, although I had the same advantage of practical knowledge to illustrate the matter, my friend was too often disgusted with my explanations and views on that subject. He had been brought up a true papist, with narrow ideas in religious matters; and his talents were of no avail to him, because they had accustomed him to believe implicitly what he was taught of religion, and to drive quickly from his mind all doubts on the subject, as a temptation of the Evil One, and a sin against the Holy Ghost.

The Spanish revolution was then in progress, and my friend did not conceal his strong sympathy with the revolutionists. They had slaughtered many priests and friars, and I supposed that they aimed at both political and religious emancipation; but my friend undeceived me.

"Those priests and friars," said he, "well deserved the fate they met with, for they had accumulated upon their heads too many iniquities, abusing the whole nation, and trampling upon all sacred rights and duties. But it is not the fault of the Roman Catholic faith, to which the Spaniards are strongly devoted. We know how to distinguish between that religion and its abuses: you Italians confound the 'holy father of believers' with a temporal sovereign oppressing

you. That is the reason of your hostility against the Roman Catholic faith."

"The abuses which you condemn," answered I, "are the necessary consequences of the system which you praise; it is a cause which produces the same effects everywhere. Let Spain understand it, and then, but only then, will she be free, and take again among the nations the place which she lost through the crimes of the Inquisition and the Jesuits."

My friend incredulously shook his head, and declined any further discussion, according to the suggestions of his religious teachers. I told him that I respected his opinions and his feelings, and desired him not to use the epithet "Roman" when speaking of the papal system, because it was not a Roman invention, and owes its existence only to foreign brute force.

Notwithstanding these differences of opinion in religious matters, an intimate friendship grew up between Fernandez and me; and, when the lectures were to be closed, I invited him to go to Rome with me, and accompany me in a pedestrian journey to Naples and other places, during the four months' vacation. He accepted my invitation, as he had nothing to do in Bologna during that time, in which almost all the students go home or travel. We left Bologna on the evening of the 23d of June, and took the road to Florence, sixty miles west of Bologna, in order to witness the feast of St. John the Baptist, patron of Florence, to be held on the following day, and then proceed to Leghorn by the railroad, and take passage to Civitavecchia in the French mail steamboat.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SUMMER VACATION.

"WHAT is that black point which is before us on the quiet surface of the sea?" inquired my Spanish friend Fernandez, after we left Leghorn in a French steamboat bound to Civitavecchia; and I answered him, "It is the island called Corsica, the third in extent among the Italian islands. There live an intelligent and energetic people, well preserving the features of the ancient Italian race. Not long ago, the island was seized by France, in spite of the heroic resistance of the inhabitants; and this iniquity still exists. There the greatest genius of modern ages was born, from a Florentine family established in the city of Ajaccio."

"Perhaps you Italians are right in boasting of Napoleon," replied the Spaniard. "As for me, I hate him and his memory, because he attempted to destroy the independence of my country, and brought upon it the plague of a dreadful war."

"And you are right too," said I; "that great genius was able to conquer everything but his own ambition, which led him to many wrong and foolish deeds, and called down upon him a severe retribution. He was delivered into the hands of an ungenerous enemy, to be killed by a painful torture, which lasted several years."

"But Napoleon," replied the Spaniard, "did nothing for Italy. He devoted himself to the interests of a foreign nation, and made Italians bleed for France."

"That may be so," answered I; "but, to be just, we must acknowledge that Italy was not then prepared, or strong enough, to stand with him against all Europe. France, on the contrary, was already in the field, and in a state of excitement entirely new in history. Besides, the course of Napoleon must be considered from a higher point of view. He seems to have been a man intrusted with the mission of pulling down the old social edifice of the middle ages; at least, it is a fact that he has shaken it with such violence that we have but to carry away the ruins and clear the space for new buildings. But the most sensible advantage which Italy gained from the course of Napoleon was the debasement and contempt into which papacy sunk, because the prestige of papacy was the principal obstacle to the restoration of the Italian nationality."

"If it is so, you may be right in opposing the pope's temporal power; but why do you aim at the total destruction of papacy?" asked Fernandez.

"Because," answered I, "the pretended distinction and division between the temporal and spiritual power is but an Utopia imagined by those who do not know the true nature of that institution. Papacy is a compact, artificial system, which does not admit of the least change or improvement."

Fernandez made no reply; and, after some moments, desired to know my opinion about the feast of St. John, which we had witnessed the day before in Florence.

"It was very amusing," said I; "the music of the

solemn mass was composed by Donizetti, and executed under his personal direction by five hundred artists. For the horse-race was offered the highest premium ever given in Italy, namely, one thousand dollars; and quite as much was the premium for the lottery which was drawn afterwards. The fire-works also were of the finest kind, and the general illumination of the city added a great charm to the feast."

"Well," said Fernandez, "the great display made on such an occasion, the large sum devoted to it, and the attendance of so many thousand people, show that the Florentines at least are deeply attached to the Roman Catholic religion."

"No, my dear sir," answered I, "they are fond of amusements, and they would attend such a spectacle even if offered in honor of Bacchus or Venus. In fact, you must confess that there was nothing of Christianity in that feast. Theatrical performances, exciting music, horse-races, drawing of lotteries, fire-works, and illuminations, are in as striking opposition to the simple and spiritual doctrine of the gospel, as the conduct of the pope is the opposite to that of Christ. Besides, it was not intended for the worship of God: a man was the object of a feast much more splendid than any one offered to God. That is worse than the pagans, for their demigods never received greater honors than Jupiter and other 'Dii majores.'"

At this, Fernandez appeared to be somewhat disconcerted. He spoke very little, and only of indifferent matters, during the voyage. Twelve hours of steam navigation brought us to Civitavecchia, where we took the *diligenza*, and reached Rome in eight hours. It was a Saturday morning, and exactly five minutes before twelve o'clock, when the carriage left

us in the central square called Piazza di Monte Citorio. My friend's attention was immediately attracted by the rich façade of the Palace of Justice, and especially by its large balcony, which was then hung with rich red silk, and covered by a canopy. A crowd, chiefly of poor-looking people of both sexes, regarded the balcony with evident anxiety.

"Is it a solemn benediction which they prepare to give from that balcony?" inquired Fernandez.

"No," said I, "it is a devilish curse."

In the mean time, a prelate, in full pontifical dress, made his appearance on the balcony, and was followed by four proto-notaries of the Roman court, in their splendid dresses. Behind them, in a second line, were servants in great gala livery, and then, in a third line, some well-armed soldiers. A beautiful child, fancifully dressed, was placed in a standing position on a chair at the right side of the prelate, where also stood a cylindrical box turning on its axis. A man, wearing a dress of red silk, made the box turn a little while; and then the child, putting his hand into it, took out a little ball, which he gracefully handed to the prelate. He looked at it, and then the four proto-notaries looked at it by turns, and wrote something in a book which they had. Then the man in red silk loudly cried out, "Number eighty." This extraction was repeated four times, drawing four other numbers; after which the prelate and his attendants retired. The crowd also dispersed,—a few joyfully, others distressed, and some swearing.

"What does all this mean?" inquired Fernandez, exceedingly amazed and astonished.

"Let us take a carriage and go home," answered I, "and I will explain it to you by the way." The car-

riage proceeded slowly through the populous streets of Orfanelli, Piazza della Rotonda, Piazza della Sapienza, Via della Valle, Via Massimi, and Via Baullari; for I lived in Piazza Campo di Fiori. During the ride, I told my friend, "The prelate you have seen was Monsignor Tesoriere, that is, the pope's minister of finance. The numbers they drew with such religious and solemn pomp are intended for the gambling-houses which the pope keeps throughout all the state, earning generally more than a million and three hundred thousand *scudi* (dollars) each year."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Fernandez; and, as we passed at that moment a large, elegant door having a sign upon it formed by the two papal keys of *Hell* and *Paradise*, and the initials R. C. A. (meaning Rev. Camera Apostolica), I pointed to it, and said to my friend, "There is one of the gambling-houses. It is called *reverend* and *apostolic room*, not even *catholic*, because the institution is now restricted to the papal state. The gamblers are generally the most poor and ignorant of the common people: the idea of gaining some twenty or thirty thousand dollars acts so powerfully upon their imagination, that there is no sacrifice they would spare to get money for gambling each week. Not a few are induced to beg or steal for that purpose, and many girls and women forget their duties in consequence of that feverish temptation. Starvation, debasement, despair, and crime are the natural consequences which attend those poor wretches, waiting to obtain from a delusive hope the riches which labor and honest behavior would have afforded to them."

At this, we reached the door of my home. My family did not expect me so soon, and surprise rendered

their joy more complete. My father, my mother, five sisters, two brothers, and an old servant, all surrounded me, embracing me, kissing me, weeping, and showing in every manner their warm affection. My friend, though a stranger to that scene of domestic happiness, was much moved, and shed tears of joy with us. He also was welcomed as my friend, and was prevailed upon to remain at our house till he should set out with me on our projected pedestrian tour.

As soon as I was able to take my mother aside, I inquired of her about a young lady formerly living opposite to us. I became acquainted with her after my return from Ravenna. She was older than I, and showed me a tender friendship. I thought she loved me, and I fancied I was in love with her. But, one day, when I declared to her my love, freely using the impassioned expressions which I knew by heart from Tasso and Metastasio, she coolly observed that I did not know what love was. She was right; or at least what I felt for her was not that overwhelming passion which afterwards so much troubled my heart.

But I was hurt by that observation, regarding it as an insult,—for I was only sixteen. I deposited my grief in the loving bosom of my dear mother, and she endeavored to console me by repeatedly saying, "She is too old for you; she is not worthy of your attentions; she perhaps is in love with some one else."

Notwithstanding all this, I had not forgotten her during my residence in Bologna; and now I felt anxious to hear of her.

My mother answered me in a somewhat mysterious manner, adding that the young lady had become a nun a few days before my arrival. "Do not think of her

any more," said my mother: "she was really unworthy of your attentions." I made some effort to raise the veil of mystery, but in vain; and I soon entirely forgot her.

Next day my friend was naturally anxious to see something of Rome. "Let us go to the Capitol first of all," said he; and I took him thither from the north side of the hill fronting modern Rome, and covered by modern edifices. We ascended the very large and easy flight of steps leading to the square erected by Michael Angelo, when my friend observed on our left another much longer, though not so large nor easy, flight of marble steps, and inquired what it was.

"That flight of a hundred stairs," said I, "leads to the ancient temple of Jupiter, called *Capitolinus*, where was worshipped a brass statue of him, evidently very ancient, and of indifferent artistic merit, which is now worshipped in St. Peter's Church. The modern building, erected upon the base of the ancient, and with its materials in part, is a large church consecrated to the Holy Virgin, under one of her thousand titles, namely, 'Ara Cœli' (the Altar of Heaven). But the most prominent object of the modern church is the likeness of the infant Jesus, taken from life, and carved by St. Luke, the author of a hundred likenesses of the Holy Virgin."

My friend was so pleased with the idea of being able to see that likeness, that he desired to go to it immediately. We entered the church by its south door, and were disappointed to hear that the "Holy *Bambino*" was not in, having gone, together with his keeper, to visit a sick lady, but was expected to be home in a short time. We received this information

from a fat, good-natured friar, who stood there in attendance, and with whom we entered into a close conversation.

"Why was the 'Holy Bambino' taken to visit a sick lady?" inquired the Spaniard, with a marked national accent, which discovered him to the friar, who was also a Spaniard.

After some compliments, the friar said: "You must know that formerly, when there was much faith in the world, numberless were the miracles performed by our 'Holy Bambino.' Ladies, especially when confined and in danger of their own and another dear life, never applied in vain for help to our 'Holy Bambino.' It was brought then, as now, to the sick lady's room by two of our friars, and there placed for a little while upon the sick body, surrounded by many burning wax candles, and all the persons of the house kneeling, with the two friars reciting some appropriate Latin prayers; and then the 'Holy Bambino' was moved in the form of a cross upon the sick body. The effect was to be seen almost immediately, namely, death, if there was not faith enough in the patient or in the house; healing, if the contrary."

"Has your church been long in possession of the 'Holy Bambino?" inquired Fernandez.

"Very long, exceedingly long," answered the friar. "We piously believe, though there is no proof of it, that St. Paul brought it into Rome when he was taken here as a prisoner, and then it was preserved in the catacombs till after the miraculous conversion of Constantine. But what made our 'Holy Bambino' to be known and esteemed as he deserves, was a great miracle, such a miracle as our wicked age will never witness. It happened then that, the 'Holy Bambino'

being kept with but little care in our church, a priest from Naples succeeded in stealing it, and secretly fled to his native country. Our friars, frightened by the result of their carelessness, carved a piece of wood in the shape and form of the missing statue, and put it into the empty place. They must be excused for this, because we live by alms, and so we must, by every means, avoid the displeasure of the people. One morning, a large crowd of people was gathered at the foot of our great flight of stairs, because, to their great surprise and indignation, there was the 'Bambino' thrown down from the church. They threatened to fire the convent; but, some one having gone to see the place where the 'Holy Bambino' was kept, it was found that he had returned from Naples during the night, and had overthrown the false one. Then the friars confessed their fault, and the people, filled with pure joy, easily pardoned them."

Just then the two friars, with the "Holy Bambino," entered the church, and we were able to observe the statue at our ease. Only the head was visible, the rest being wrapped in rich embroidered silk, and covered with gold and precious stones. The face, eaten out by worms, was exceedingly ugly and repulsive, much like that of a red Indian ruined by small pox.

"How does it happen," inquired I of the Spanish friar, "that, St. Luke having made both this likeness and that of Loreto, there is so great a difference between them?—for the 'Bambino' of Loreto is a negro boy, and yours is almost white."

The friar was rather surprised at this impertinent question, and then observed that probably St. Luke

had made the "Holy Virgin and Child" of Loreto for a negro people, and thus he altered the color and features to please them. We gave some alms to the friar for his explanations, and went on our tour among the antiquities.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE "PONTIFEX MAXIMUS" OF ROME.

"To-day," said I to my friend Fernandez, "is the 28th of June, the eve of St. Peter's holiday; and we shall have a fine opportunity to see the actual representative of the greatest and most ancient dignity in Rome."

"What do you mean?" inquired he.

"Do you not remember," replied I, "the PONTIFEX MAXIMUS of the ancient Romans?"

"Yes, very well; he was the chief pontiff, surrounded by the greatest honors, pomp, and dignity, and invested with supreme authority in religious matters. He was also the president and ruler of the college of pontiffs."

"Well," said I, "you will then remember also that Augustus, having usurped the civil authority under the name of Emperor, desired to have even the supreme religious authority, and was made Pontifex Maximus. His successors followed his example, usurped the title of *divus*, 'holy,' and some pretended also to divine honors for their ancestors and for themselves. The Christian emperors, however, gave up the title and dignity of Divus Pontifex Maximus, thinking it to be incompatible with the purity and humility of the Christian religion. So much the worse

for them, because a pope came forth, and asserted for himself the title of 'holy,' nay, of 'very holy,' and assumed the dignity of Pontifex Maximus, and also Optimus, namely, perfect. We have, therefore, to-day, the 'Very holy Pontifex Optimus Maximus,' who is the successor of the ancient Pontifex Maximus and also of the Emperor of Rome."

"I am told," observed Fernandez, "that the pope has also the title of *Servus servorum Dei*, that is, 'Servant of the servants of God,' which would rather indicate a successor of the apostles."

"'By their fruits ye shall know them,' says the Lord," answered I; "let us go, then, and see in what capacity the pope performs the religious functions."

We arrived at the Vatican at four o'clock. I placed my friend, and myself at his side, in the large entrance at the foot of the staircase, and near to the door by which the pope was to pass in order to enter the great vestibule and the church for the solemn vespers. From the landing of the great staircase to the lofty throne erected under the cupola or dome, there were two lines of soldiers, fronting each other, and keeping a free passage between them; they were well armed, and appeared ready for a battle.

Now the space between these two files of bayonets began to be filled by a large procession, formed by all the high dignitaries of the papal court, and their attendants. My friend was enraptured, admiring the imposing spectacle. There was a great variety of quaint forms and brilliant colors, well arranged for effect, a great show of riches and luxury, and an exceedingly vain display of pompous dresses and ornaments. It was in striking contrast with the plain dresses and simple ornaments of the spectators; for

Italian ladies, and gentlemen too, do not like such vain pomp and show.

"Look," said I to my friend, "at that lady opposite us, clad in a brown silk robe, with simple laces at the neck and hands, clasped by small jewels; she is the Princess Borghese. Look now again at that proud cardinal passing before her; he has on a fine scarlet silk robe, with a long train carried by a priest behind him; his surplice is made of the finest laces in the world, and with a very rich clasp, which cost at least two thousand dollars. He has a knight, *in spada e cappà*, 'with sword and cloak,' to attend him; a priest brings after him his purple hat, and another a cushion and a parasol. Those fourteen men, shining with scarlet and gold, are his servants; this will give you an idea of the luxury of his palace, coaches, horses, &c. Well, that cardinal's father was a poor servant in the house of that princess; but he, the son, changed his master, and now is a servant of the *Servus servorum Dei.*"

By this time the pope himself made his appearance on the landing of the large marble staircase. He had on his magnificent pontifical dress, and was seated on a rich arm-chair, fixed upon a large table, which was supported on the shoulders of twelve strong-looking fellows, wearing long curled hair, and clad in red silk gowns: they managed very well to keep the table in a horizontal position when descending the staircase, and to avoid any brusque movement, which might disturb the highly dignified countenance of the pope. He had on each side of him a handsome youth, also wearing long, fair, curled hair, and clad in red silk gowns, with a rich surplice of laces; each of them had a large fan, made of the feathers of white

peacocks, with which to move the air and keep off the insects. Some other youths of the same description burnt incense before him. The "moving table," called *Sedia gestatoria,* was surrounded by what should be called a thick iron wall, formed by the Swiss guards, armed now, as they were five hundred years ago, with steel cuirasses, helmets, halberds, &c., and clad according to the quaint standard given by Michael Angelo.

When this group was about to pass before us, I retired a little behind, bidding my friend do the same.

"Why so?" said he.

"Because," whispered I, "if you remain you must kneel before that man, who is a sinner like ourselves."

But behold the pope, and Fernandez freely glancing at him in a standing position, not perceiving that everybody was kneeling around him. One of the Swiss guards struck Fernandez with the halberd, saying, "On your knees!" and passed on. I advanced suddenly, and took hold of my friend, whose quick, southern temperament would have led him to some excess.

When his anger was calmed by reflection we entered the church, and placed ourselves opposite to the front of the papal throne, in a corner formed by the amphitheatre erected for ladies, and filled chiefly by English and American Protestant ladies, who are supposed to be weak-minded enough to be imposed upon by the magnificence of the ceremonies and the show.

The pope was at that moment seated upon his throne, reading from a large book which a cardinal, on his knees before him, held both with his hands and head; while another cardinal, also on his knees, was

holding a wax candle burning in the bright daylight; and two Roman princes, the great constable and the great marshal, stood one on each side with the ensigns of their dignity. There was a large wide space before the throne kept by the Swiss guards, and all the ceremonies were performed in this space between the principal altar and the throne of the pope. The persons who must be present and act their part when the pope holds a pontifical ceremony are about three thousand, including the soldiers; but the performances before the altar and the throne are executed only by two hundred persons, including the cardinals, bishops *in partibus*, and prelates.

In those performances the pope seems, to the eyes of a stranger, to be rather the object of them than the chief actor; because he does nothing by himself, being served in everything, and worshipped by all the college of his attendants, bowing in a very humble manner, and putting themselves on their knees before him. But even a stranger must admire that spectacle: they sit and rise together without any command; they go to and fro in different directions without any confusion; they bow and kneel in a uniform manner. A captain of soldiers, a Chinese mandarin, or a director of a ballet for the opera, might learn something there.

The "Rituale Romanum" gives a full description of all the different ceremonies performed during the year, and of the different colors to be used in connection with them. The same book also gives an explanation of all the movements and gestures, showing that they have a recondite, mystical, and symbolical sense, as those of the ancient Pagans had. But we must confess that there is now more splendor and good taste; and the person of the Pontifex Maximus,

formerly honored as the first minister of God, has now been elevated above mankind to the rank of representative of God, receiving his inspiration from him, and being, therefore, incapable of error. It is a natural progress.

Towards the end of the vespers, the cardinal archpresbyter of St. Peter's Church, after having, according to custom, offered incense upon the altar from the left to the right corner, went, with his golden censer, to offer incense to the pope, who was sitting upon his throne. At this I drew from my pocket a little engraving which I had brought on purpose, and placed it under the eyes of my friend. It was an illustration from the Roman history by Pinelli, representing the Emperor Caligula usurping divine honors. The scene was exactly the same as that exhibited before us at that moment, — the throne, the incense, the iron-dressed soldiers, two Roman notables, two children with fans of white peacock feathers, — all was the same in both scenes.

"Is it not a pretty daguerreotype?" said I.

Fernandez answered nothing; but a bitter disappointment seemed by degrees to invade his mind. He drew me aside, behind the amphitheatre of the ladies, and inquired about the singers of the papal chapel. He had observed some of them next to the pope in the procession; they were clad in a black gown and white surplice, as common priests, but had a peculiar look, — their pale and flaccid faces, without any beard, and their sickly countenances, showed an absolute want of vigor, though they were generally still young; but they had a fine feminine voice, and uttered such sharp trills as are never heard from ordinary singers.

I explained to my friend that those wretched singers are prepared by a certain operation in their childhood for the service of the papal chapel. During the last century, singers of that kind were often exhibited even on the stage at the opera; but now such infamy is to be witnessed only at the papal chapel. The small town of Norcia and its districts, on the Appenines, have an ancient privilege of supplying the papal chapel with such people. This infamy was not unknown to the ancient Romans, but severe laws were passed to repress it, even by means of capital punishment.

The vespers were over, and the pope, attended by his courtiers, descended from his throne, moving towards another part of that immense fabric. He proceeded slowly, and was evidently fatigued by the weight of his over-rich dresses and ornaments, although he had an assistant on each side to support his cope, and another to bear his long train. The cope was one of the richest he possesses, being all composed of silk and gold, embroidered in the finest style, and profusely ornamented with precious stones of all kinds. The clasp at his breast was an admirable work of Benvenuto Cellini; and the emerald encased there was the finest in the world. The tiara *(triregno)* also was a very fine work, but too heavy on account of the precious stones of those three crowns representing the three kingdoms *(triregnum)* of the pope, namely, Heaven, Earth, and Hell.

"The pope seems," whispered I to my friend, "to have on the metallic cloak mentioned by Dante as the punishment of hypocrites."

The Spaniard, knowing the passage of Dante to which I alluded, smiled, and soon after observed,

jestingly, "A man so dressed will be good for something, I guess, though he may be a pope."

"No doubt," answered I; "and it would be right to sell him in order to pay the debts with which he has overcharged the State."

The pope now ascended another throne, in order to receive the tributes to be presented to him in great solemnity each year on that day. They are paid by those who hold some fief from the Holy Mother Church. The form of the payment generally consists in offering a silver or gold chalice, containing the certificate of having deposited the sum due in the papal bank called "Di Santo Spirito" (of the Holy Ghost). The pope was assisted now by his high officers, the Cardinal Camerlengo, Monsignor Vice Camerlengo, Monsignor Tesoriere, Monsignor Fiscale, and others. They examined the offers and surveyed the record made of them by inferior officers.

All went on without any remarkable incident till it came to the turn of those vassals who had made no appearance, although called thrice in a loud voice by an "apostolic bailiff." They were now formally denounced by Monsignor Fiscale, the chief of the exchequer, who called upon those wretched rebels the chastisement of "his holiness." First among them was Old England, for having neglected to send this year, as well as during the last three hundred and forty years, the tribute due for the concession of Ireland, and called "Peter's pence" *(Denaro di San Pietro)*. The pope entered a cool protest, evidently only to preserve his rights for the approaching moment in which that *old sinner* shall be brought to do penance, and take shelter in the paternal arms of his holiness.

Next came the unlucky widow of Napoleon the

Great, as a tenant of the dukedom of Parma and Piacenza, formerly belonging to the Holy Mother Church, and then given up by the pope, Paul the Third, to his own son, Pierluigi Farnese. The poor lady was innocent, I think, having nothing to do with the crimes of those famous miscreants, and having received the dukedom from the Congress of Vienna, without knowledge of its being a bad acquisition; and then she took no other care of it than to derive from it the largest possible revenue, that she might be able to enjoy life with her German friends. Notwithstanding, the pope renewed against her the decree for the immediate dismission of the usurped property of the church, and all the excommunications formerly thundered and renewed each year in vain. I felt very sorry for her, inasmuch as there was no one to defend her or ask for mercy; but the pope himself soon after thought it proper to suspend the effect of his dreadful curses during one year and one day, and there are many reasons to believe that such suspension, renewed from year to year, will continue, as the pope has no means of conquering Parma, as Julius the Second did Ferrara.

Now was the turn of a more wicked sinner, — I mean the King of Naples. It is well known that some Norman warriors, coming back from their devout crusade in the Holy Land, took the opportunity of robbing the kingdom of Naples, where they had been hospitably received; and, in order to get absolution for this, they agreed with the pope to give him that kingdom, and then receive it from him as a fief of the Holy Church. The tribute to be paid by them was fixed at a sum to be presented together with a fine white mare (ghinea), wearing upon its head a golden chalice containing

the usual certificate. The kings of Naples, in all successive generations and dynasties, proved to be good vassals, faithfully paying the tribute, till Charles the Third refused to do so, during the year 1775.

"He was a Spaniard, as you are," said I to my friend; "but evidently he had been spoiled by his Italian mother and by his Italian ministers. This rebellious proceeding moved, of course, the 'paternal viscera of his holiness,' inasmuch as the appearance of that fine mare, with its golden chalice, led by the hand of the Neapolitan ambassador into the church to the throne of the pope, used to be one of the best features of the spectacle. The pope, therefore, immediately decreed the confiscation of the kingdom of Naples, excommunicating the king till he should resign the kingdom and pay the tribute due. From that epoch the pope has formally renewed each year his declaration, and will probably do the same for many years to come."

"Let us go out," said the Spaniard; and we went arm-in-arm through the principal nave of the church, now free from the parading soldiers. We were almost half-way to the front door, when my friend stopped, startled, and said, "What is that?"

The object of this inquiry was an ancient brass statue, with a very ugly and ferocious face, having on one of the rich copes of the pope and a golden tiara upon its head. It seemed to have been put there for the sake of exciting ridicule.

"It is St. Peter," said I; "but do not believe that he constantly wears those costly ornaments: in general he has on only his own brass toga, 'too heavy for the summer and too cold for the winter.' But, on his birthday, the pope is so kind as to lend him a cope

and a tiara, though he seems unable to appreciate the value of them. In fact, some years ago, they had lent him also a very rich ring, which miraculously disappeared, and then was found in the pocket of a fervent devotee, who declared that St. Peter, yielding to his prayers, had given him that ring. But now you see there is a Swiss guard in attendance, lest he should give up even the cope and tiara, in order to be able to say again, 'Silver and gold have I none.'"

"Is that the statue which they say was formerly worshipped as Jupiter in the Capitol?"

"There is much reason to believe so," answered I, "because such is the tradition; and the statue, though very bad as a work of art, has nothing to do with the brass statues of the middle ages, and presents the character of art before it was improved by the Greeks in Rome."

During the evening, we attended the illumination of the Cupola and the *girandola* (fire-works) at the Castle S. Angelo. Both were, as usual, very imposing spectacles; so that, on going home, I said to the Spaniard, "I think that St. Peter must be satisfied; they have done a great deal for him to-day, and to-morrow you will see something more."

"I will see nothing," replied my friend. "I have seen too much."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE "CAMPO SANTO" OF BOLOGNA.

My second year at the University of Bologna passed like the first. At the close of the lectures I was regularly admitted among the candidates for the second academical degree, namely, the "licenza" (the license), because, having begun the course from the second year, I had now completed the third year. The examination proved successful, and I was declared a licentiate at law, *plenis suffragiis*. Now I had nothing better to do than to take my vacation, a part of which I intended to spend, as usual, in travelling in Italy. I had arranged with a party of friends to make a pedestrian tour in the neighboring Venetian territory, then to go to Venice, and thence sail for Sicily. I applied to the director of police for a passport; and he informed me that, on account of my suspicious conduct in politics, I had been placed under surveillance, and could not be allowed to travel to any "foreign" country.

"Is Venice a foreign country for an Italian?" inquired I, in a careless manner; and this question was justifiable in itself by the fact that Bologna is distant only a few miles from Venice, and between them there is only a plain, crossed by the river Po, and thronged with people of the same race, language, costume,

and manners, and having a true brotherly affection among themselves; so that the difference is less apparent than when you cross the river at Providence to go into Massachusetts. But the director of police burst into a fit of indignation, and, had I not hastened to bow and leave the room, I should probably have been ordered to prison.

Disappointed, angry, and troubled, I left the city, and went to visit the great cemetery, or Campo Santo, a mile and a half from the gate called Saragozza. The magnificent porticoes or arcades covering the sidewalks of the streets in the city have been purposely extended to the Campo Santo; and there again, forming several squares of corridors, they present the idea of a small city for the dead, peopled with statues, inscriptions, and monuments. Some one may think it strange to go to a cemetery in order to dispel bad spirits and sad impressions, and to seek for consolation among the dead. But who can explain all the mysteries of the human heart?

Besides, the Campo Santo of Bologna is a very fine place. I have seen many cemeteries, several of which had some peculiar beauty or interest not to be found in that of Bologna; but, considering the whole and its object, I think that Bologna possesses the finest burial-place I ever saw. The green turf or marble tomb covers the remains of the body, and nothing revolting or disagreeable comes to trouble the mysterious correspondence with the soul. The spacious and airy arcades, as well as the long corridors, dispose the mind to meditation; while the turf, the trees, the varied prospect of the beautiful surrounding hills, and the fine arts, impart elevation to the thoughts.

It is impossible to be in such a place without feel-

ing the effect of the combined power of nature and art in depriving death of its horror, and connecting it with life, thus establishing on their boundaries a mysterious communication, by means of sensible images and memorials which speak of glory, of virtue, and of love. The stern republican warrior, and the learned lecturer coeval with Dante, are there among the crowd of their successors, forming a chain whose last links are still dropping the blood of the revolutionary martyr, who dies with the cry, "God and the people!"

Half an hour's walk along the beautiful arcades of the west had the effect of exciting my mind, and placing me in a position far above the present sad reality, on which I then looked with serene contempt. Among the crowd of noble and highly distinguished souls which my imagination gathered there, all looking kindly upon me, very poor and ugly, of course, seemed the figure of the ignorant and debased friar, calling himself master, and yet trembling upon his bloody throne. Nor did his director of police appear to me less despicable than himself, compared with the great statesmen standing before me. True, those servile beings were able to prevent me from going to Venice, and to violate my personal liberty in any way; but it was of no importance to the general interest of my native country and mankind, which maintain their progress in spite of all opposition.

Now, entirely relieved from the trouble of mind I had felt, I took my way homeward, crossing the east square leading to the lateral gate opening on the road through which I came. But, before leaving the place, I turned back to give a last glance at the beautiful panorama formed by the sun setting behind the near hills, covered with villas, vineyards, and luxuriant

vegetation. At this moment I discovered, at a few steps from me, two ladies; one of whom, very old, was sitting upon a wooden bench, and looking, with manifest interest, on the graceful figure of the other, a young lady of about fifteen, who on her knees leaned upon a marble block, with her face in her hands. She was in mourning; and a black veil, secured on the top of her head, fell behind on her shoulders, giving brilliancy to her fine white complexion, and exciting new interest.

I stopped almost unconsciously to contemplate that tender being, who, in the prime of life, was there to mourn for some dear relative, and perhaps was absorbed in an ecstasy of grief, recalling, in silence, an early history of suffering and pain. At length she raised her face and hands to heaven, in a trusting and supplicating manner. I saw then two large, black, and sparkling eyes, wet with tears, and her tremulous lips murmuring a prayer with such an expression of innocence and faith that I was enraptured. On perceiving that she was observed she blushed a little, rose up, and, somewhat confused, went to her companion, and both left the place. They entered a modest carriage waiting at the gate, and rapidly disappeared from my sight.

I remained almost motionless, and without breathing: a sharp thrill passed through my heart, and a new, mighty sentiment overwhelmed me. Why so? I had seen many beautiful young ladies in Rome; and in Bologna, frequenting the brilliant society there during the last two years, I had come in contact with all the most prominent beauties of that city. I admired them, and no more. Now a blooming girl, whom I saw but a moment, and for the first time,

had created quite a storm of passion in my heart. Who was she, that fair magician, who had excited in me the strongest sentiment of life among the dwellings of death? This was another question, which remained also unanswered. I went straight to the marble block; but it was only the base of a little monument, which had not yet been placed upon it, and so there was no name!

I could not sleep at all that night. I rose at dawn; and, taking with me a favorite collection of Italian poems, I went to breathe the cool morning air at the Montognola, a very fine public promenade. I walked up and down with agitated steps; and then, sitting on a marble bench, I opened my little book. The first passages which came under my eyes were the two last stanzas of a popular serenade:

"Dissi, tengo nel core
Ascosa piaga acerba
Con qualche medic' erba
Sanami per pietà.

"Rise il buon vecchio, e disse:
Fuggi Colei che adori
Erbe per te migliori
Alfesibeo non ha."

The sense of this poem, which suggested a sudden flight as a cure for love-sickness, struck me at that moment, because always before, when I read from Tasso how Tancredi fell desperately in love with Clorinda, having seen her only for a moment, and knowing nothing about her, I used to consider it rather ridiculous. Was not I now in the same case?

I therefore took a sudden resolution to leave Bologna that very day. In fact, I spent the night at

Imola, twenty-two miles south of Bologna, and afterwards proceeded to Rimini, where my brother Henry lived. I stopped there a few days, on account of some business concerning "Young Italy." On the evening of my arrival, and before retiring to sleep, I told my brother that I wanted to get up early the next morning, for I had an engagement.

"Well," said he, "I also have promised to see a person to-morrow morning at an early hour."

"I fancy," said I, jestingly, "that you will not go alone to the place,—Love will probably guide you."

"Very likely," replied he; "I never found him a bad companion. But tell me if he has not played you some trick in Bologna, for you have a rather sentimental air."

I told him my story; and he found my conduct very prudent, nay, too prudent at my age.

Next morning, at five o'clock, I entered the place where I was to meet some fellow-laborers of "Young Italy," who had requested my attendance at an important convention; and there I found my brother. Great was our mutual pleasure at this meeting, and I confess that afterwards I loved him a great deal better than before. He was only one year younger than I, but his progress in his studies had been less rapid than mine, and he had chosen another profession, so that we were almost constantly separated from our childhood. Such was the case even with our youngest brother, who was then at Ravenna; but afterwards I discovered that he also had grown up a warm-hearted patriot. "They are from a good stock," remarked my father to a gentleman, pointing out the uniformity of our tendencies, notwithstanding the

difference of the circumstances in which we had been brought up.

When I reached Rome, after a few days, my mother was quite alarmed at my sentimental look. "Something has happened to you," said she; and I answered that, when in the Campo Santo of Bologna, a spirit, in a bodily form, had made its appearance before me.

CHAPTER XXV.

A FIRST LOVE.

My vacation was not so happy as those of the preceding years; the surveillance of the police annoyed me a great deal; some of my friends were thrown into prison, and some were sent into exile; my former amusements had lost their attraction, and serious thoughts occupied my mind. Had the apparition at the Campo Santo of Bologna any part in the change in my feelings? I cannot say no, although I was not then disposed to confess it even to myself, for I tried to forget it, and I thought I was able to do so. I must return to Bologna to finish my course, and I started a little earlier than usual, alleging, however, many good reasons for it to myself as well as to my family.

The vetturino had agreed to take me to Bologna by the 30th of October; but, owing to an accident we met with on the road, I arrived there only on the afternoon of the 1st of November, which is a great holiday in the papal church. The ancient Romans, besides erecting a temple to each one of their principal gods, had the Pantheon consecrated to all the gods; they offered their sacrifices annually in all the different temples, and a general sacrifice to all the gods concluded the religious festivals of the year.

The "Pontifex Maximus" preserved, of course, this ancient custom, when the actual religious system was introduced during the darkness of the middle ages. So that a great general feast is held each year in honor of all the saints who are not conspicuous enough to deserve a particular holiday. The first of November was fixed for that important ceremony, destined to propitiate the immense host of those nameless saints.

The ancient Romans had also annual sacrifices and purifications for all the dead, over which the goddess Februa presided; and this ceremony has also been preserved and adopted by the papal church, fixing the second day of November for its celebration. So that, as soon as the afternoon service in the honor of All Saints is over, the performing priests take off their gay festival dress, and put on a black dress, in order to sing the "first vespers of the dead;" for at every great feast there must be the singing of "first vespers" in the preceding evening, the solemn mass in the morning, and the "benediction" in the afternoon.

I arrived at Bologna in season to attend the "first vespers of the dead" at the Campo Santo, which, on such an occasion, presents a very brilliant and amusing scene, as it is the resort of all the gay world of Bologna. I dressed myself in haste, and went there at an early hour for the ceremony: it was five o'clock when I entered the gate of the Campo Santo. I confess that on crossing it I experienced an indefinable thrill, and my heart beat in a rapid manner; and behold! the first object I met was the "fair young magician" of four months before, attended by the same old lady, and in the act of leaving the place.

They evidently had performed a pious duty, and now withdrew from the crowd of the gay world.

I met them face to face. I do not know what became of me; but the young lady blushed, then turned rapidly pale, casting down her beautiful eyes. I almost unconsciously followed them at some distance; but lo! the fatal carriage was at the gate to take them away. The young lady slipped in with a quick and graceful movement, giving a short and furtive glance towards the place where I was. No one else would have perceived it, but I saw the glance, and it was for me an eloquent manifestation. She was aware of the impression which she had made upon me, and was glad of it. Perhaps I was not as entirely unknown to her as she was to me.

I went directly to the place where I first saw her kneeling in prayer. The marble block now supported a small basso rilievo, which represented a little Love weeping, and there was an inscription in honor of a young lady of "incomparable modesty and beauty," who died at nineteen. Many flowers had been scattered around the monument, and a large crown of flowers was upon it, exhibiting, as in mosaic, the motto, "Non ti scordar di me che son la tua cara sorella" (Do not forget me: I am thy dear sister). Now I had sufficient indication to find out the abode of this "dear sister," and I felt exceedingly anxious to obtain her love; nay, I reproached myself for my former heartless determination to forget her. In this new train of thought, I crossed several squares of the Campo Santo, taking but little notice of what was passing around me, and went out by the principal gate. There I found a poor child, perhaps ten years old, playing on a little harp to obtain some trifle from the passers-

by. Thinking but little of what befitted the place, the little urchin sang a popular love-song with the burden,—

"Può scordarsi ogni altro amore;
Ma non può non può giammai
Il primiero uscir dal core."

That is, "We are able to forget every other love; but the first one cannot, cannot at all, go out from our heart."

"True, indeed!" exclaimed I, in a fit of passion; and, by a gift of twenty cents, I made him the happiest boy in the world.

Next morning I called on a banking firm, to whom I had a note from a banker of Rome, requesting that they would pay me a monthly sum which my father had arranged to pay to him, as is customary in Italy. The paying teller read the note, and inquired if I was a nephew of Dr. Vincenzo; and, hearing that I was, he said, "It is well. He is a friend of mine; and, being at my house last evening, we had a long talk about you, for he knew that you had arrived here, because my daughter saw you yesterday at the Campo Santo. If you call at my house this evening, you will hear some good music, and gratify me."

This invitation, though earnestly and kindly tendered, gave me no pleasure, because I wished to spend the evening otherwise. I accepted it, however, from politeness. The first piece of music had just been performed when I went there. A servant introduced me to the company, by announcing my name in a loud manner, as they do in Italy. Soon after, another performance was announced. "It is the damsel of the house, who will play on the harp and sing," said a gentleman of my acquaintance who stood near me.

The performance met with great approbation in the saloon, and really deserved it. I advanced among the crowd of hearers to present my compliments to the young lady, whom I discovered to be the fair one of the Campo Santo. Being overwhelmed by that unexpected sight, I was for a moment unable to say a word. But she was on her guard, having heard my name announced, and immediately relieved me by saying that she was happy to see me, and knew me by name and by sight. She spoke with apparent ease, but often changed color. After a short conversation, a dance was called, and she was my partner; she then took my arm for a little walk through the apartment and to the refreshment room. We had much talk together that evening; but not a word of love was spoken, nor the least allusion made to our double meeting at the Campo Santo. However, we perfectly understood each other, and I left the house feeling that my love for her was boundless, and also fully returned.

Next day, about twelve o'clock, I went to pay a visit to the lady of the house, and offer my thanks to her. She received me with great kindness; but the young lady was not there, and not a word was said of her. "Miss Enrichetta is an able performer on the harp," said I, after a little while; and the lady coolly observed she did not like that instrument. I took my leave, greatly disappointed, having failed in the main object of my visit; but I had gone only a few steps from the house, when I met a waiting-maid whom I had seen there the last evening. I saluted her politely, and we were soon engaged in close conversation, because waiting-maids generally are a communicative people, and never look cross on young gentlemen. From her I learned that the lady was a stepmother, and

the young lady lived with her grandmother, who was now at a villa not far from the city.

Knowledge of music is a common thing with the Italians, and I also knew a little of it. I dared not, of course, expose myself with my flute in broad daylight; but, during a serene moonlight, I sometimes consented to go on a serenade with some friends. Now I requested several of them to come with me for the same purpose; and, two hours after midnight, on the 5th of November, a sudden performance of instrumental and vocal music broke the solemn silence and awoke the inhabitants of that villa. We could neither see nor hear anything stirring within. The serenade concluded with a piece from "Norma" of Bellini, where are the words,—

"Vieni in Roma vieni, vieni, o cara!
Dove amore e gioja e vita
Innebrieran nostr' alme a gara
Vieni in Roma, vieni, o cara!"

Which means, "Come to Rome, do come, dear one; there love, joy, and life, shall intoxicate our souls; do come, O dear one!"

At this we left, I, of course, being last; and, turning my head to the locked windows of the silent house, I saw something drop from between two slats of the blinds, and fall gently to the ground. I rushed to take it, and no one perceived what had happened. It was two little flowers,— the one red, and the other white, bound tightly together with a green ribbon. Their meaning was, love and faithfulness united by hope.

A few days after, a regular correspondence had been established between Enrichetta and myself, to

the great satisfaction of her relatives as well as of my uncle, who by chance had formerly given some hints to the father of Enrichetta that I would be a good match for her. So the beginning was exceedingly happy; nay, too happy, alas! making more sensible the sad end.

Enrichetta was then sixteen years old. She was not endowed with extraordinary beauty: her charm was that her soul appeared in her face, and beautiful was that soul. She was able to dance, to play on the harp, and to sing; but her literary education had been entirely neglected, and few and confused were the ideas she had on religious matters. She felt more than she reasoned, but she had much natural good sense, and her feelings were exquisite. A marriage was in contemplation between us, but at a distant time, that she might strengthen her delicate frame, and that I might reach an independent position in society. In the mean time I undertook to educate her, and wonderful was the progress she made in a short time.

I did not neglect my studies at the university; nay, I went through them more earnestly than before, being intensely anxious soon to obtain an independent position. I devoted to study the whole of the day; and, during the evening, I went to see Enrichetta, who was constantly with her grandmother, a very amiable old lady. Sometimes we went together to take a walk, to visit a friend, or to partake of amusement; but we more frequently remained at home, and two or three hours swiftly elapsed in a pleasant and instructive conversation. She was charmed, above all, with my religious views, and the old lady was also greatly interested in them. It was to them a revelation of new ideas generating new feelings, which they cher-

ished instead of the false insinuations and coarse impositions of the papal priests, against which their good sense had often revolted.

In teaching Enrichetta, I experienced a great improvement myself. I felt that she was a great deal better than I, and was therefore anxious to ameliorate and purify my own soul. But she was improving every day: instruction and love gave a sublime elevation to her innocent mind. She loved with the ardent passion of an Italian; but there was such purity, loftiness, and modesty in her feelings, countenance, and behavior, that I could not help feeling for her a certain mysterious respect, and I often repeated to myself, "No man is able to love as she does." She was able to read to the bottom of my heart, and perceived that there was something I kept secret from her; but she dared not make any inquiry. One evening, however, the news having arrived that five young gentlemen had been imprisoned in Rome and would be put to death for being members of "Young Italy," she timidly inquired if I belonged to that society.

"You are in a state of alarm this evening," said I, "and your good sense abandons you for the moment: otherwise you would not have asked such a question, because you cannot expect from me any but a negative answer, which will not dispel your doubts, for, if such were the case, I would not certainly debase myself in your eyes by breaking a solemn promise of absolute silence."

"You are right," she replied; "but keep it in your mind that I love Italy as much as you do, and there is no sacrifice which I would refuse for her." She spoke with a firm and resolute voice, fixing upon me the significant glance of her sparkling eyes; but a red and

almost livid spot appeared on her cheeks, showing an internal struggle too great for her physical strength.

Eight months elapsed too rapidly for us. I was created doctor both of civil and canon law, and determined to return home to complete my practical studies, and afterwards to open my office as a lawyer. It was arranged that, on the next and the following year, I should spend the months of September and October —that is, the time of the vacations—in Bologna; and that our marriage should take place in the September of the third year. I therefore departed from Bologna, and went to Ravenna, where my father had requested me by letter to meet him, having some family concerns which he wished to communicate to me.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A BAD JOURNEY.

"I AM sorry I have bad news for you," said my father, when I met him in Ravenna. He then explained to me that his patrimony had been greatly diminished by many misfortunes as well as extraordinary expenses; and that, for this reason, he was forced to give up his house in Rome, and retire with the family to a country-seat which he had inherited from his mother, together with two farms adjoining, under good cultivation. "I have set apart," said he, "a sufficient fund to complete the education of your two brothers, and enable them to enter upon the professions which they have chosen. As for you, who are the eldest son, I will give you the absolute management of the house, and the remainder of my fortune. You shall marry and become the head of our family."

This arrangement was in accordance with the customs of Italy, and, eight months before, I should perhaps have subscribed to it without any difficulty; but now I objected that, by giving up my intended profession and bringing a wife into the house, I should not improve the economical condition of the family.

"I have thought of that," answered my father. "Here in Ravenna there is an old friend of mine — a gentleman of fortune — who has an only daughter;

and he agrees to marry her to you, giving her a large portion. We went to see her some days ago at the convent, where she resides for her education. I found her to be a stout young lady, with a happy face and rosy cheeks; and she was very glad to hear that her father had chosen for her a worthy young gentleman."

"All right," interrupted I; "but, in the first place, I do not like to marry a lady of fortune, for I want a tender companion and not a lofty mistress. Secondly, I do not like young ladies brought up in convents, for generally they are hypocritical. And, besides, I am not fond of fat and stupid-looking girls. Finally, I am in love with a young lady in Bologna."

"That is enough," interrupted my father; "and, by putting this last reason first, you might have spared the others."

In fact, he was too reasonable a man and too affectionate a father to think of imposing any kind of sacrifice upon me, especially as he had himself married according to his own inclination, giving up the advantage of being united to a lady of fortune. "Let us speak no more of it," added he; "but remember that the present state of my fortune does not allow me to help you as much as I wish. All that I am able to do is to pay you the usual monthly income for two years more."

"That is all I want," answered I.

I met in Ravenna one of my former school-fellows, somewhat older than I, who had chosen for himself a seafaring life. He commanded a schooner of his own, going to and fro between Ravenna and Venice,—a sail of five hours in good weather.

"I will take you to Venice and bring you back, only

for the pleasure of your company," said the young captain.

I informed him that it was impossible for me to get a passport for Venice.

"Never mind," said he; "all the hands on board are trustworthy fellows, and I can land you there in spite of the police; and, provided you come on board after dusk for the night, they will not be able to discover you."

I yielded to the temptation of seeing Venice, which, next to Rome, had the greatest attraction for me.

I had been five days in Venice, and had already seen a few of the most prominent objects which she presents, when, toward dusk, sitting in the coffee-house called Floriano, a magnificent establishment, on the Square of St. Mark, a gentleman took a seat near me and politely saluted me. I answered by bowing my head, and, taking up from the table a newspaper, I began to read attentively. The gentleman must have understood that I did not wish to enter into any conversation with him; but he persisted in his attempts, and finally inquired if I was a native of Venice. I made a gesture, expressing that his persistence annoyed me. At this, instead of being disconcerted, the gentleman familiarly grasped my arm, and whispered in my ear those eloquent words, "You must go with me to the office of the police." At the door of the coffee-house were four policemen in disguise, who took me under their care. They lodged me in a prison, after having minutely inspected the whole of my clothing and taken away my pocket-book, purse, watch, and a miniature of my lady-love.

On the third day after my imprisonment, I was brought before a kind of judge of police; he was a

frowning German, whose appearance was as bad as his employment. He had before him all the objects which they had taken from me, including my passport, good only for internal circulation in the Roman State, and exhibiting the last signature of the police of Bologna, "Visto buono per (good for) Ravenna." After many trifling interrogations, the commissary of police inquired why and for what purpose I had intruded myself into Venice without a regular passport. I answered that I had applied in vain for a passport, but had yielded to my great desire of seeing Venice, and that this was my only object.

"It may be," observed the commissary; "nay, all the information I have obtained about you seems to confirm your statement. I will therefore pardon you as to any punishment concerning the passport law; but I cannot avoid sending you by *corrispondenza* to the boundaries of your own State."

There was not ready a sufficient number of companions to send me with, and I was kept five days more in confinement. At length I was taken out from the prison. A cartman, with a poor horse and a miserable two-wheeled car, was ready at the door. Iron chains were put on my hands, and I was fastened to the car with a rope. There were already seven criminals in the car, three of whom were ruffians to be restored to the papal government, and the others were thieves, already condemned, and now going to the galleys. Of course such a company was not congenial to my disposition, nor did they like my presence any better. The contrast between us was very striking. I was a youth of delicate frame, light complexion, fashionably dressed, and brought up with refined feelings and manners; they, on the contrary, were strong men,

of savage looks, coarse appearance both in manners and dress, and inured to crime.

The car crossed the lagoon upon a boat, and then proceeded to Ponte-Lago-scuro, where we arrived on the second day. I need not say that during the journey my moral and physical sufferings were dreadful. The sun caused me a severe headache; my face was burnt, and my hands were much hurt both by the chains and the intense heat. I was delivered up to the papal commissary, to whom had been previously sent all the articles taken from me; and I was then permitted to travel freely to Ravenna, because for that place I had a regular passport. My father was still there, and in great anxiety, because he had heard of my imprisonment, and suspected it to be from a more serious cause.

I started with my father for Rome; but, passing through Fuligno, I met a party of friends, who prevailed on me to make, along with them, a pedestrian excursion to Assisi, and then to Perugia. I went to the police and obtained on my passport a new signature, — "Visto buono per (good for) Perugia."

Assisi is a pretty little town, only ten miles west of Fuligno, and owes its renown to St. Francis (San Francesco D'Assisi), who was born there, and has now a magnificent cathedral, where his bones are visited and worshipped by pilgrims. I confess, however, that this was not the reason why we were attracted to the place. We wished to see the frescoes of the cathedral, painted by Cimabue and Giotto, the illustrious founders of the modern school of painting.

Time has done some injury to those frescoes, but their brilliant and vivid colors are untouched, to defy the imitation of modern art. Their subjects are taken

from the life and pretended miracles of the patron saint. We admired the work, without sympathizing with the object. St. Francis of Assisi, it will be remembered, laid the foundation of the "begging friars," — a sect which rapidly spread throughout all Europe, like a plague. They profess the general doctrine of the papal church, that it is a great sin against the Holy Ghost to pretend to save ourselves without merits; and the highest merit for them consists in leading an idle life in comfortable convents, and begging from door to door for their support. Unfortunately, there are in every country a great many poltroons, who prefer such a life to honest labor; and, where they are not prevented by laws or public opinion, but, on the contrary, are praised and promised paradise by a false system of religion, they will be constantly numerous, and exercise a dreadful influence in corrupting the morals and perverting the ideas of the common people.

From Assisi I went with my friends to Perugia, a beautiful city, which occupies the summit of a large hill covered with olive-trees, and overlooking an extensive plain, and smaller hills of charming beauty. At the foot of the hill we crossed the Tiber, here a small stream, and the first object we met was a fortress, erected in such a manner that it was of no use except against the city. In fact, there was an inscription upon the principal gate showing the object of it by the Latin words, "Ad compescendos feroces Perusinorum mores;" and the history of its erection was this: Perugia being constantly restless under the yoke which the popes often attempted to impose upon her, one of them, Paul the Third, requested the municipal authority to grant him some vacant ground,

that he might erect a hospital for the poor of the city at his own expense; and then managed the erection so well that the inhabitants perceived he had made a fortress instead, when the demolition of an external masking wall discovered to them the cannon levelled against their houses.

As my friends and myself entered the gate of the city near the fortress, a sentinel ordered us to stop, and a police officer came forward, requesting us to exhibit our passports. I put my hand into my pocket to take out my pocket-book; but, to my great surprise and distress, I found that it was missing, with the passport within. I told this to the officer, adding that I thought I had been robbed of it when visiting the subterranean chapel in the cathedral of Assisi, and my friends testified to their having seen my passport before that moment. The officer conveyed me to a prison in the fortress, sending, at the same time, a report of the occurrence to the police office, and mentioning that I was with a party of young men from Fuligno, two of whom were known to him as suspicious characters in politics.

Perugia is exceedingly interesting in its monuments, and especially in the fine arts. There Raphael went to school, and, when ten years old, furtively painted the head of his great teacher, Pietro Perugino, who, discovering it, said, "This boy will become the greatest painter in the world." But my greatest attraction in that city was, that in the evening the sister of my friend Mattia was to offer an entertainment of extemporaneous poetry, for she was an *improvisatrice*, and I wished to be present to hear as well as to encourage her. But there was no remedy, and I spent the night in a dungeon. Next morning,

however, by a gift of five dollars, I obtained the privilege of being brought immediately before the director of police.

He told me that I could get out of the scrape, and avoid being sent to Rome by *corrispondenza*, if there were in the city two gentlemen of high respectability who would bear testimony that they knew me to be a young man whose oath might be relied upon. I immediately named two friars, of uncommon learning and virtue. They came at once, and caused my release; a paper being given to me that I might reach Rome unmolested. My acquaintance with those friars, and their readiness to help me, proceeded from the fact that they belonged to "Young Italy." I started for Rome, and reached it happily after this bad journey.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE YOUNG LAWYER.

My family left Rome a few days after my return to that city, and I remained there in the condition of a student. Extensive and comfortable boarding-houses are not known in Rome. Those who have no home are accommodated by some private family, or they hire a furnished apartment, and take their meals at the restaurants and coffee-houses. Not liking either of these modes of living, I preferred to take a small house, which I furnished from the large one which my father gave up. A young sister of mine chose to remain with me, to keep my house, and accomplish her education under my direction. As she was a smart housekeeper, we were able to get on quite well, in spite of our very small income.

To pursue the practical course prescribed by the law, I sought admission into the office of a distinguished lawyer, who was also a lecturer at the university. He was a narrow-minded man, both in politics and in religious matters; but he was thoroughly honest, charitable to the poor, and a practical lover of justice in all his public and private intercourse. For that reason I chose him, for I was convinced that in such a profession great is the facility of doing wrong with impunity, and dreadful

are the consequences of its abuses. A lawyer, with equal facility, will be the best as well as the worst man in society.

In that study were about twenty young doctors of law, all for the purpose of pursuing their practical course: none of them were paid except one acting as their chief, and constantly engaged in helping the lawyer. The most common exercise in which we were engaged was to take notes of the cases and opinions as they were exposed by the lawyer, and to seek for a law, a decision of the superior tribunal, or a passage of an esteemed author bearing upon them. Sometimes the lawyer gave some one of us a bundle of papers and deeds concerning a trial or suit, to be thoroughly examined, and, after some days, he held a discussion upon it, and charged the pupil to prepare a defence in writing for that case.

I set myself to work with all the earnestness of a young man of active mind and firm will, who has before him the prospect of great happiness, to be obtained by his success. My efforts attracted the attention of the lawyer, and, after nine months, his assistant having completed his course and resigned the place, I obtained it, though I was the last comer among the twenty pupils of that lawyer. It was with the tidings of so promising a commencement that I went to spend my vacation in Bologna. There I completed my practical course of two years from the epoch of my licentiate-at-law, prescribed to those who intend to be admitted at the bar in the character of attorneys *(procuratori)*, — a class lower than lawyers *(avvocati)*.

On my return to Rome I sought for admission to the bar as an attorney, without, however, interrupting my course of five years from the epoch of my

doctorate, required for those who wish to practise before the superior ecclesiastical tribunals. A short time after this I was admitted as a pleading lawyer before the criminal courts, which are deemed less important than the others by the pope.

The chancellor of the criminal court, called of the Capitole, informed me that my assistance had been immediately requested by a prisoner. I went to take a copy of the documents of the trial, and was shocked on seeing that there was no opportunity for the action of a lawyer, and that I was to appear before the court for the first time with a desperate case. The prisoner, twenty-two years old, and a shoemaker by trade, was accused, and fully proved guilty, of having stabbed to death an officer of the government, who was quietly walking in the street, in broad daylight, and in the presence of a crowd of people. But to decline the request would be against the principle of honor which prevails among lawyers.

I asked permission to converse with the prisoner, and it was granted. He was known to me, and I had thought him to be an honest, laborious, and good-hearted fellow; but he confessed that he had committed the crime with deliberate intention. I then inquired for the reason of that resolution, when the young man, blushing, sobbing, and trembling with anger, told me a sad history. He was acquainted, too intimately, perhaps, with a beautiful young girl whom he had intended to marry; but, as she had excited his jealousy by suspicious conduct, he broke his connection with her. She seemed but little shocked by this event. Some days had elapsed, when the curate called on the young man, and, after a short preamble concerning the state of the young girl, told him he

must marry her immediately; and that, if he did not, he should be condemned to a heavy punishment. The young man yielded, because, notwithstanding his suspicions, his conscience did not absolve him.

The young man now redoubled his activity, in order to earn the means for the support of his wife, and of a pretty child which soon came to augment his family, so that he generally left the shop at a late hour in the evening. But one day, not feeling well, he went home earlier than usual, and found at the door of his house, in a dark and narrow street, an officer of the government, with whom he was slightly acquainted. This officer addressed him by saying that he was there waiting for him, because he had something important to communicate; and he drew the young man a little beyond the house, so as to speak more freely. At this the young man heard a slight noise behind him, and, turning suddenly, saw a person clad in priestly dress flying with light steps from the door of his house.

An altercation, of course, took place between the young man and the officer, who pretended to know nothing about the runaway priest. The woman explained it by saying that he was a pious prelate, visiting the houses of the poor, to afford relief and consolation. Peace was restored, but without mutual confidence. Fifteen days had elapsed from this event, when the shoemaker, going home in the evening, found the entrance of the street in which he lived besieged by soldiers, who allowed no one to pass through. He tried to get home by the opposite opening of the street, but found the same obstacle there. Finally, a carriage came out from the street, and, soon after, the soldiers left the place under the direction of

the said officer. This mysterious affair excited much gossip, and caused a very bad state of mind in the shoemaker, who gave it vent by abusing and beating his wife.

Next evening, as he entered the door of his house, he was seized by some soldiers, who put manacles on his hands, and brought him to prison. The same officer was there, and entered the house. The prisoner was taken to the public prison, and kept among thieves and criminals of every kind during five months. He was never interrogated, and saw no one but the jailer, who, after that period, set him free, and told him to go home. Near to his house he met an old woman, living opposite to him, who gave him such information of what had transpired during the period of his imprisonment as to make him shudder with jealous fury. His wife was evidently prepared to receive him. A good dinner was ready, and all looked comfortable in the house. He seized a knife, and made a rush on her. She sheltered herself with the child, and cried for mercy. He suddenly left the house again, and, meeting the officer in a neighboring street, gave him a blow which resulted in his death five days after.

The same day on which I went to speak to the prisoner, a post-mortem examination was to be held on the body of the murdered man. I had a right to attend it, and went in. Criminal laws in Italy, where there is no question of politics or religion, are generally good. They do not punish the intent, but the act, and take the measure of the intention from the effect. In every case the first inquiry is, whether a crime has been committed, and then whether the accused has committed it; finally, whether the author

is responsible to human justice, and to what degree. Under a law enacting these principles, it was not a difficult task for me to save the culprit from capital punishment; but I wished to obtain something more than this.

After an exact search made upon the corpse to ascertain that there was no external wound but that which was supposed to have caused the death, the surgeon opened the chest, tracing the wound to the internal cavity where it had penetrated, and then declared that it was sufficient to produce death, without any other cause.

"Well," said I, "but this does not exclude the possibility of there having been some other cause,—for instance, a poison." At this the surgeon opened the stomach, when I saw something of a white color, in a state of imperfect digestion; and I said, "Here is the poison."

The surgeon observed that it was only the "holy wafer" administered to the man in his last hour; and this was clear even to me; but, being then in a funny humor, I said, "It cannot be, because, according to the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, the bread used for the communion is 'transubstantiated' into the true blood and flesh of our Lord, and becomes food for the soul, instead of undergoing the natural process of digestion in the body."

At this a professor of chemistry was called in, and, after a regular analysis, he declared that it was nothing but a small compound of farina and water, now in a state of imperfect digestion. Thus the affair ended for the moment, but afterwards it caused me a serious persecution.

The case was in a short time brought before the

court, and I perceived that there was some high personage urging the matter, and anxious to have the culprit condemned, at least to imprisonment for life. In fact, the prosecuting officer charged him with a cold-blooded murder, committed for political purposes, and from hatred to the government.

Though the culprit confessed to have given the blow, and I did not deny it, many witnesses were introduced to prove the fact and identify the prisoner. I began my defence by excluding the pretended political character of the crime, and went on to prove that a jealous fury, excited by the circumstances above related, had led my client to the desperate deed. I dwelt long on this, to show that there had been a high degree of provocation. But, for the interest of my client, I charged the murdered man with those criminal actions in which he evidently had been only the base accomplice of a more guilty one, whom I never mentioned. I succeeded in proving my case against the one now dead; but the other was living, and occupying an office of great dignity and power, and I had, therefore, no hope of being able to convict him. The culprit was condemned to ten years of simple imprisonment, and much credit was given to me for the defence.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN UNJUST ACT OF JUSTICE.

A SHORT time after my first admission at the Roman bar, much excitement was produced by a very extraordinary event. Monsignor Abbo, a prelate, and a great favorite of Cardinal Lambruschini, the premier of the pope, was deprived of all his privileges, and degraded to the rank of a layman, by a papal bull; and then he was tried, convicted, sentenced, and executed under the rule of the common law. It was of course despotic and unjust for the pope to make a law correcting a system of injustice, in order to meet a particular case. In fact, a priest, and much more a prelate, enjoys the privilege of being punished in a less degree than a layman for the same crime, and cannot be put to death; so that, to deprive a man of the privilege of his caste, and make him subject to a new and more severe law after the perpetration of crime, is in itself a bad thing.

The pope was moved less by the enormity of the crimes committed by that prelate than by the public murmuring, and by the necessity of affording some tremendous example; for the crimes of the ecclesiastics were unusually numerous, and of such a character as to prove the deepest corruption and a total absence of religious faith. Impunity had made them regard-

less and audacious. But this was not the whole, for the evil lay in the root of the tree. The pope himself was well known to be drunk every evening, and to be kept constantly under the irresistible influence of his famous waiter (called Gaetanino) and his wife, and the priests and prelates were recruited by admitting any persons they were able to find. I never saw an honest young man embrace the ecclesiastical profession when it was in his power to choose another.

Among my fellow-students at the university of Bologna there was a certain *Perfetti*, who was *perfect* only in wickedness, speaking and acting constantly as if there were no God, no virtue, and no morals in the world. During the second year I was there he disappeared, and a rumor was spread that a sickness, caused by his intemperate habits, had brought him to the tomb. Now, almost four years after, I met this individual at a coffee-house in Rome. He was clad in priestly dress, and sat among a circle of young men, talking of the occurrence of the day, namely, the trial of Monsignor Abbo. I addressed him, but with little kindness of manner, saying, "Take care, Abbot Perfetti, for the new attire you have put on seems no longer to secure impunity."

"Now I am a new man," answered he; "and I am glad to have an opportunity of testifying to you my regret for the scandal which I gave the people when I was at the university. On the occasion of a dreadful sickness, I took the determination of making myself a friar, and entered the order of the Dominicans, where I have been till lately. At my request I was discharged, and am now occupied as secretary to Monsignor Marini, and as teacher in the ecclesiastical seminary."

On hearing this statement I made no observation, though I did not believe that he had changed, except in dress and manners.

He continued his history of Monsignor Abbo by saying that he had been formerly a friar of the same order with himself, and was dismissed under the following circumstances: He had among the habitual attendants at his confessional a fair young girl, who kept a shop opposite the convent. After a certain time she gave up her spiritual director and chose for that office a younger friar of the same convent. Father Abbo was much incensed by her inconstancy, and, turning his rage against her new confessor, he followed him after dinner into a dark corridor, and assassinated him with a table-knife, and fled.

"Had the friars," continued Abbot Perfetti, "been able to catch the murderer, he would no doubt have expiated his crime in a *vade in pacem*, and nobody would have known anything of him or of his deeds; but, having made his escape, he was only dismissed from the order, and, to avoid scandal, the event was buried in silence, as well as the dead body. But the whole has now been brought to light before the court by mandate of the pope, in order to prove the early perversion of that impious man."

"Where was he born?" inquired I.

"In a village near Savona," answered Perfetti, "to which he repaired when he fled from Rome. His brother had by his industry accumulated a respectable fortune, and Monsignor Abbo coveted it as the means of a brilliant career, which he now intended to try at the papal court. In short, he prevailed on his weak-minded brother to make in his favor a regular donation of all his property. Monsignor Abbo went

to Rome, knowing that the friars had kept silence, and would continue to do so, for their own interest; and, as he obtained powerful protectors, his success was beyond his most sanguine expectations. But, in the mean time, his brother married his own servant girl, by whom he had a son, and thus the donation which he had made was annihilated by the disposition of the law."

"This explains," observed a young man of the party, "the hatred of Monsignor Abbo towards that innocent child. But how did he succeed in having the child brought to Rome and placed in his power?"

"He received him," answered another, "from the hands of the unhappy parents. Six years had elapsed, and they thought that all rancor had vanished from the heart of the prelate, who pretended to be anxious for the education of the child, there being no school in the village."

"There are different versions," observed I, "of the manner in which the crime was committed, and then discovered. I should like to know the true state of the case."

"I can tell you," answered one of the party, "for my uncle, in his capacity of assistant to the chancellor of the tribunal, was present during all the trial. Monsignor Abbo lived in the second story over the coffee-house called Veneziano, and the window of his bedroom looked into the Via del Caravita, opposite the dwelling of an elderly lady, who, from a window a little loftier than his, could discover the interior of the room when the blinds were opened, for the street was narrow. One evening at a late hour, when that lady was enjoying the cool breeze at her window, and there was no light in her room, she heard from the

opposite window the suffocated screaming of a child. She looked towards it. The blinds were closed; but, a portion of one of them having fallen, an opportunity was thus given for an uncertain glance. She thought that she saw something too horrible to relate, but she was not sure of it.

"Two days after, just as she was looking from her window, the blinds of the opposite room were opened a little by the wind. Some one hastened to shut them again; but she caught sight of a very pretty boy having his little hands tied with a rope, and a gag in his mouth. Four days after this, the lady, when engaged in making her toilet, heard from the street the singing of the 119th Psalm, beginning in Latin with the words, 'Beati immaculati in via qui ambulant in lege Domini;' and thus she understood that there was a funeral procession carrying away a dead child. At this, she was seized with a kind of inspired fury; and, without looking through the window, she rushed into the street in great disorder, and, seeing a small coffin taken away from the opposite house, cried out with desperate force, 'Stop it! stop it! there is a murdered child in the coffin.'

"The priests seemed to take her for a mad woman, and went straight forward with their procession, constantly singing the same psalm. But two gendarmes on horseback happened to pass at that moment; and, being convinced, from the behavior of the lady, that there must have been something wrong, they ordered the curate to stop the procession and let the coffin be opened. At this the curate was indignant, and reminded the gendarmes that the act of stopping a funeral procession was punished by law with excommunication and ten years imprisonment. But, a large

crowd of people gathering immediately, they took the coffin, and tumultuously brought it to the hospital of S. Giacomo, calling for the surgeons of the institution to open it and examine the contents. All shuddered with horror when they saw the body of a child, six years old, literally covered with wounds, which had been evidently inflicted during a succession of days, and at the same time exhibiting the traces of a most horrible outrage.

"It should be remarked that this monster constantly made a public show of piety, and of an almost fanatic zeal for the papal religion. He achieved his devilish work of destruction on the child at eight o'clock in the morning, put the corpse into a coffin which he had bought the day before, nailed it up, and then went as usual to say mass. He was also continually in the habit of committing one of the most detestable sins immediately before going to say mass on every occasion of a great solemnity of the church. This marked contempt of the mass had influenced the mind of the pope against him more than the other crimes would have done."

"Then we are obliged," observed I, "to the zeal of that elderly lady for having cut short the career of a prelate who would have become a cardinal of the Holy Church, and then perhaps a very holy pope under the name of Pius, Clement, &c."

"The newspapers of France and Germany," observed another, "have been very severe in relating this event. So I am told by a relative of mine, who came back but yesterday from France."

"It has made a great noise," said Abbot Perfetti, "because the culprit was a prelate."

"I do not deny," answered I, "that even among lay-

men there are wicked characters; but, considering the education which he had received, his office as a priest, the absence of allurements and provocation, and the nature of his crimes, I declare that no layman of our age can be compared with him in iniquity."

"Well, it may be," replied Abbot Perfetti; "but you see that there is justice even for prelates."

"Do not quote a peculiar case as if it were a general rule," said I. "For one who has been fitly punished, I can show you many who during this very year met no punishment at all, or were but lightly punished for great faults, because of their privileges and exemptions. Cardinal Della Genga, for instance, archbishop of Ferrara, introduced discord into a nunnery which he too often visited. His favorite nun, Miss Maffei, belonging to a noble family of that city, died in consequence of a fight with another jealous nun. At this, the people were indignant, and raised a mob against the archbishop, who fled, amidst a shower of stones thrown against his carriage. The only consequence has been the exile of a brother of the deceased nun, because he did not know how to hold his tongue."

"You have forgotten," observed Abbot Perfetti, "that Cardinal Della Genga has been deprived of his rich archbishopric of Ferrara."

"That happened," answered I, "because he dared not go there again: in fact, he has been rewarded by obtaining another office more congenial to him, namely, the Governorship of Urbino and Pesaro. And what has been the punishment of Monsignor Antonelli, who in Macerata destroyed the domestic peace of Count L——, and caused a separation between him and his beautiful lady in the sixth month of

their marriage? He received a higher employment in Rome; and, before long, we shall see him a cardinal. Abbot Ralli has, indeed, been put into prison for some months; but was this a sufficient punishment for his having ruined, both in mind and body, more than twenty deaf and dumb children whom he was appointed to teach?"

I would have added several other instances to prove that privileges overcome justice; but a suspicious-looking fellow, taking a seat near us, put a stop to our too free conversation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

YOUNG ITALY ABROAD.

"YOUNG ITALY," an Italian child born abroad, entered his father's land in spite of the passport law and of a hundred thousand watching soldiers. He travelled the whole length of the country; and, like a new Hercules in his cradle, he took hold, with strong hands, of the two hideous serpents — Monarchy and Papacy — which attempted to kill him. The dreadful struggle is not over; but it is evident that "Young Italy" is constantly gaining strength. His head, placed beyond the reach of those monsters, gives a powerful direction and impulse to the well-combined movements of the body. What will be the consequence?

It is a great fact, that a few exiles, scattered abroad and passing their lives in sorrow among strangers, have the power of keeping all Italy in constant agitation, and of uniting her, despite of the greatest obstacles, in the generous effort for independence and freedom. Many absurd explanations of it have been invented by the enemies of Italy, and credited by writers either unable to understand the true feelings of the Italians, or unwilling to do justice to them. There is a long chain of love by which the strong impressions of the Italians abroad are conveyed to act upon their brethren at home, and the wires of this

mighty telegraph are far beyond the reach of political and religious despotism.

Among the numerous foreigners who from time to time brought to us in Rome some tidings or communications from our friends abroad, I have a distinct recollection of a Dr. William, who had travelled many years in America, England, Germany, and France, and who was now about to travel in Italy. He was a warm friend of Mazzini, Foresti, Garibaldi, and other chiefs of "Young Italy," and, from the character of those illustrious outcasts, had been induced to sympathize with the Italian cause. But, like the greater part of the so-called "friends of Italy," he felt disposed to find some excuses for the charges generally and constantly brought against that country, instead of disbelieving them. I must say, however, that, after travelling two years in Italy, and coming into close contact with the Italian people, Dr. William changed his mind entirely; and, in a work on Europe which he published, he came to the conclusion that the Italians were better fitted and more prepared for free institutions than any other people in Europe.

I had occasionally some interesting conversations with that gentleman and my friends Fabio and Mattia.

"I confess," said he one evening, "that all that I have seen of the influence at home of your exiles, and of your devotion to the cause of your native country, has filled my mind with amazement and admiration."

"We disclaim any kind of merit," answered Mattia. "An Italian who does not love Italy with all his heart must be either a stupid or a wicked man. She has many claims to the self-devotion of her children. Not to speak of her blessed soil and charming skies, who does not know that Italy was the greatest ancient

nation, the mother of modern civilization, and then the victim of religious and political despotism, which was constantly supported here by foreigners? To the two glorious epochs of Italy we must add a third no less conspicuous period. A thousand unsuccessful attempts could not shake our faith; for it is an ancient virtue of the Italians never to despair of their native country.

"For the same reason," added Mattia, "we look upon our political outcasts with feelings of gratitude and veneration. They have attempted to promote the national ransom: it was not their fault that they did not succeed. They set noble examples by putting at stake their comfort, their property, and their lives, and by bearing witness to our common faith. Their indomitable souls drew new vigor from their misfortunes, and were purified by their sufferings."

"I admire your generous confidence," said the doctor, "and believe it to be highly deserved by your exiled friends. I have known many of them in different parts of the world, and I have found among them some characters that do honor to Italy as well as to mankind. Not to speak of Mazzini, who is perfectly worthy of his great renown, I take pleasure in naming two noble-minded men whom I met in America, namely, General Garibaldi, at the south, and Professor Foresti, at the north, both chiefs of 'Young Italy' in those countries. Distance and long absence perhaps prevent them from being well known and appreciated among you."

"Do not believe so," said I. "Italy is an affectionate mother, who never loses sight of the children driven from her breast. For ages she has had constantly to mourn over the fate of her best sons, burnt by the

Inquisition, slaughtered by foreign oppressors, or driven into strange lands; and, if anything can soften her grief, it is her anxious watching over her outcasts, and her tender rejoicing when they earn esteem and glory in hospitable lands, — the only field left to them for the free development of their genius. We go so far in this sentiment that we rejoice in the success of Sismondi, Leo Burlamachi, and other writers of Switzerland and Germany, because their fathers were among the victims of the suppression of the religious reformation in Italy."

"Now I remember," said Dr. William, "that Professor Foresti was a native of Ferrara, for Miss Sedgwick, writing from that place, said, 'Its chief interest to us arises from its being the home of our friend Foresti, whose character does it more honor than all this princely house of Este from beginning to end.' Do any of you know him?"

"We are too young for that," answered I, "for he was imprisoned during the year 1820, and, sixteen years after, was put on board of a man-of-war and sent to America; but my father knew him well, and has, from the time of their school-life, been a constant admirer of his genius and character. Foresti was fortunate in possessing fine talents united to corporeal strength and beauty. His manners were courteous and his disposition benevolent, but he was animated by an irresistible desire for action. In the prime of his youth he fled from the paternal roof, in order to follow the adventurous expeditions of Napoleon, who was then at war with England and Russia. Taken home by force, being not of age and an only son, Foresti turned his active mind to study. He graduated when very young, and, the university of Bo-

logna recommending him to the government as one of her most promising young men, he obtained an honorable employment at the court of his native city. But soon after the papal restoration fell upon it like a fearful curse from heaven.

"For such a noble mind it was impossible to bow before religious and political despotism; and he could not submit to the hypocritical practices which were required of him. He therefore resigned his office and left the city, crossing the river Po into the Venetian State, where, though despotism existed, it was less intolerable and debasing than the papal system. The Austrian government there welcomed a youth who had already earned a reputation not less for ability than for fine sentiment and an ardent love of justice. He was therefore made a *pretor* (a judge with ample jurisdiction), although very young. But he loved freedom with the same ardor as justice, and possessed then those republican feelings which stamped his character with uncommon strength and admirable firmness throughout all his life.

"Foresti was taken to a dreadful dungeon when he was just on the eve of a congenial marriage. It was discovered that he was one of the principal leaders of the 'Carbonari,' who had excited the anxiety of all governments in Italy and abroad, and whose plan it was essential to know in order to defeat it. Hence Foresti was spared no allurements, threats, deceitful tricks, or moral and physical tortures; and the axe of the executioner was held over his neck from day to day during two months. How much he suffered during sixteen years of imprisonment I need not say, for the tragical horrors of Spielbergh have been thrown open before the world, and the very name of

that infamous place makes every feeling heart shudder. But the manner in which he bore all this has been the best example set before the Italian youth. I have felt its influence on myself when my father purposely spoke to me of it, and I feel it even now, as do also many of my friends.

"There is a Frenchman, M. Andryane, who was an eye-witness,—he himself having been an inmate of the Spielbergh. He speaks of Foresti as a man of uncommon energy, whose talents and character would have done honor to Italy, had she been free; regrets the cruelty of denying him the means of developing his comprehensive views in jurisprudence and political economy; and depicts him as a man, with stern look and bushy eyebrows, who seemed to bear his fate in such a manner as ought to have reconciled his companions to theirs.

"I do not intend to diminish in the least the merit of those martyrs, by saying they were dejected and broken down by sufferings far beyond what human nature can endure; but I cannot help admiring him who, though first arrested, last set at liberty, and privileged with harsher treatment, came out unbroken. His companions, like Pellico, 'left politics aside, and spoke of other things,' nor did they recognize the progress which had taken place during their captivity: they did not understand the effect of their own work and example. Only Foresti hastened to rejoin the laborers in the new field, and set himself at work with them. This was a great acquisition for 'Young Italy.'"

"Since you are so well informed," said Dr. William, "and so much interested in the concerns of Professor Foresti, let me tell you how he is thought

of in America: it will gratify your praiseworthy pride in the success of your fellow-citizens abroad. In fact, the noble sons of Washington were able to understand and appreciate the elevated mind of that great lover of justice and freedom. Distinguished statesmen of all parties, learned clergymen, and high-minded ladies, surrounded him with that tender friendship which alone could soothe his mind and heart, after such dreadful sufferings. I think that no foreigner has enjoyed in the United States a more general and constant regard, or a more tender affection, — which, however, are fully justified by his conduct.

"Foresti," added Dr. William, "is still not only unbroken, but full of life, with a clear mind, and a true, warm, Italian heart. Speak to him of independence, of freedom, or of Italy, and he will shine with the enthusiasm of an ardent, juvenile mind. I shall never forget the occasion which made me acquainted with him. He was seated opposite me at a dinner-party which was given by a common friend in New York. I knew Foresti only by name; but he has a Roman physiognomy so well marked that I guessed him immediately. There was at the table a distinguished English nobleman, a member of Parliament, and a diplomatic agent. As a matter of mere talk, he began to abuse Italy and Italians, and rehearsed, with a serious and dignified countenance, the most absurd charges ever invented against your nation.

"The greater part of the guests had been in Italy, and all were men of good sense, being perfectly aware that 'his grace' would, in Germany, France, or elsewhere, be equally liberal towards America and Americans. They therefore paid but little attention to his commonplace slanders. But this was not the

case with Foresti. The frequent changes of color and the convulsed movements of his face made me aware that each of those words fell bitterly upon his heart. He, however, restrained himself till the 'noble gentleman' went on to pass the highest eulogium on the Austrian government, which he affirmed to be paternal, wise, and just, though a little too mild for the wicked nature of the Italians. At this, Foresti could not help manifesting a generous indignation, which was like a flash of lightning thrown on the loftiness of his character. The English nobleman himself felt its overwhelming power, and tried to soothe that noble wounded soul."

"Such a man," observed I, "gifted by nature with uncommon talent and energy, and who, having passed through so many dreadful trials, comes out from them with a purified and more elevated character, has evidently another mission to fulfil than the noble example he has given. Foresti, I have no doubt, will see Italy again, help her to struggle for liberty, and lay down his bones in peace in his father-land."

"God grant it!" answered in concert all my companions.

A little pause ensued; and Fabio, turning to Dr. William, said: "As a further proof that we watch over our exiled countrymen in every land, let me tell you that, a few months ago, a ten-cent subscription was circulated throughout Italy, and, in spite of all the terror of the police, was covered with thousands of signatures, in order to offer a testimonial to General Garibaldi for his heroic military deeds in South America. He was one of the first victims of 'Young Italy,' and too young then to be known; but

So he did.

he has been accredited for what he did in that foreign land, as a proof of what he will yet do for Italy."

"Where was Garibaldi born?" inquired Dr. William.

Fabio answered: "In Nizza, or Nice, as foreigners call it, — one of the most healthy and pleasant cities of Italy; but its mild climate has not enervated the inhabitants, who are intrepid sailors and good warriors. In the year 1543, shamefully abandoned to the fury of a large Turkish and French navy, they fought bravely, and repulsed it, and a lady, Cattarina Seguana, was their leader. Massena, the greatest general of our age except Napoleon, to whose victories he contributed so much, was a native of Nizza; and so was Miollis, another of the great generals of Napoleon."

"I have seen in Russia," interrupted Dr. William, "an Italian exile, also from Nizza, whose name was Liprandi. By his own merit he reached the dignity of general of the army, and was much esteemed at the court."

"It is always with pain," answered Fabio, "that we behold our best military men exerting their genius and shedding their blood in the service of foreign nations; but, unfortunately, they have no better ground on which to develop their talents, and are constrained to use for others that strength which they cannot devote to their native country. But, even in this case, we like to see them taking the side of the oppressed, and fighting for freedom, as many formerly did in Greece and Spain, and as now General Ventura helps the poor native Indians against the barbarous cruelty of the English merchants in Asia. But, even in this respect, Garibaldi has set a great example.

He was not moved by any interest of his own; he took arms in a right cause at the moment of danger; he collected a band of his countrymen; he made every one astonished at his deeds; and, after victory abandoned the army, refused every compensation, and, putting his sword into the sheath, said, 'I shall draw it next for Italy.'"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MARTYRS.

THE progress of "Young Italy" abroad was, indeed, useful in giving a powerful impulse and a constant direction at home; but its true strength was to be found in Italy itself, among the generous people who were constantly exposed to the loss of property, liberty and life, and who were, besides, irritated by oppression, and by the sight of the evils produced by despotism. Those people were not merely young enthusiasts, as some would style us. Many of them were men of high standing in society, — military officers, judges, clergymen, monks, and even some prelates of the papal court. Nay, the most glorious martyrs of "Young Italy" came out from the ranks of our bitterest enemies.

The devotion, enthusiasm, and self-sacrificing virtue of the members of "Young Italy" will be easily explained by the holiness of the principles adopted by that society, in opposition to the impious doctrines which were supported by brute force throughout Europe. Ten or twelve men, congregated in Vienna during the year 1815, divided among themselves the people of Europe, as they would have shared a flock of sheep or cattle; and, declaring themselves masters by "divine right," bound themselves to support each

other by every means against any spirit of nationality and of liberty among the people. They gave a despotic dominion to the pope, that he might be their accomplice and supporter, thus making the Christian religion an instrument of tyranny.

Consequently, the pope, when the Poles fought for their national independence against their Russian oppressors, condemned their undertaking by a special bull, because the czar was their legitimate master, given to them by God; nor would he listen to them when they alleged that the czar himself had caused the movement, by forcing them to give up the Catholic religion, in spite of his solemn promise, because such a reason might be retorted on him by his own subjects, on whom he forced his religious system by means of Austrian and French soldiers.

At this very moment came forth "Young Italy," placing its foundation on the true principles of the gospel, and boldly proclaiming that God alone is the Lord; that no man is privileged by him to exercise religious or political power over his fellows, and thus to form a kind of medium between God and man. It was but natural that "Young Italy" should meet with the most atrocious persecutions, and bear them with the firmness and constancy which truth alone can impart. Jacopo Ruffini, of Genoa, the most intimate friend of Mazzini, was the protomartyr of "Young Italy:" he was young, talented, generous, and worthy of dying for such a cause. Many from every class were afterwards imprisoned and slaughtered, here and there, throughout Italy.

But the noblest example of true greatness of mind and self-sacrificing virtue was presented to us Italians, during the year 1844, by Attilio Bandiera, Emilio his

brother, and their colleagues, all members of "Young Italy." The importance of that example was then felt, immense results were afterwards derived from it, and its influence is still permanent in Italy.

Attilio and Emilio Bandiera were the sons of Baron Bandiera, a nobleman from Venice, and a great admiral of the Austrian navy. He educated his sons, and trained them up for the naval service of Austria. Their birth, their uncommon talents, and their wise and virtuous conduct, procured for them rapid advancement, and promised a brilliant career for the future; while their personal qualities earned for them the esteem and affection of all their companions, without distinction of rank. Attilio married a young lady of great beauty, very rich, and endowed with the best qualities of mind and heart. They had two children, and no happier union could be found. Emilio was the youngest, and had not married; but natural endowments, and the constant smile of fortune, favored him as well as his brother.

Were they not happy? And why not?

Because they were Italians, and Italy was oppressed.

Attilio Bandiera and his brother knew Mazzini only by name before the year 1842, and could not succeed in procuring the publications issued by "Young Italy;" but their talents, good sense, and love of freedom, had brought them to the same conclusions. It was the conformity of their principles and views which led them to seek the friendship of the founder of "Young Italy." Attilio was thirty-two years old when he entered that society, and was, besides, a man of experience as a seaman and a traveller. Emilio, though younger than he, had no lack of experience or knowledge. They were perfectly aware of the im-

mense sacrifice which they were to make, and obeyed only the impulse of their own virtue. It is false and absurd to repeat, with some calumniators, that they were merely young men, fanaticized by Mazzini. From his childhood Attilio Bandiera had felt ashamed of the condition of his native country, and was anxious to attempt something to deliver her; or, at least, to set before his fellow-countrymen a noble example by shedding his own blood. Years and political events confirmed him in that determination. He thought that his personal endowments, high position, and lucky fortune, imposed on him the higher duty of giving a suitable example to his fellow-countrymen, especially to those who, being forcibly enrolled among the Austrian troops, were made to believe that they were bound by honor and conscience to serve faithfully the cruel oppressors of their native land. Besides all this, he knew that there was a stain on the name of his father, and felt anxious to conceal it by rendering his own illustrious.

In fact, during the year 1831, the Austrian admiral, Baron Bandiera, in spite of every principle of justice, had captured on the high sea a little bark, containing many illustrious patriots, fugitives from the Roman State, and delivered them to the cruel vengeance of the pope, who disregarded even a capitulation which they had signed with a papal legate duly authorized.

Attilio and Emilio Bandiera longed for an occasion; and the general agitation prevailing in Italy during the year 1844 made them think that the occasion had come. They deserted from the Austrian navy, and went to the eastern countries to arrange the means for executing their revolutionary plan. Domenico Moro, another distinguished officer of the same navy,

followed their example, and joined them. There was, besides, a general agitation in the navy, which was manned almost entirely by Italians, and even in the army, in which forty thousand Italians had been forcibly enrolled.

The Austrian government, being much alarmed, resorted to its usual tricks in order to extinguish in the beginning that threatening fire. They knew that Emilio and Attilio Bandiera were exceedingly fond of their mother. She was prevailed on to try to allure them into the Austrian dominions again, by a promise of an absolute oblivion of the past. She, of course, was a dupe; but they were too wise and firm to be taken in such a snare. Another trick was resorted to, with the co-operation of the English government, and it proved successful. Unfortunately, Attilio Bandiera had an exalted idea of the English character; and, as soon as he reached the British dominions at Corfu, wrote plainly to Mazzini in London, informing him of all his projects, and concluding thus: "You may answer me freely, with my own name and address, and rely upon the well-known loyalty and fidelity of the English post-office."

He, poor fellow, did not even suspect that the renown of loyalty and fidelity so well deserved for the past was now abused in order to betray the guests who confided in British honor, since Sir James Graham, and some of his colleagues in the English ministry, were in the employment of Austria, and even of the petty tyrant of Naples, in the capacity of vile spies. I would not believe it myself, even now, if their proceedings had not been unveiled before parliament, and avowed by themselves.

Now, the Austrian government and the King of

Naples having been regularly supplied with copies of all the letters that had passed between the two brothers Bandiera and Mazzini, an agent of that king went to Corfu, and, playing the ardent patriot, besought the brothers Bandiera and their friends to follow him into the kingdom of Naples, where, he said, a great revolution had been commenced, and needed only some able chiefs. They believed the story, inasmuch as the event was artfully reported by an English newspaper. A Greek also went to them, requesting the honor of accompanying them; for, he said, his father, an Italian from Corsica, had formerly covered his name with infamy in Naples, and he felt anxious to redeem it, — he was another traitor.

By these means Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, Domenico Moro, and their friends, were taken in an ambush prepared by the King of Naples, and, after a mock trial, were cruelly executed. Nicola Ricciotti, a veteran soldier of the revolution, was with them, and was taken in the same snare. They met their fate with the firmness and constancy of true martyrs. The groans of those victims were echoed with a cry of indignation throughout Europe. The Hon. Thomas S. Duncombe denounced before parliament the base conduct of Sir James Graham and his colleagues, for having treacherously abused the public confidence and hospitality, by furtively opening letters, and communicating the secrets of generous and confiding men, so as to cause their death.

The ministers boldly confessed the truth of the charge; pretending, however, that some ancient law or *precedent* authorized them to violate the secrecy of the post-office. The parliament, of course, approved their conduct: not so the English people.

To diminish the importance of the event, the Austrian newspapers published that they were young men wanting in experience, and infatuated by Mazzini. This was repeated by the governmental press of England, in order to present some scapegoat. Even an Italian has accused Mazzini in this transaction, and tried to diminish the merit of those martyrs. But what nation has not some wicked characters? Fortunately, they are very few in Italy, and belong to that class of profligate and debased people who like the idleness of a gilded slavery. Sometimes, when held in contempt by their masters, they will court the popular favor; but, being incapable of exhibiting courage and strength, and anxious not to show their cowardice, they constantly oppose any deed which would be a reproof to them, or which would endanger their voluptuous peace.

It is a shame to hear those cowards abuse the name of martyrs, which they are not worthy even to utter, and bring accusations against those who work constantly for Italy. Of all the numerous victims of "Young Italy," no one was heard to regret his fate, or to accuse his fellow-laborers. Who, then, will tolerate a coward, who never did anything for Italy, and who stigmatizes the memory of those noble victims in order to afflict their surviving friends?

"Why did not Mazzini die together with the brothers Bandiera?" inquires sarcastically some vile writer; and I answer, because that expedition was made without his participation, — nay, against his advice. I answer, besides, that Mazzini has been led to expose himself more than a wise general should do, in consequence of the gossip of those cowards who wished thus to compass his death. But, till his mission is finished, he will not die.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE FUNERAL RITES.

THE news of the martyrdom of the brothers Bandiera reached Rome, together with the tidings that their bodies, as well as those of their companions, had been thrown among the carcasses of beasts, — an honorable burial having been denied to them because they had refused to confess to some Jesuits who had been purposely sent by the King of Naples. In consequence of this, it was determined by the chiefs of "Young Italy" in Rome to have a secret meeting in honor of those illustrious martyrs; and I attended it, with my friends Fabio and Mattia. The place chosen for it was an ancient chapel in a catacomb, two miles east of Rome. We arrived there from different parts and by different accesses, in the course of an hour previous to the time fixed for the meeting, which was midnight.

The chapel, enlarged and arranged by the primitive Christians, had been abandoned, but, for this occasion, had been furnished and decorated in an appropriate manner. The walls were covered with red tapestry, — an emblem of martyrdom, — and red was the mournful light of some lamps tastefully disposed around. Ten large laurel wreaths were hanging from the walls, enclosing a transparency, each with a name and a

shining star. The number of persons executed was nine, namely, 1. Attilio Bandiera; 2. Nicola Ricciotti; 3. Emilio Bandiera; 4. Domenico Moro; 5. Anacarsi Nardi; 6. Giovanni Venerucci; 7. Giacomo Rocca; 8. Francesco Berti; 9. Domenico Lupatelli. The tenth wreath bore a name which was in itself a history of love, suffering, and virtue: it was a lady's name.

In the centre of the chapel was planted a large Italian national banner, — red, white, and green, — bearing the motto, "Dio e Popolo" (God and the People). Here and there had been placed the emblematic sentence, "Ora e sempre" (Now and forever), with appropriate quotations from Dante and other Italian writers. A small table, occupied by the secretary, exhibited the portraits of some of the martyrs, and several notes from them.

The president opened the meeting. "We are here," he said, "not to weep for the dead. Our friends have departed for a better and an everlasting life. It is their inheritance that we are called to receive, — a rich inheritance of glory, of faith, and of sublime virtue, which they have prepared for us by the sacrifice of everything dear on earth. Let not this inheritance be frustrated by our acting unworthily of it. This is the proper way to honor and love them. Their cold bones have been denied the solemn peace of the tomb; but their souls shine with glory, their names are immortal, and we shall raise a monument worthy of them by establishing the freedom of Italy."

Then our friend Marco, the Venetian painter, who was personally acquainted with his fellow-citizens, Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, and Domenico Moro, and had painted the portrait of the former, rose and said: "Attilio Bandiera was, at the time of his death, thirty-

two years old. Being tall and rather slender, his person did not convey the idea of corporeal strength; but his bald head, bushy eyebrows, fierce look, regular features, and dignified countenance were so striking that I would have wished no better model for an ideal priest of justice. He had courteous manners, and there was a fascinating influence in his enthusiastic speech. Everything in him betrayed a benevolent heart.

"Emilio Bandiera was only twenty-six years old, and quite different in appearance from his brother, being rather short and stout. He was lively, warm-hearted, and playful; his features were more regular and handsome than expressive; his manners were kind and prompt, and his countenance was that of a benevolent but independent man, though he had a kind of veneration for his brother, and adopted his thoughts and views almost without perceiving it.

"Domenico Moro, younger than either of them, but having, like them, good talents and excellent qualities, and entertaining for Attilio an unbounded admiration and affection, entered fully and warmly into their views. Knowing that they were most probably to meet a sad fate, Attilio had not the courage to take with him that beautiful young man, in the prime of life, and lately advanced to the rank of lieutenant of a frigate. But, as soon as Domenico Moro heard that his friends had fled, no consideration could prevent his following them and sharing their fate.

"When we think," added Marco, "of these three young men, endowed with all the qualities which are required to redeem a nation, and when we see them taken from us in such a miserable manner, I feel humiliated and confused, but not discouraged. If our suf-

ferings have not yet expiated the faults of our fathers, let us at least bequeathe to our sons the example of an unshaken perseverance."

At this the secretary informed the meeting that a fellow-laborer, just arrived from Malta, had brought copies of some letters from Attilio and Emilio Bandiera to Mazzini, and begged leave to read a few passages illustrating their character.

"'It is now several years,' wrote Attilio in 1842, 'since I began to esteem and love you (Mazzini), for I knew that you were to be considered as the chief of those generous souls who at the present time represent the opposition to tyranny, and its wicked consequences, which are dreadfully contaminating our beloved Italy. I am an Italian and a warrior. I believe in God and a future life. Justice is for me the foundation of all rights. What we shall do for Italy will be useful to the cause of humankind. Considering the condition of our country, I was easily convinced that the better way for the regeneration of Italy was by entering on the dark work of secret conspiracies. Are there other means than secrecy in order to begin the struggle for the liberation of the oppressed? Before commencing to act openly we want to be acquainted with each other, and to come to an understanding for the union of our forces. Do not refuse my co-operation.'

"'My brother and I,' wrote Emilio afterwards, 'were convinced that every Italian is bound to devote himself entirely to the improvement of our unhappy country; and so we tried all the means in our power to join that "Young Italy" which was formed to organize a national insurrection. For three years, however, our efforts were in vain. But, without knowing

your principles, we had the same thoughts, aiming, as well as you, at a free, united, and republican government for our native country; relying at the same time upon our national means, contemning all foreign support, and thinking of beginning to act as soon as we felt ourselves strong enough.'

"'I am seeking for the manner,' again wrote Attilio in 1843, 'of penetrating into Italy, and of making up a band of patriots to fight until death. The material importance of this deed will be small, but its moral influence great, for suspicion will enter the heart of our powerful oppressor, and an eloquent example will be set before those who, like me, are bound by absurd and inadmissible oaths.'

"'My mother,' wrote Emilio after his flight, April 22d, 1844, "excited and blinded by passion, does not listen to my reasons. She calls me an impious, heartless assassin. Her tears wound my heart; her reproofs, though undeserved, are like the thrusts of a dagger. But desolation does not take from me wisdom. I know that her anger and her tears are caused by the tyrants; and, therefore, if I was formerly animated only by love of my native country, I now feel an equal hatred against the despotic usurpers who, by their infamous ambition, cause such horrors to our families.'

"And, soon after, in the act of leaving for Italy, in a letter of his brother, he added the following words: 'These will perhaps be the last lines you will receive from us. Heaven bless you for all the great good you have achieved for our native country. At the very eve of encountering the dangers of revolution, I confidently proclaim that every Italian owes you gratitude and veneration. Farewell! farewell! We

are poor in everything; and we choose you to be the executor of our will, that we might not perish in the memory of our countrymen.'"

"'How,' wrote Attilio, 'will my mother and my wife, — those delicate creatures, unable perhaps to resist a great grief, — endure my ruin? Alas! to serve humanity and my native country was the first of my wishes, and will, I hope, be so forever; but I must confess that it costs me dear. Farewell! and, if it shall be forever, farewell forever.'"

At this, Marco rose again, and with a trembling voice said: "On entering this place, it was with great satisfaction I observed that, among the nine glorious martyrs executed at Cosenza, a tenth wreath was consecrated to the heroic wife of Attilio Bandiera; and I feel assured that from heaven he smiles with gratitude upon the tribute paid to her virtue. They loved each other with that passion which elevates the soul to the nature of angels, and purifies the heart from selfishness. Educated by him, she could not have feelings different from his. She knew that he was going to die, and opposed not that sacrifice in which she was the principal victim; nay, she promised to live for the sake of their offspring, their beloved sons; but her physical strength, which had been supported by her moral energy, failed as soon as she heard of the capture of Attilio, and she died broken-hearted.

"Such are the women of Italy," continued Marco with deep feeling; "and they would all be so if they could meet with worthy partners. Nature has given the Italian woman a marked susceptibility for strong emotions. She loves with all her heart and mind, and love is her life: she reasons but little, because she

feels so much. Let her meet a man who knows his mission towards her, and she will be the angel of his life: let him elevate himself, and she will follow him in every great and virtuous enterprise. A brute, on the contrary, will spoil her; and, once spoiled, she will plunge into vice with the same ardor with which she would have followed virtue. Indeed, considering the bad education which we give our women, and the wicked examples which are set before them by six immoral royal courts and by the still more demoralizing papal court, we only wonder that so few of them are corrupted, and acknowledge the strong natural love of virtue by which they are supported."

Fabio now addressed the meeting, and begged leave to make some remarks in honor of Nicola Ricciotti, who, like himself, was a native of Frusinone, a city sixty miles east of Rome. It is the residence of the papal delegate, that is, the governor of the province; but long papal dominion has reduced it to such a state of desolation that there is not a school for even the first rudiments of reading and writing. Notwithstanding all this, a few men of genius and of lofty character have now and then sprung forth from that wretched place, and, as it were, presented a strong protest in favor of that indomitable Italian nature which a thousand years of religious and political oppression have not been able to subdue.

"He was my school-fellow in Rome," said Fabio, "and I was eighteen years old when he was sent into exile during the year 1818. He was in love with a cousin of mine, who eloped with him, and has ever since been the angel of his hard life. She often used her skill in music to earn their bread, and to soothe his wounded mind. He fought all the battles of lib-

erty during the years 1820 and 1821, and was for ten years in a papal dungeon. Liberated by the revolutionists during the year 1831, he fought again with them. In 1833, Ricciotti appeared within the Alps, and afterwards went to Spain, where he fought for the revolutionists, and earned glory and advancement in the army, till he was, a few months ago, promoted to the grade of commander of infantry. But, having heard of the probability of some movements in Italy, he gave up his brilliant position, and went to meet the sad fate which awaited him.

"A note which he addressed to his sons will prove that Ricciotti was not under the influence of any illusion; for he was perfectly aware that in all probability he would lose his life, and he generously put it at stake. 'My dear sons,' said he, 'I am arrived at the most decisive moment in my life. A thousand dangers, and perhaps death itself, are waiting for me in the new path which I am about to take. My love for you, and my duty as a father and a citizen, do not permit me to execute my plan without remembering you, and laying down a few precepts which I hope you will carry into execution. If a cruel fate is prepared for me, and I am to be taken from your love, cherish my memory, be not disheartened by my fate, and preserve this writing as a pledge of my tenderness for you. So cruel is the condition of Italy, so low sunk is that land, formerly the most glorious, that among its sons any one who desires honor, who feels in his heart the insults of despots against our national dignity, and who loves liberty and virtue, is condemned to the sorrowful life of an exile, even if he should escape prison and death. We shall be martyrs for the Italian cause; but our sufferings will hasten

the epoch of triumph and of freedom for our native country. My dear sons, walk in my footsteps, and let me enjoy at least the consolation of knowing that you are imitators of my example, and that Italy can rely upon you as well as upon me.'"

After this, the secretary presented to the meeting the original letter which Anacarsi Nardi, a lawyer, fifty years old, wrote to his intimate friend, Tito Savelli, five minutes before being led to execution. He wrote it in haste, with his hands tied; and the jailer took care of it. "I write for the last time," said he: "in a few minutes I shall die. Remember me often to thy family and to our common friends. If it is possible, I will visit thy home before going to our Eternal Father. Kiss Dante and all thy sons. Receive the salutations of my companions. I embrace thee, and I am thy Nardi. — P. S. It is because I am tied that the penmanship is trembling. But I tremble not. I am tranquil; for I die in my native country and for a holy cause. Again farewell!"

The president added some remarks on the other martyrs, and on their companions buried alive in the dungeons of the Neapolitan tyrant; and he concluded the meeting by these words: "The glorious names and acts of our new martyrs have been written in our martyrology, and our friends throughout Italy shall have a copy of it. Alas! the Italian martyrology is a very large book. From the time of the Reformation till the present, no nation has given so many martyrs as Italy for the cause of religious and political liberty; but no nation is more cruelly crushed by despotism than Italy is. Shall we therefore conclude that the blood of our martyrs flows in vain, and that all our

attempts in favor of a cause which has nothing but justice on its side are entirely foolish?

"God forbid our lips to repeat such blasphemy, which the atheistic statesmen of France, England, and Austria are constantly uttering against us, while they laugh at our unsuccessful efforts. The blood of the martyrs cries out to God from the earth. God has not made millions of men that a few shall have the cruel pleasure of tormenting them and trampling upon their innocent blood. But it is only through numerous sufferings, obstinate efforts, and noble sacrifices, that an oppressed nation can be regenerated to power, freedom, and glory."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DARK CLOUD.

THE day after that nocturnal meeting I was sitting in my office, apparently inspecting some papers and deeds, but really unable to pay any serious attention to the business. My mind was distracted by many different thoughts, and I felt such uneasiness and weariness as I had never before experienced. I told my boy to put on the door the ticket, "Not in," and then to go to the post-office. For several days I had expected a note from Bologna, and the unusual delay caused me great anxiety. The epoch fixed for my union with Enrichetta was now at hand. I had been in Bologna during the vacations of the two preceding years, and a regular correspondence had been kept up between us. Our mutual attachment was not in the least abated by long time and absence, but rather acquired therefrom a more elevated character. From that sentiment I constantly drew new vigor and courage amid the trials of my civil and political life.

Now, at last, I had obtained an independent position in society, and my prospects were bright, so far as my profession was concerned. My income, for the present, did not exceed six hundred dollars; but fifty dollars monthly was a sum more than enough to establish a pleasant home, and to live comfortably according

to my condition in Rome. During the summer I had prepared a modest, but neat and desirable residence, and furnished it, agreeably to Enrichetta's wish, in a plain but tasteful manner; and, this being the last month before the vacation, I was very busy in making all arrangements and transacting all business, that I might not be disturbed when going to Bologna, and might find everything in good order when I returned with Enrichetta.

"There is a note from Bologna," said my boy, with a triumphant air; but, on glancing at it, I was struck by recognizing the penmanship of the father instead of the well-known handwriting of the daughter.

"Enrichetta," said the note, "met with an alarming accident, in consequence of an upset of the carriage in which she was driving with her grandmother. For some days her life has been in danger, but a happy crisis has occurred, and she is fast getting better."

The poor boy, who had expected that the note would dispel my bad spirits, was now frightened by the change of my look, and thought of going for a physician. My first impulse was to leave immediately for Bologna; but to obtain a passport and to find the means of conveyance could not be done as quickly as I wished.

Next morning, being still in Rome, I received another note from Bologna. It was in the chirography of Enrichetta, though much altered by the trembling of the hand. "It is a painful but a sacred duty for me to undeceive you. The physician says that the accident that has happened to me will have no serious consequences, and that in a short time I shall be entirely recovered, except from a little lameness. It may be so; but I feel that my life is drooping. I had

formerly some warnings that my days would be short on the earth, and that I must not look for happiness in this world. Love made me forget it; but a new warning has come to put me in mind that my dear sister waits for me. She died at nineteen, and I have almost attained that age. I regret nothing upon earth but the grief of those who love me. Some days ago, in a moment which they thought to be the last of my life, my good grandmother was helping me to offer up a prayer to God. I repeated with her, 'My God, I rely upon thee; I am ready to answer thy call to go to thee; I do not regret to leave the earth;' but I felt it impossible to repeat the following sentence, which implied a renouncement of you. I hope that God does not require from me that sacrifice: cannot I go to him with that sentiment without blushing?"

I made no answer to this letter, as I had obtained my passport, and there was a French steamboat going that night from Civitavecchia to Leghorn, which would enable me to reach Florence on the following morning, and to cross the Apennines and to be in Bologna some hours before my note could be brought there by the mail. The diligenza habitually running between Florence and Bologna would pass in the neighborhood of the small villa where I went to give my first serenade, and where afterwards I had spent so many pleasant hours. I could not think of that place without deep emotion, which grew stronger as I began to discover it from a little distance. I saw the house, and then the garden, and finally I came in sight of the green turf between the house and the public road. Here my eyes met with a scene whose first impression on my excited mind was that of a vision. A carpet was stretched upon the turf, and

upon it was a young lady, surrounded with a dog, a cat, a lamb, and numerous birds, all playing around her. She was clad in a white loose dress, and her rich black hair fell negligently upon her shoulders. She turned her head, and gave a careless, melancholy glance at the carriage as it passed before her. It was Enrichetta. Our eyes met, and, recognizing me, she uttered a sharp cry, and fainted. The driver of the diligenza perceived it, and immediately stopped the carriage. I slipped from it into the villa in the twinkling of an eye; the waiting-maid and the grandmother of Enrichetta came immediately to her aid; and she soon recovered her senses.

My presence, of course, was the best remedy for that ardently loving creature. She began to forget again her sad presentiment of approaching death, and by degrees to indulge with me in the rosy hopes of an approaching happy union. Then her thinness and paleness gradually disappeared, and she was more lovely and interesting than ever. But the idea of her lameness was to her a great torment, as the physician had expressed but little hope of her perfect recovery from it. A friend of mine, however, suggested to me to take her to a well-known hot spring, a bathing-place called Porretta, thirty miles north of Bologna, in the Apennines. Enrichetta went there, attended by her grandmother, and I was with them. Porretta was a poor place, but the establishment for bathing and the hotel for visitors were in a magnificent style.

I observed there a new kind of evasion of the papal law forbidding the introduction of gas-works for illumination. Next to the building was a little lake emitting a combustible gas, which, by a simple apparatus, was conveyed to illuminate the buildings. The

trick, however, was afterwards discovered; and, as the owners of that establishment maintained that there was no violation of the law, the matter was referred to the pope, who pronounced his "infallible" judgment by saying that the illumination with gas supplied by nature was an invention as wicked as that in which gas-works are employed.

The effect of the hot-spring bathing on the health of Enrichetta was even beyond our hopes. After a month's residence she was able to walk freely, and returned to Bologna perfectly cured. My joy was boundless; but, in spite of her evident efforts to be cheerful, she was often overwhelmed by melancholy. She had now a slight cough, for which I accounted by attributing it to the chilly air of the Apennines. She was also still thin and pale, even more so than before her sickness, and frequently complained of being cold, though the weather was exceedingly fine and mild. My great-uncle, who was a very learned physician, and loved us both, said that our marriage must be postponed, and insisted upon it, with her parents. I yielded with reluctance, because I felt that the mild climate of Rome, and my affectionate attentions, were the best means of saving her life, if she was really consumptive.

The day before I left Bologna, Enrichetta desired me to accompany her on a visit to the tomb of her sister. I had been there several times before with her, and the place had a particular charm for us, on account of our first meeting in that place; and, besides, we experienced there a mysterious communion of elevated thoughts, and she never looked so happy as in those moments. She always approached the tomb with a sweet smile on her lips, as if to meet that

of her sister; and then she never spoke a word of grief. Now we were sitting as usual on a wooden bench near the monument of her sister, and I was telling her that our new separation would be short, for I was determined to return very soon to Bologna, and take her to Rome in spite of all opposition.

"God alone," answered she, "knows what will happen to us, and what is for the best: let us rely upon him. When my dear sister departed, I was exceedingly grieved, and often went to repeat upon her tomb my foolish prayer to God, that she might be restored to me; but one morning I met here a lady who had lost her only child, and she said, 'Your sister and my child are happy in heaven, and we must not pray that they may be unhappy again on the earth. They cannot come to us, but we must go to them in peace.' Those were blessed words, and even now I feel their healing effect on my heart."

Here Enrichetta made a little pause, fixed her eyes upon my face, and, with a sweet, plaintive voice, said, "Do promise me that thou wilt not yield to grief if I am called to my sister. I feel that my weak body cannot long endure the trials of life. I shall be happy, and I will pray for thee."

I could not say a word, for I felt a dreadful oppression upon my heart.

She was frightened by the change of my look, and, taking hold of my hand, passionately exclaimed, "O, do not look so sad! I will not die: I will collect all my strength, and live for thee — for thee alone!"

Next morning I started for Rome, where I must again open my office. I departed with a stormy heart; and a dark cloud, impending on my head, seemed to accompany me to Rome, and to threaten

mysterious evils. In fact, as soon as I reached the gate of Rome, and showed my passport, I was arrested and taken to the police-office. I knew, of course, that it was three years since I had been placed under the surveillance of the police, and was therefore exceedingly cautious in my conduct, so far as politics were concerned; and, besides, I kept myself constantly ready to meet any interrogatory with all the skill of a lawyer. The assessor of police was rather disappointed when, after an examination which lasted three hours, he was obliged to declare that, notwithstanding the numerous charges brought against me by the spies, there was no ground to keep me in prison. But Monsignore, the governor of Rome, who is the chief of police, condemned me to be subjected to a "political precept," which was considered a preventive measure to be applied to wicked characters. This measure was at that time freely resorted to by the papal police; and when Pope Gregory XVI. died, two years after, there were more than three thousand young men in Rome all subjected to that "political precept," which constituted the most impious violation of personal liberty and human dignity ever committed by a tyrant.

The assessor handed me a printed copy of the precept, and read and explained it to me, mentioning, above all, that the least transgression of that precept would, for the first time, involve a punishment of three years of hard work, and afterwards of a progressive rigor.

The first injunction of the precept was, "Never go out from the city, and keep at home from sunset to sunrise." The peculiar grievousness of this order arises, in a great measure, from our habits, and from

the nature of our southern climate. We generally devote the whole of the day to our business and occupation, take our meals at sunset, and then make calls, or go to the promenade, to coffee-houses, or to social gatherings. To be confined alone at home during the long nights of winter, while every one else goes out, and to be unable to enjoy the refreshment of the evening during the hot days of the summer, was for me almost as grievous as to be in a prison. This, however, was not the whole: the police-officers came every night twice, and sometimes three times, to see if I was at home, and often on those occasions examined the whole of the house, comprising the bedroom of my young sister, who, of course, was exceedingly annoyed by such nocturnal visits. But a friend of mine, who was also subjected to the political precept, apprised me that, by means of a monthly bribe, given to the chief of those troublesome visitors, he succeeded in sparing his wife their disgusting nocturnal apparitions. Now they merely knocked at the street door, and he made his appearance at the window, holding a lamp before his face. I made the same compromise.

The second injunction was, "Call every fortnight at the police-office, in order to give a minute account of your manner of living, and to exhibit a certificate, signed by a regular confessor, of your having attended his tribunal of penance."

This was the most vexatious imposition. They did not, of course, believe that we should be so foolish as to reveal anything to their confessors or to their directors of police; but it was a sweet victory for them to have us so often humiliated before a villanous director of police, who abused us in a base manner,

and to see us kneeling at the feet of some dirty priest or friar. I succeeded, however, in avoiding, in an easy way, this trouble. A young priest, who was to be made a prelate, needed somebody to prepare him in haste, but carefully, in order that he might undergo an examination in canon laws. He applied to me, and promised liberal wages; and I told him that I should be satisfied with some certificates of having confessed to him. He was exceedingly happy to have my valuable instruction at such a cheap price as false certificates, and gave me two hundred of them. So that each time I must go to the police I had no other trouble than to affix the date.

The other injunctions were more tolerable.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

During the month of November, 1844, all the letters I received from Enrichetta spoke of her getting better, and showed her to be in good spirits; but with the month of December an alarming change took place, and my uncle wrote to me that he had taken her under his care as affected by consumption, and there was but little hope of recovery, because her mother and her sister died of that disease. It was impossible for me to leave Rome, as I should have been imprisoned, and thereby caused her to die by sorrow. I therefore besought my uncle to bring her to me. She would be with my sister, and I would be like an affectionate brother to her, and perhaps she could be saved. Alas, it was too late! She was not able to undertake the journey.

On the morning of the 20th of December, I received another letter from my uncle, containing a paper in an unknown handwriting. "Enrichetta," wrote he, "has been better for some days; but it was a deceitful calm. Yesterday, before dawn, a dreadful cough caused the rupture of a blood-vessel in her breast. At twelve o'clock I succeeded in stopping the blood, and in relieving her; but at that moment, in the neighboring 'prato di S. Antonio,' took place the

execution of two young men, belonging to 'Young Italy.' She heard the report of the shots, and, knowing what it was, fainted away. I restored her to her senses, but her life will last only a few hours. I enclose here the last adieu which she dictated for you. Remember her wishes, and do not yield to grief."

"I wished with all my heart," said she, "to live for thee and with thee. I knew the trials of thy life, and foresaw the troubles which wait for thee; I desired to be at thy side to comfort thee, or at least to suffer with thee. It was in vain: nothing could stop my failing life. Yesterday, lying down on my deathbed, I was thinking of thee, when I heard the report of shots fired at two generous breasts. I felt the bullets piercing my heart and taking my life, and thy image was before me,—thou wert bleeding and slain, and I could not help thee. Now I feel perfectly quiet, and in this solemn moment of calm, preceding death, wish to tell thee my last adieu. Our earthly love cannot live in the grave, but my soul will love thee as angels love. During all thy life, and whatever may be thy trials, never forget that I am watching over thee; keep thyself steadily from anything unjust, anything base, anything that should make me blush for thee. This is the manner by which thou mayest show thy love for me. I say no more. Peace and salvation be with thee!"

I need not mention the effect of these letters. Almost out of my senses, I went to the police-office, and, showing the letters, asked for permission to go to Bologna immediately. The official scornfully laughed at me, and ridiculed my grief. I do not know what I did: I remember only that I was pulled into the street,

with bruises on my face and hands; but my youngest brother happened to pass, and took me home. He was then in Rome on a visit to me, and was to leave next morning for Siena, where he had some business. Now he left me to the care of our young sister, who endeavored as well as she could to soothe my mind.

In a short time my brother came in again, and, tendering me some papers, said, "Here is a ticket for passage to Civitavecchia by the diligenza, and then to Leghorn by a steamer; and here is my passport, too. I have taken the signature, 'Buono per Bologna.' The description of my person corresponds to your own. Go to Bologna, if you choose. In the mean time, I will lie down in your bed, pretending to be sick; and you may rely upon it that the officers of police visiting the bed will not discover the trick."

Excited as I was, I thought but little of the danger to which I exposed my affectionate brother. I took the passport; and, two hours after, I was travelling to Civitavecchia. I found there the steamer which had been announced, and it brought me to Leghorn in twelve hours. I speedily proceeded to Florence, but I was much disappointed in not finding a conveyance to Bologna, the diligenza being over-filled, and, on account of the weather, the crossing of the mountain being a very difficult and dangerous undertaking.

Notwithstanding the positive assertion of my great-uncle, I cherished a firm hope that Enrichetta would not die so soon. To see her once more, to speak to her some words of comfort, and to receive her last breath, had such an attraction for me that I left my business, and exposed myself and my brother to heavy punishment; so that no obstacle could arrest my march, now that I was only sixty miles from Bo-

logna. I started on foot. It was sunset, when, leaving Florence, I crossed the gate of Sangallo; and the first object which arrested my attention on the road was the cemetery of Florence. At this sight I could not help shuddering. The night soon grew dark, and I saw nothing more, having great difficulty to find out the road.

At two o'clock in the morning, I crossed the summit of the mountain, where sometimes the wind from the north blows so strong as to carry away even loaded carriages; but a wall forty feet thick has been erected to protect passengers. The wind, though not then very strong, quite subdued my already exhausted strength. I went to the hotel where the diligenza usually stops a few moments, and took some of the refreshments prepared for passengers. In the mean time, the diligenza arrived, when the conductor informed me that, one of the passengers having been arrested at the gate of Florence, there was a vacant seat, which I took with eagerness.

At four o'clock, P. M., we were in Bologna. It was chilly and rainy weather. With heavy and irregular steps I moved towards the well-known house, and saw that the blinds were shut up, as well as the door. Trembling from head to foot, I went to knock, but felt unable to raise the hammer. In the mean time, I saw the coachman coming home with the empty carriage. He came to me in tears. He was an old servant of the family, and was as much attached to Enrichetta as to his own children. He said nothing, but I understood the whole. The good old man gently forced me into the carriage, to take me from that desolate house. He was going to my uncle's; but

I told him, in a resolute manner, "Take me to the Campo Santo."

Near the well-known monument, in the same place where first I saw Enrichetta praying on her knees, there was now a new fresh heap of earth. I knelt upon it, and lay immovable and overwhelmed by grief. The old coachman was weeping apart, but, seeing the alteration of my countenance, rushed to me, and, shaking me by my arm, said, "Will you become a madman? Enrichetta is not here; she is in heaven, and doubtless prays for you, for her last words were, 'My God! receive my soul, and save my dear love.'"

At this, a young girl of fourteen timidly advanced towards us. She was a favorite servant of Enrichetta, and brought a small vase with a young rose-plant, which Enrichetta had kept in her room during her last sickness. The affectionate girl handed it to me, and wept in silence. I planted the rose upon the grave, and burst into tears.

I saw nobody else in Bologna, — not even my uncle. I went back to Rome as quickly as possible, and the police discovered nothing.

That rose, planted in winter and watered with tears, grew up with luxuriant vegetation. Almost four years after, coming back from the plains of Venice after the battle of Vicenza, I hung upon that rose a medal which I had earned on the field of battle. One of the Austrian officers who occupied Bologna afterwards took away that medal and cut down the rose with his sword. A heart so wicked could never have known what love is. I consider him sufficiently punished.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PRISONER.

THE words of Attilio Bandiera, "We shall be more useful to Italy in dying than in living," proved to be a veritable prophecy. Italy, as if redeemed by the blood of her martyrs, showed new life, not only by the increase of political agitation, but still more by a great amelioration of the people at large, for whom example is better than words. All virtuous and talented young men sought for admission into "Young Italy," and were anxious to be brought into action. The Austrian government, the pope, the tyrant of Naples, and the Jesuit King of Piedmont, exhausted all the means of a bloody and wicked persecution, and the effect was the opposite of their intention. The Duke of Tuscany alone had not the courage to shed blood, and so the revolutionary party exhibited there a certain lack of energy, and gave rise to a set of men who called themselves the "moderate party."

They were not really a political party, because no portion of the people was with them. A French diplomatist styled them "generals without soldiers;" and they did not want soldiers, having no intention to fight. Such a band of cowards existed even in America at the time of the revolution. They styled themselves lovers of freedom, but preached submission;

and, not having the courage to fight, they opposed those who, by heroic deeds, made them blush for their selfishness, and destroyed their ill-acquired influence, popularity, and authority. To conquer their Protean opposition was perhaps more difficult for Washington than to defeat the English army. In like manner the same party in Italy were the greatest annoyance to "Young Italy," and the best allies of our oppressors.

The opposition of these people was a withering element, inasmuch as the greater part of them, though spoiled by cowardice, were honest and learned; and their name and credit were abused by some wicked men, who, excluded from "Young Italy," clung to them like parasitical plants, and spared no means to frustrate the generous work of the patriotic youth. Some of those wicked men went so far in their wrong path as treacherously to denounce to the government the revolutionary projects of their former associates.

After the death of the brothers Bandiera, the "moderate party" were busy in denouncing that movement, and preaching submission; nay, Cesare Balbo, the most illustrious among them, then published a book, the title of which was, "The Hopes of Italy," condemning all attempts of the Italians to free themselves, because in a short time they would be rid of Austria without any effort. "The Turkish empire," he said, "must fall; and Austria, in her desire to secure a part of it, would abandon Italy."

To take for granted the division of the Turkish empire full ten years before France and England went to the help of the Turks, appeared to be a visionary idea. And no man of good sense could believe that Austria would willingly give up her fat Italian pos-

sessions, in order to acquire a wretched piece of the ruined Turkish empire.

Absurdity, of course, is not a fault with philosophers, as long as they wander in the field of speculation; but Balbo pretended to be practically right; nay, as a substitute for the present order of things, he seriously recommended the scheme of his friend the Abbot Gioberti. This philosopher, in good faith, I think, in a large volume of new words, presented to the modern Italians the poor ancient idea of a confederation of all the Italian petty tyrants under the supremacy of the pope; and he became so excited and delighted with this supposed new plan, that he forgot all the lessons which the experience of ages and the genius of the great Italians had set before us, to show that papacy alone is the cause of all the evils of Italy. Besides, Gioberti took it for granted that papacy, at present quite worn out and in a dying condition, would be able to carry on a scheme which could not be realized during its vigor in the middle ages.

Men of the "moderate party," however, had several advantages over the leaders of "Young Italy," the former being permitted to proclaim their harmless absurdities, to speak loudly of their wise patriotism, and to slander their opponents, who were forced to be silent for their own security, as well as for the interest of their cause. Besides, the former met, of course, with the sympathy of the European diplomatists, and had with them all the corrupt or ill-informed press of Europe. This party, I repeat, was the greatest annoyance with which "Young Italy" had to cope. When the prisons were filled with our friends, and the scaffold was red with their blood, we had to hear

them, their friends, and the foreign press denouncing us as the worst enemies of Italy, ruining the national cause by our rash and foolish attempts, &c.; and these criminations came from those cowards and selfish men who, besides keeping constantly on the safe side, were not disposed to sacrifice for Italy a *soirè* at the *balmasquè* or the opera, or to practise any self-denial.

In the fall of the year 1845, when a general revolution was at hand, the men of the "moderate party" had the unhappy idea of making a "peaceful remonstrance" against the pope, then the most wicked of the Italian tyrants. They intended to begin with him their work of regeneration. A "manifesto" was written and printed in Florence (neutral ground), and was sent to Rimini, in the Roman State, where one Renzi was commissioned to publish it. They asked for some political reforms, even more moderate than those which France, Austria, England, and Prussia had requested the same pope to make during the year 1832. The pope, who had then baffled the "memorandum" of the European diplomacy, answered the "manifesto" by sending an army of five thousand Swiss soldiers to punish its authors.

They, of course, could not be found; but the generous youth belonging to "Young Italy" yielded to the temptation, and made a rush to arms, and some young men of the neighboring cities followed their example. But it was a partial movement, without any concerted plan or direction; so that, after some bloody skirmishes, it was put down, and classed with those movements which despair often produces among an oppressed people, much like the cry which torture brings forth even from the bravest man. The principal authors of this revolution showed their courage

and skill by effecting a dangerous retreat into Tuscany, where they laid down their arms, and embarked for foreign countries.

My dear brother Henry, who was a resident of Rimini, took a slight part in that movement, and only to comply with the desires of his friends, for he was a well-disciplined soldier of "Young Italy," and did not wish to stir without receiving regular orders. He therefore did not think it unsafe for him to remain quietly at home, attending to his business, when the storm had gone by. The pope sent immediately a military commission to punish the "rebels;" and, as the chiefs had gone, they laid their hands upon those less implicated, in order to have some victims. By a military commission is meant a band of five ignorant and wicked soldiers of the pope, who are appointed, not to judge, but to condemn, a number of political culprits to the punishment beforehand determined by the police. Those commissions are resorted to because the ordinary tribunals, though appointed by the pope, often decline to obey the injunctions and act the odious part of executioners.

My brother was arrested by order of the military commission, and treated with the most refined cruelty. He was then twenty years of age, and of a delicate constitution. They entered his place of business with a great display of military force, and bound his hands with an iron handcuff, pressing the screw in such a manner as to tear the skin and the flesh from the bones, and to make his hands swell badly. He had gone but a few steps with his captors when he fainted on the road. They placed him upon a cart, and brought him, insensible, to the prison. The marks of that treatment are still apparent on his wrists. The apartment

of the prison was two feet below the surface of the ground, paved with stone, and six feet square, and three men were imprisoned in it. A small hole, made in the upper part of the thick wall, gave them a little air and light in the daytime; but during the night the hole was closed, and their sufferings were beyond description. One of them fell sick a few days after, and the jailer informed the military commission, who said it was a pretext in order to gain admission to the hospital, where the treatment was better. Three days after this the jailer had to take from that den the corpse of the unhappy young man. He left a wife and a child; but she died from sorrow soon after.

The jailer, struck by this calamity, informed my parents of the condition of my brother, suggesting to them the expediency of applying to Cardinal Gizzi, the "legato" of the province, who had the credit of being as liberal a man as a cardinal can be. He was then in Rome for a few days, and my father wrote to me, enclosing a touching supplication to the cardinal that he would ameliorate the dreadful condition of the poor prisoner. I went to the Convent of S. Marcello, where Cardinal Gizzi was lodged, and I was readily admitted, because I announced myself as a lawyer of the Roman court; which implies a doctor of canon law, — generally entitled to some regard. But, as soon as I presented to him the petition, and explained the subject of my errand, the short-bodied, choleric cardinal, like a trodden viper, rose quickly from his arm-chair, and, pointing to the door, said to me, "Depart! and thank God that you are not in the same position with your brother; as you, perhaps, deserve it more than he!"

"But he has not yet been condemned," I dared

to observe. "Perhaps he is innocent; and in the mean time"——

"Depart!" interrupted the cardinal, angrily; "you are all well known to be enemies both of the altar and of the throne."

In going out I met in the street with a carriage, in which I saw my friend Mattia, chained, and attended by three papal "sbirri." Three more of my friends were imprisoned during the same day; and the mail brought the news from Bologna, that, even there, some of the chiefs of "Young Italy" had been arrested. They were soon after brought to Rome by *corrispondenza;* for a discovery made in Rome by the police caused these new imprisonments. In fact, the police knew only that Josephs, a distinguished lawyer of Bologna, sent to Mattia a sum of one thousand dollars, which was said to be the payment of some professional services (for Mattia was himself a lawyer); but circumstances connected with that transmission of money led the police to suspect that there was a political plot connected with it.

A young man belonging to the office of Mattia, and even to "Young Italy," was arrested and tortured in order to try to discover something. He firmly resisted the torments, but was afterwards led into a snare. His mother, artfully deceived by the police, was introduced into his prison, as if for a special favor; and she informed him that, the day before, as she was in the antechamber of the Governor of Rome, waiting for an audience, she heard, by chance, that a prisoner then speaking to the governor freely denounced her son and other prisoners, and promised to reveal the whole of the plot if they would save him; and that, having sought for the name of that prisoner

when he crossed the antechamber, she found out that it was Mattia.

This statement was all true, except that, instead of Mattia, the pretended prisoner was a disguised officer of police; and the lady, not living in Rome, knew Mattia scarcely by name. But her son, too young and inexperienced, believed that Mattia had really betrayed him, and burst into a fit of anger. He was, of course, immediately taken before the judge, who kindly received him, and, pretending to speak in a low voice to his secretary, said, "I cannot help sympathizing with this youth, so cowardly betrayed by his chiefs." It was the last pull which urged that young man into an abyss of baseness and infamy.

Both Josephs and Mattia were condemned to capital punishment; though, even after the obtained revelation, it was known only that there was a special political object for sending that money, but that object was unknown to the denunciator. The punishment, however, was changed "by a grace" of the pope, and the prisoners were both chained, and sent to the state-prison for life. The ensuing political events produced their liberation, as well as that of my brother.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE TRIAL.

"DEFENCE is a natural right," say our laws, "and no one can be condemned without being previously heard and defended." This is, of course, good for ordinary cases; but when a person is accused of opinions or acts against the pope or a king, should he not be deprived of defence? "Yes, certainly," thought Cardinal Massimi, the papal "legato" for the province of Ravenna. He did not like at all the opinion of Beccaria, and of all modern philosophers, that accusation does not constitute crime, and that the guarantees introduced to protect innocence should be increased, instead of diminished, in proportion to the enormity of the accusation. Besides, he thought a defence useless and absurd when the sentence was to be pronounced by a commission appointed to condemn, and not to absolve.

But his neighbor, the "legato" of Forli, Cardinal Gizzi, was of a different opinion. "Why," said he, "take upon ourselves the odium of denying a harmless formality? Let them have the defence, and the commission will, notwithstanding, condemn them." A controversy, therefore, arose between the two cardinals, concerning the proceedings of the military commission in the provinces governed by them. Cardi-

nal Gizzi appeared to be the more humane, but was only the more cunning. At length they came to a compromise, that the defence should be granted; but the defender should be appointed by the commission, —not, however, from among its members, but from among the lawyers admitted before the ordinary court.

Now the trial began. The military commission pretended to know from the prisoners a great deal more than they knew themselves, and resorted to all kinds of deceit and torture; which, however, had no other result than to excite a great deal of public indignation even abroad. Massimo D'Azeglio, a scholar, as well as an artist and a much esteemed citizen, wrote a small book denouncing those iniquities. This publication made a great sensation even in France and England, on account of the well-known independent character of the author. A foreign ambassador thought it proper to put a copy of it into the hands of the pope himself; and the consequence was, an order to arrest the author should he enter the papal State, and a more bitter treatment of the poor prisoners.

By constant exertions and large expense, my father succeeded in opening a secret correspondence with my imprisoned brother, and by degrees was able somewhat to help him. In this way my father received one day from Henry a lock of hair enveloped in a sheet of dirty paper; and, suspecting it to be a note, he exposed the sheet to a fire, when some lines of a reddish color appeared, written with the juice of an onion. "I am suffering very much from the dampness and from the almost suffocating air of the prison; but even greater is the torment from hunger.

They pretend to make me say something that I do not know, and something I cannot say, so that they cause me to fast every second day. They have also beaten me twice with sticks, in order to humble my pride, as they affirm. Notwithstanding all these things, I keep up good spirits. Try, above all, to send me a large piece of bread, and put into it, before baking, a pencil and a little bundle of paper."

Some days after, another paper was received by my father: it was a note to me. "Yesterday," wrote my poor brother, "I was taken to the room of the commission, where I found only Captain Freddi, who treated me with kindness, and reminded me that we had once dined together some years ago. He then asked me if my oldest brother, namely you, belonged to 'Young Italy.'—'I know nothing about that society,' was my reply.—'I praise and fully appreciate your honesty and consistency,' said the captain; 'but your brother is not worthy that you should sacrifice yourself for him, because, having been arrested, he has confessed everything in order to be released.' This, of course, was a too common artifice, having been resorted to on many former occasions; but the captain read to me some of the leading points of your pretended confession, and showed me your signature annexed to the paper. I could not have the least doubt about the signature; it was really your well-known handwriting; but still I knew you too well, and could not believe it. As he was placing the leaf upon the table next to the window, I had by accident a glance at it in a transparent position, and discovered that the part containing your signature was joined to the leaf with glue in a very skilful manner. Of course, I made no remark about it, but answered

the captain that your statements must have been made under coercion, because they were untrue."

Captain Freddi, of whom my brother wrote, was the same man who had been employed by Monsignor Antonelli in Viterbo, during the year 1838, to ruin many incautious youths. He had been a profligate and a gambler from his youth, and these vices made him one of the worst instruments of the papal police; and, from crime to crime, he plunged afterwards into all excesses. But even worse than he was Attilio Fontana, the president of the military commission. Unable to extort any confession from the prisoners by means of the cruel tortures practised upon them by his executioners, he determined to go himself into their prisons, and try to obtain it by deceit. Loaded with chains, that wicked man caused himself to be shut up in a prison, filled with some of his intended victims; and there, pretending to have been imprisoned for the same cause, affecting great zeal for it, and announcing a new movement to be made for their delivery, he tried to get into their confidence.

Disappointed by want of success in this imposition, he tried it in vain successively from prison to prison. Attilio Fontana, however, did not give up the matter; for, one evening, he put on a capuchin's coarse dress, and, with the cowl on his head, sat in the confessional of the prisons, and ordered some of the prisoners to be brought by force to confession, as they were in the habit of doing every fortnight. He acted with marvellous skill the part of a "man of the gospel," — of one deeply affected by their sad condition, and anxious to help them, at least by bringing tidings of them to their parents and friends. But a confessor sent by the military commission could not be considered a

reliable man by the prisoners. Besides, though Italians are by nature open-hearted and confiding, a bloody experience of many years has made them exceedingly distrustful, and constantly on their guard.

Attilio Fontana gave orders that the prisoners should be often disturbed when sleeping; and, after some days of this treatment, he would enter the prison of some of them when in a deep sleep, and wake them by a great noise of chains and a dazzling light. While his followers were pointing daggers and pistols at the breasts of the terrified prisoners, Fontana questioned them, and endeavored to take them by surprise. Besides, he sometimes sent a wretched man, calling himself a mesmeric physician, who, by putting some of the prisoners into an artificial sleep, tried to discover their secret thoughts.

"You will scarcely believe," my brother wrote to me again, "that, after having disturbed my sleep for a long time, they make me sleep now by means of mesmerism. My body has become so weak, and my nerves are so irritable, that, notwithstanding all my efforts, I have twice yielded to the action of a mesmerist. I do not know what questions were put to me, or what answers I gave; but, from a new interrogatory they made yesterday, I was convinced that they obtained nothing important."

The trial was brought to a close by a new accident, which supplied the military commission with all the information they desired, and they ceased tormenting the prisoners, but passed upon them the sentences of condemnation already prepared. No one, however, was put to death, because none of them had been a principal in the movement. The new event was this:

Renzi, the man appointed by the "moderate party"

to publish their "manifesto" and carry out their views, having afterwards betaken himself to Marseilles, in France, as a refugee, was there prevailed upon by the papal consul to return, and become a traitor, in consideration of immunity and of a sum of money offered to him. Consequently he went to Florence, and, for appearance's sake, was arrested and delivered to the papal government.

The men of the "moderate party" were not, of course, accomplices in that treacherous act; nay, they opposed, with all their strength and influence, the delivery of Renzi to the papal government; and they are not to be accused in this respect. But they knew that Renzi was an immoral and profligate man, who disregarded his duty towards his wife and children: why, then, did they avail themselves of the services of such a person? They ought to have known that a soul which is enslaved by brutal passions cannot elevate itself to the virtue of self-sacrifice, and that no wicked man can be a good citizen.

The military commission then proceeded to Ravenna, where the zeal of the commissaries was revived and excited by the bloodthirsty Cardinal Massimi. According to the adopted rule of giving to the prisoners a defender from among the lawyers of the court, the commission chose for that office Ulisses Pantoli, LL. D., who, being in the employment of the papal government, and having many children relying on his small salary, would, it was thought, be tractable, and not disposed to make a real defence for the prisoners. But Pantoli was an honest man, above all temptation; and, being now placed between his family and his conscience, he sacrificed the interests of the former to his duty, by making a full and independent defence

of the prisoners. It was, of course, of no avail to them, and he was deprived of his employment, and forbidden to leave the city of Ravenna without an express permission from the "legato," Cardinal Massimi. After a few days, however, Ulisses Pantoli left Ravenna and the world, being removed by sudden death, which was attributed to a powerful poison!

It happened about this time that one evening, when Cardinal Massimi was going out from the theatre, an officer of police was stabbed and killed almost under his eyes, and the murderer fled without being recognized by the other officers who were present. It was afterwards discovered that the murder was committed by a jealous husband to revenge a shocking outrage. But Cardinal Massimi, thinking that the officer had been killed on account of his zeal for the service of the government, gave orders that the murderer should be found and executed before *three days* should pass. The police, being unable to find the offender, imprisoned a young man whose hatred to the government was well known, and charged him with the murder. He was tried, condemned, and beheaded, according to the orders of the legato.

A few days after the true murderer fell into the hands of the government, and Cardinal Massimi coolly ordered the executioner to behead him for the crime, observing that the man executed had no doubt deserved his fate on account of some other crime known to God, who had permitted his death.

But, instead of noticing more deeds of that cruel cardinal, I will narrate in what manner he ended his life. Recalled to Rome on some business, he was again to start for Ravenna, when he received through the post-office a fine drawing which represented his

own intended solemn entrance into Ravenna. In this drawing was depicted the gate, at which stood an old man holding the bleeding head of a youth, evidently his son, and moving it so as to cast the blood upon the head of the cardinal, who, in the act of drawing back, was seized behind by a devil. Cardinal Massimi laughed at it, and, calling his favorite cook, ordered him to prepare a good dinner, which he invited some friends to attend. When the dinner was over, Cardinal Massimi, having indulged in drinking more than he was in the habit of doing, retired, somewhat intoxicated, to his room. He was afterwards found dead in his arm-chair.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DEATH OF THE POPE GREGORY XVI.

"THE pope is sick,—dangerously sick," my friend Fabio whispered in my ear, when I met him at the hall of the court *(monte citorio)*, on the morning of the 29th of May, 1846; and I easily perceived that the same news occupied the different groups collected here and there. All were talking of the probable death of the pope; but no one dared to speak openly, or permit his sanguine expectations to be known, for, on former occasions of dangerous sickness, the pope, when he recovered, had severely punished those incautious persons who had manifested premature joy. For the same reason the sickness and approaching death of the pope were spoken of with caution and mystery throughout the whole city. Spies and the agents of police, however, were busy in every place, contradicting the news, and endeavoring to strike people with fear.

The dean of the college of the cardinals, then Cardinal Micara, went to the Vatican, for, on account of his dignity, he had the exclusive right of assisting and administering the sacraments to the dying pope; but he was refused admittance to the sick room by Cardinal Lambruschini, the premier of the pope, who asserted that his holiness was a great deal better, and

wanted to see nobody but his immediate servants. In accordance with this, a statement appeared in the official newspaper that the pope was in good health, and on the morrow, which was Ascension Day, would attend in person high mass in the Church of Santa Maria Novella.

The next morning all the streets leading to that church from the Vatican were crowded with a bustling people, from every class and condition of society, all anxious to see whether the pope would really go to the church, and, if so, to look upon his face, and judge for themselves if there was any presage of death: for, although eighty-two years old, and swollen with humors, he seemed to baffle all speculations, both of his friends and enemies, as to his death. The premier, Cardinal Lambruschini, had determined to send the pope, at any rate, to the church. The streets were covered with yellow sand, and looked as if carpeted. Here and there were distributed many companies of well-armed soldiers, and other soldiers on horseback were trotting up and down, or kept in reserve at the most convenient places. The whole of this customary preparation meant, of course, that the pope was to pass through in his gala-coach; but, when in the act of being placed in it, he fainted, and was taken again to his bed, and from that moment he declined rapidly.

In spite of all the efforts of the courtiers to conceal the truth from the public, and to attribute to some other cause the non-appearance of the pope, the people were informed of the fact almost with the rapidity of an electric shock. To explain the fierce and ill-disguised joy which was now to be seen on nearly every face, it must be kept steadily in view that there was not perhaps any family in the Roman State

who had not to mourn some dear relative imprisoned, exiled, or executed. The old pope was in the habit of boasting that he had never pardoned any one since he had been invested with authority, both in his convent and on the throne. His death was therefore the only ground of hope to many afflicted mothers, wives, and sisters, as well as to others deeply interested in the fate of the surviving victims; for it is a custom with every new "infallible pope" to clear the prisons of the victims of his no less infallible predecessor, in order to make room for his own.

While, after this, I was hasting to my home, in order to carry the glad tidings to my good sister, I was called in by an elderly lady of my acquaintance, who was standing at the door of her house. She was English by birth, but had married a rich Roman gentleman, and had two sons, who, as well as her husband, had been imprisoned since the year 1838. "What news?" said she; "will the pope really die this time?"

"I have but little doubt about it," answered I; "but I do not attach to the death of that wicked man the importance which you and many others do. It is of the institution that we want to get rid, for, while papacy exists, we shall have wicked popes."

"It may be,—nay, so it is," replied the lady; "but at this moment I cannot think of anything but of having my husband and my sons free again. For eight years, in mourning and in tears, I have dwelt alone in this desolate house, formerly the most happy home. I have pardoned him who has caused me this misery,—may God be merciful unto him!—but I cannot help feeling a desire that a stop should be put to his cruelties."

"Did you ever, during all this time, apply to the pope for pardon?"

"I did," answered the lady, "though my husband had forbid me to do so. It was very difficult to obtain from the pope an audience, and, when granted, it was only on condition of my not speaking of anything important. So that I prevailed on the English consul to present my petition, and implore for me; but in vain. Then I waited for the occasion on which the pope went to Ancona. He was to pass under the walls of the fortress of Civita Castellana, where my husband and my sons were confined, together with many other gentlemen of this city. I entered into a sort of conspiracy with the ladies of those gentlemen, and, when the carriage of the pope happened to pass near the fortress, my companions and I, all in mourning, and many of them with their children, came out from a kind of ambush, threw ourselves upon our knees in the road, exhibited our petitions, and cried for mercy."

"Did the pope stop the carriage?" inquired I.

"No," said she; "he looked indignant at our boldness; but the drivers of his twelve horses, having been bribed, stopped for a little while, and I rushed towards the window of the carriage, and offered a rich white banner, on which I had embroidered with gold the Latin words, 'Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus' (namely, 'Glory to God on high, and peace to men on earth'). I was not permitted to approach near enough to hand it to the pope myself, but a noble guard on horseback did so, then took our petitions, and presented them to him. He looked angry; but, on reading the words upon the banner, his face relaxed to a smile of self-satisfaction, and, uttering the

words 'bonæ voluntatis' (of good will), which follow in the text of that sentence, he went away, laughing at his own wit."

"Well," said I, "a good pope must be insensible to sentiments of humanity and to family affection. For this reason he cannot have a family; he must belong entirely to his own caste; and his feelings, his aims, his ambition, must have only one end, — the indefinite exaltation and dominion of his caste over all people. Every opposition to it is a crime which he cannot forgive without compromising the whole system."

"But why," interrupted the lady, "do the ministers of the pope make such a mystery of his sickness, and try to deceive the public about the danger in which his life is?"

"They are afraid," answered I, "of a popular commotion, which would be more dangerous than ever, if made with previous accord, at the moment of anarchy which follows the death of a pope, and lasts till the cardinals come to an understanding as to a provisional government. Besides, Cardinal Lambruschini, the premier of the pope, has a large party among the young cardinals created by his influence; but all the old cardinals hate him; and if Cardinal Micara, the dean, and Cardinal Castracane, the 'great penitentiary' *(pœnitentiarius)*, should be admitted to assist the dying pope, they would easily prevail on his weakened mind to dismiss the present ministry, and would take for themselves the advantages arising on such an occasion from the possession of power, public revenues, and all kinds of employment and gratification."

Two days more of eager expectation had elapsed; and it was the morning of the first of June, 1846,

when my sister, entering my office room with an expression of emphatic joy, said, "The pope is dead, — really dead. There is no doubt of it; for the daughter of the officer of the noble guard, who is our neighbor, has shown me the note requesting her father to go and watch the corpse."

"Is it not wrong," observed I, in a tone of gentle reproof, "to rejoice so much at his death? Was he not a man like us?"

"No," replied the excited girl, "he was a wicked tyrant; and our Henry will be restored to us."

At this, the mournful sound of the large bell of the Capitol was heard, announcing to Rome the death of the pope; and, soon after, the whole range of above fifteen hundred bells belonging to the five hundred and six churches of Rome were rung "for the benefit of the soul of the holy father." I went straight to the Vatican, where the greatest confusion prevailed. The pope's "family" — that is, the numerous tribe of servants, waiters, priests, and prelates, who attend him personally — have a right, when he dies, to ransack his apartments completely. This operation was then going on with much noise and eagerness, so that many inquisitive persons, as well as myself, met with no opposition in penetrating into the private apartments where the corpse of the pope lay.

It had just been taken from the bed, and placed on a large marble table, in a large saloon adjoining, where a few "noble guards" and a *magister ostiarius de verga rubea* were in attendance. The last personage was an acquaintance of mine; for, his turns of service being short and infrequent, he was able to practise, in the mean time, before the court in his capacity of attorney. His duty at the papal court, as well as that

of above fifty of his fellow-officers, was to wait in rich attire at the doors of the numerous papal antechambers, in order to open and shut the frame called *bussola;* so that they are known under the nickname of *bussolanti.*

"At what hour did the pope die?" inquired I of the bussolante, who showed me that instinctive regard which an indifferent attorney usually feels for a pleading lawyer.

"No one can tell," answered he, "for the physicians, who came this morning at eight o'clock to hold a consultation at his bed, found only the cold corpse."

"So, then," observed I, "he died alone, and had no one to wet his burning lips, or, during his agony, to whisper words of affection, comfort, and hope?"

"Exactly so," answered the bussolante, "and without receiving the last sacraments: no viaticum and no extreme unction were administered to him."

"Do you believe," said I, "that this last privation would much endanger his salvation, if he had no other accounts to render?"

"It is a matter I little understand," answered the bussolante, with a cunning look. "I can only tell you, that the pope suffered exceedingly from the absolute abandonment in which he was left, as soon as his courtiers perceived no chance of his recovery. They could expect nothing more from him; and, anticipating the chances of a new election, they began to think of securing or of improving their position by intrigue and flattery. They excused their absence by saying that he wanted to be quiet and alone. But seldom was food administered to him; and all his requests for a little more, and for a little wine, now almost indispensable to his life, met always with the

answer that the physician would not allow him to have it. He would then give a positive order, but the officer who received it did not make his appearance again.

"Yesterday morning," added the bussolante, "at nine o'clock, on hearing a violent ringing of the bell, I ventured to enter the bedroom of the pope, and, by such an infraction of discipline, exposed myself to great danger. I was exceedingly moved at the sight. Alone in that hot and mephitic room, feeble and almost fainting for want of food, he was tormented by thirst and by flies. It was with an almost supplicating air that he told me to remain there with him for some time. He was no longer the haughty and frowning sovereign: bitter disappointment had broken down his spirits and his hopes. I was there for almost three hours, and was very glad when he dismissed me, as I was afraid of being discovered, and the air of the room was insupportable."

This narrative made upon my mind a deep impression, though I had come with but little kindness of feeling towards a man who had caused so much sorrow to my country, to my family, and to myself. But to hear of his miserable end, and to see before me that mouth, convulsed and shut forever, — that mouth from which issued words of vengeance and blood, — was enough to calm my anger. The cruel and proud tyrant had given place, first to a suffering man, and then to a wretched wreck of humanity. And now I could not help thinking with pity of his miserable soul, trembling before the eternal Judge, and hearing the terrible words, "I gave you a people: what have you done with them?"

Only a few months before, Massimo D'Azeglio had

denounced the cruelties and misgovernment of the pope, in his book on the "Events of Romagna," and made an eloquent appeal to his conscience. The answer was an aggravation of those wicked proceedings. But now, to the dejected mind of the sick and disappointed pope, in the painful moments of his last agony, when no friendly voice came to his ears, perhaps bitterly recurred the warning of the sincere counsellor, whom he had wished to sacrifice to his anger.

"Of the risings of Romagna," said Azeglio, "of those slaughters, those exiles, of the tears of so many unhappy persons, you will have to render an account to God, — you, their governor, and not they, your wretched subjects, trodden under foot. Their blood will be rained down on your head; their sorrows, their tears, will be judged of by that tribunal before which come neither crowns nor sceptres nor tiaras, — things which have mouldered in the grave, — but where is presented only the naked human soul, with no other safeguard against the sword of eternal justice than the shield of its own innocence; where your deeds will be weighed in those incorruptible scales in which the least of injuries done to the least of men weighs heavier than all the thrones and all the sceptres of the universe."

My conversation with the bussolante, my reflections and my remembrances, were interrupted by the appearance of Cardinal Camerlengo, with a large number of attendants, all, as usual, in magnificent attire. Among them were the notaries of the Reverend Apostolic Chamber, the general of the noble guards, the marshal of the conclave, and several other high officers of the papal court. The notaries wrote out, in

a curial Latin style, a document concerning the "appearance" before them, and the witnesses of "Gregory XVI., Pontifex Optimus Maximus," and read it solemnly. Then the Cardinal Camerlengo, holding a golden hammer in his right hand, approached the marble table, struck the corpse on the head and on the breast, and exclaimed, "O sanctissime Domine, Papa Gregori decime-sexte!"

The corpse, of course, answered nothing; and the notaries wrote out another authentic document concerning that "not answer." The Camerlengo repeated three times his strokes and calls; but the corpse was constantly silent. He, therefore, after hearing the unanimous opinion of all the dignitaries and high officers gathered there, solemnly decreed that "his holiness Pope Gregory XVI., best and greatest pontiff, who had formerly reigned happily, was now dead." This decree was solemnly recorded by the notaries; and, from that moment, Gregory XVI. ceased to reign.

Next they brought to Cardinal Camerlengo the famous "ring of the fisherman," which is a kind of seal in the shape of the ancient *signatorius annulus*, with which the pope signs his bulls, and which are therefore said to be dated *sub annulo piscatoris*. It is called "the ring of the fisherman" because it represents Peter in the act of fishing. The cardinal performed many ceremonies and exorcisms upon that magic ring, in order to deprive it of all the prerogatives with which consecration had endowed it; and then he struck the ring with his golden hammer, and an officer broke it by a sharp instrument. From that moment ended also the spiritual authority of Gregory XVI.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JUDGMENT ON THE GRAVE.

"Had Gregory XVI. no friend or relative?" inquired M. Clovis, an accomplished French gentleman, who had heard of the miserable end of this pope.

"Friends!" answered I; "tyrants have none; they are able neither to feel nor to excite a noble sentiment. Instead of friends he had favorites, who too often led him astray, and, as a matter of course, shamefully fled from his deathbed. His relations were not permitted by that heartless man to come to Rome. They lived in Belluno, a town in the Venetian territory, and were honest people. He could not bear them; he had given up all family affections in order to make himself a friar, and was not able to love any one but himself."

"I have been told, however," observed M. Clovis, "that, by his last will, Gregory XVI. bestowed upon his family more than two millions of dollars."

"Very true. He came to the throne a poor friar, and, having robbed the state of that immense sum, bestowed it upon his relations, because he could not carry it with him after death. Ambition, besides, was not the least motive for such liberality, for he erected a primogeniture, and gave the title of Roman Prince to his nephew, in order to give dignity to his vulgar

name 'Cappellari' (hatters). So that you cannot praise him for his will; nay, there is in that disposition a striking feature, which will give you an idea of his disregard of the law,—he commands that his heirs should not be subjected to the common law, exacting a tax from the collateral heirs. In such a manner he endeavored to scorn the law, even after his death."

Gregory XVI. having departed from this life, and his body having been duly and solemnly deprived first of political power, and then of religious authority, the surgeons of the papal court came in and took the corpse, in order to have it dissected and embalmed immediately; for the hot weather, and the condition of the body, would have made the operation impossible if delayed any longer. They found nothing in the stomach except some seeds of lemon, which, evidently, he had swallowed through hunger the day before. The stomach, the heart, and all the bowels, were put in a proper vase, and taken in procession to the church of "S. Anastasio," near the fountain of Trevi, where the bowels of hundreds of the preceding popes are kept.

In the mean time, the embalmed limbs were clad in rich pontifical dress, and exposed to the public in the *cappella ardente*, a chapel, with numberless burning wax candles. I went to see it, and thought that, after so many desecrating ceremonies, and the profane operation of the surgeons, the corpse would have lost all its holiness; but I was mistaken. I was informed that the feet, being, perhaps, the most holy part of the papal body *(santissimi piedi)*, would retain something of their former virtue for three days more. They had, therefore, been left naked, in order that any one might kiss them, and gain the indulgence of a dis-

count of seven years from their future condemnation to purgatory. I saw some dirty pilgrims from beyond the Alps heroically conquering their natural repugnance, to gain so great a reward; but none of my fellow-citizens showed courage so devout.

During three days the honors of the court were paid to that embalmed corpse, and three times a day the great dignitaries and officers belonging to the kitchen went to ask for its orders concerning meals, and all these occurrences were registered by the notaries of the Reverend Apostolic Chamber. This treatment, which is customary on the occasion of the death of every pope, had then the appearance of a cruel satire, for it was well known that Gregory XVI. had been left to starve during the last moments of his life.

The three days of the exhibition being over, the body was put into a coffin and placed upon the summit of a *catafalco*, or bier, erected in the main nave of St. Peter's Church. The funeral rites were performed around that lofty *catafalco* during nine days, with the usual pomp: a great many masses were said by well-paid priests, excellent music was constantly performed during this time, and a thousand large wax candles were burning day and night. All this was done for the benefit of the soul of the pope, and cost the state a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. At length the costly remains were shut up in a marble tomb, on which Pasquino sat to judge the acts of the deceased.

Who is Pasquino?

"I should like to see Pasquino, and know something about this witty personage," said a traveller to a cicerone of Rome, who took him to the conjunction of two narrow streets near Piazza Navona, and there,

pointing at a mere wreck of a marble statue, said, "Here is Pasquino."

That statue, among the many erected to the Roman emperors, was the only one still standing undisturbed upon its pedestal in Rome in the days of Cola da Rienzi, "the last of the tribunes." The populace threw it down, dragged it along the streets of Rome, and left it mutilated and broken in a corner, near its present place. It was Prince Braschi, the nephew of Pius VI., who, building there a palace for himself, gave a place in an exterior corner of it to that wreck of a statue, which had acquired an European renown, and given the name to a new kind of poem, called pasquinade.

Pasquino was a poor tailor, who kept a shop near to the corner where that mutilated statue stood formerly. He had the talent of a great poet, and dreadful was his sarcastic wit. Pasquino used to compose, occasionally, some satire against the popes and their court, and, as the means of publication, he was in the habit of hanging his satires to the mutilated statue. A pope, enraged to madness by the cruel satires of which he was a constant object, said one day, "I will discover the author of them, at any rate." The satirist answered by a card hanging from the neck of the statue, "Thou wilt know nothing, as we were but three at work, — my pen, the inkstand, and I." But, notwithstanding this bold declaration, the tailor-poet was allured and caught in a snare by the cunning pope, who offered impunity and a reward to the culprit, provided he should make a full confession, and write no more satires. The reward was punctually paid, and the life and liberty of the poet were spared,

but he had his tongue and hands cut off, that he might faithfully keep the condition.

The unlucky satirist, however, having recovered from the sickness caused him by such treatment, was seen one morning sitting upon the ruined statue, and showing his handless arms and widowed mouth: he was himself a satire. From that moment both the statue and the place took the name of Pasquino, the poor tailor, and hardly was a satire made in which Pasquino was not introduced, speaking or dialoguing; so that he became the representative of the satirical humor of the Roman people, whose frequent and witty satires are consequently called "Pasquinades." The Roman people indulge freely in them on every occasion, but more especially when the death of a pope occurs. To trace the authors of these pasquinades is almost impossible.

"Have you seen a pasquinade this morning?" a mason will ask his fellows, as they meet at work.

"No; tell us what it was," will be the answer; and then the former will recite one which he himself has made, and which will travel over all the city, and come back to its author greatly improved. In like manner, a young artist, taking his breakfast for three cents at a coffee-house, will sketch upon the white marble table a satire, which, says he, was hanging at a corner of a distant street early in the morning. Some of the waiters will copy it, and, when the young artist goes in the evening to the Coffee-house of the Fine Arts *(Caffe delle belle Arti)*, many a friend will show him improved editions of his work, which he brings into the saloon, as novelties, just discovered.

But the cruelties of Gregory XVI. were not a matter for witty pasquinades; for still fresh was the

blood, and audible were the groans, of the victims. But his private life offered a large store of bad habits and shameful vices to be chastised. His favorite servant, called Gaetanino, was, however, the most common subject of pasquinades, revealing scandals too dreadful for unaccustomed ears. The drunkenness, also, of the pope, and his impotent rage against the art of printing, and every kind of modern invention and improvement, were freely denounced.

"Who was that famous Gaetanino?" asked an English gentleman whom I met in a society where a witty pasquinade on that person had been read.

"His real name," said I, "is Gaetano Moroni. He was a poor boy in the employment of a barber, who still does business in Via Camaldolesi, opposite the convent where lived Fra Mauro Cappellari, afterwards Gregory XVI. On this boy the friar looked with great benevolence, and afterwards took him into his service. Gaetano Moroni became the chief waiter *(primo cameriere)* of the pope, and the influence of this favorite was said to be boundless. Now, of course, Gaetanino was no longer a boy: he had grown to be a fine-looking man, and had a very handsome wife, too. They had a fine child, bearing the name of their benefactor, and nursed by a most beautiful girl. These were the only persons with whom the pope familiarly dwelt, and they alone took care of him when sick or drunk.

"The child died young, and the pope was much affected by this domestic affliction, and erected an appropriate monument to the memory of the 'little Gregory.' Pasquino wrote satirically upon that monument, 'Ære publico — parvulo Gregory — benemerito patriæ — obiit cito ne patris exampla videret.' Gaet-

ano Moroni and the pope were much incensed by this insult to their sincere grief, and tried every means to find out the author; who, however, always kept a modest incognito. Besides, another domestic trouble was caused indirectly by that death; for the wife of Gaetanino, having lost the child, thought she no longer needed the services of the pretty nurse, and was about to discharge her; but the pious pope thought it too bad, and interfered in order that she might be kept for further occurrences. His opinion, of course, prevailed, but to keep in good accord those two women was not an easy task, even for a 'very holy pope.'"

"Is there any danger," inquired my English friend, "that you may have borrowed from Pasquino this narrative?"

"No, sir," answered I. "My narrative, in such a case, would have been filled with severe expressions and scandalous anecdotes. I know that foreigners cannot believe such things; but Pasquino speaks to the Roman people, that is, to the eye-witnesses of the facts which he denounces, and can, therefore, be explicit."

Next morning I met the same gentleman at a coffee-house, where I went to take breakfast, and we spoke again of the pasquinades. "Look here!" said I to the Englishman; "do you see that young man sitting alone and thoughtful in the solitary corner?"

"I do," answered the Englishman; and I replied, "Well, I know him; he is my bootmaker, and I suppose is now composing a pasquinade."

At this the young bootmaker, awaking from a kind of dream, put on his hat, and went away, with his eyes cast down, and smiling to himself. "Hallo!

Giuseppe," said I, as he passed before me; "is there any new pasquinade this morning?"

"Yes, sir," answered he, "I have seen a pretty one, and will tell it to you; for I suppose your companion is a prudent and honest man. The pasquinade which I have seen was a bill of lading for the papal bark called 'Speranza,' Capt. G. Cialdi, bound to Bahia in Brazil, under the papal colors, and the keys of both heaven and hell were printed on it. The pope, also, was represented as the proprietor of the cargo, entirely composed of white slaves, aged from twenty to forty, under 'the care of God,' not being insured; and the consignee was the Archbishop of Bahia. The bill was then endorsed by an annotation of Peter, saying 'Document No. 3, for the trial of Gregory XVI.'"

"I find there only a gratuitous insult," observed the Englishman, as soon as the bootmaker had gone; but I answered, "That is because you do not know, so well as the Roman people, for whom the pasquinade was composed, that, during the year 1838, Pope Gregory XVI. really sent that bark, with a cargo of white slaves, sold to a company of Brazilian planters, through the medium of the Archbishop of Bahia. I must add, however, that they were all satisfied with being sold into slavery, because they preferred it to a slow death in the papal dungeons, where they had been condemned for political offences. The business turned out against the pope, as the planters objected to the condition of people who had been worn out by past ill-treatment, and unable to do hard work from their having been all trained for a literary career. The contract was therefore broken, and Capt. Cialdi

landed his cargo, letting them take care of themselves."

After this a friend of mine came in. He also had his pasquinade; not made by him, but improved from the hints given him by an old clerk in his store, for he was a druggist. It was a kind of dialogue between the soul of the late pope and St. Peter, as they met not far from the gate of Paradise. Gregory was represented as being weary and overwhelmed by fatigue, since he had travelled during the last twelve days, while his body was on exhibition and receiving honors.

"O, at length I have found you! I am very happy to see you," said Gregory.

"Who are you?" answered Peter. "I do not know you."

"I am your great successor, as Vicar of God upon the earth."

"I do not understand you. Speak plainly, and, above all, do not mention God in vain. Who are you?"

"I am Gregory."

"Gregory?" repeated Peter; "there was, indeed, a Gregory on the earth, but he came here a great many years ago."

"True," answered Gregory; "but he was quite different from me; he was Gregory *Magno* (which means both great and eater), and I am Gregory *Bevone* (drunkard)."

"Well," answered Peter, "then I have heard of you, I suppose; but what do you want here?"

"Above all, a little repose," said Gregory. "The road was so bad and so long that I feel quite exhausted."

"It was your own fault," observed Peter. "Why did you obstinately resist the establishment of railroads?"

"But it was very dark," said Gregory.

"That was also your fault," said Peter, "for you opposed the introduction of gas-light; and then they have been burning, day and night, thousands of large wax candles — for you, they say. Did you not see that great light for the last twelve days?"

"Do not speak to me of those people, — they betrayed and abandoned me during my last days."

"It was well," observed Peter, "for your heart never felt friendship and compassion."

"I thought," said Gregory again, "that here, at least, my predecessors would come to meet me. Did they not hear of my death?"

"Probably not," answered Peter, "for you proscribed the electric telegraphs; and the few bishops of Rome we have in this place are very old, having been here at least a thousand years."

"But let me enter now into Paradise," said Gregory.

"I pity you," answered Peter, "but Paradise is not for bloody tyrants and impious impostors. I will never open the door to such people. But did you not say that you had the key of heaven?"

"Yes, and I think I have it here," replied Gregory, taking out a key from his pocket; which, however, was the key of his wine-cellar.

"Go away with your cellar-key! Paradise is not for drunkards."

"Pray," said Gregory, trembling, "at least, let me go to purgatory."

"Do as you choose," said Peter.

"Where is purgatory?" asked Gregory.

"I never heard of it."

Now Peter entered the gate, and shut the door against Gregory, who was suddenly wrapped in a dark cloud of infernal smoke.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CONCLAVE.

PAPAL tyranny went down to the tomb with Gregory XVI., and there remained in a latent state till it was again placed on the throne, two years after, by the allies of his successor. I do not mean to say that the death of that wicked tyrant produced a change of system, — nay, quite the contrary. The despotic authority now devolved upon the cardinals, who were very fond of it; the oppressive laws and regulations were maintained in full vigor, and the former agents and executioners of that tyrannical domination were confirmed in their power and offices. But no one dared to stir, and all the ordinary oppressive measures became harmless through want of execution.

"The hands of the wicked have been withered," often exclaimed my sister, observing the general suspension and confusion which had taken the place of the terror that formerly reigned.

Her expression was correct: a general withering power affected the proudest cardinal as well as the humblest catchpoll, — it was great fear. They were all perfectly aware of the general hatred of the people against them. During the last four years five popular movements had been suppressed; but now the government had exhausted its means of oppression,

while the revolutionists were constantly gaining strength and vigor even from their failures.

A popular movement, much stronger than any former attempt, was at hand. The cardinals and their friends were aware of this, as well as the revolutionists themselves; but they knew not how to avert the threatening fury. The Swiss troops, a corps of six thousand well-armed and well-tried soldiers, had, during the last twelve years, proved themselves faithful and earnest supporters of the papal government; but now "Young Italy," by means of patient, constant, and daring efforts, had succeeded in conquering the greater part of them, so that they became a burden to the papal government instead of being a defence. In fact, soon after, they entered the ranks of the revolutionists. Only a few hundred Swiss body-guards remained faithful.

Austria and France indeed had numerous armies, and were disposed, as usual, to support the papacy at any rate; but their aid would probably come too late, that is, when a popular movement had swept away all the cardinals and their domineering caste. Besides, the whole of Europe was then so excited and convulsed that a general outbreak of the discontented was to be feared in Paris and Vienna as well as in Rome.

Trepidation and anxiety then overwhelmed the weak minds of the cardinals; and their officers, instead of earnestly pursuing the ordinary system of compression, seemed to be anxious only to fill their pockets, as if they considered the government a general shipwreck. There was a kind of suspension of that dreadful pressure which weighed upon us, and, of course, we eagerly seized the opportunity to fortify

ourselves by union. A return to the former system soon became impossible, at least by ordinary means. The municipal authorities of the most important cities of the Roman State showed, on this occasion, great civil courage and patriotism. They were men of wealth, chosen by the government from among its supposed friends; but, notwithstanding this, they addressed the college of the cardinals with protests freely denouncing the past administration. It was a new proof that municipal life is so strong in Italy that neither barbarous conquerors nor tyrannical governments have been able to destroy it.

The city of Rome, however, made no protest, because it has had no municipal authority since the time when Pope Sixtus V. abolished it; but the common people expressed their wishes in a more energetic manner, crying out, "We will have no pope! down with the papacy!" This was the outcry with which the cardinals were saluted on their way to the con clave for the election of a new pope. The Roman people were much excited and exasperated: a reaction being easy at that moment, they were quite disposed to retaliate. Had "Young Italy" sounded the tocsin, the cardinals and the whole of the domineering caste would hardly have escaped from total destruction. The late pope himself, during his sickness, anticipated this, and, in order to provide for the occurrence of a general massacre, made a new bull (which was found unfinished among his papers), empowering the surviving cardinals, however small the number might be, to meet in a place of safety, no matter where, and proceed to the election of a new pope, who should be recognized as his legitimate successor as entirely as if elected in Rome by a full number of cardinals.

"I wonder," said a Belgian artist, a particular friend of Mattia,—"I wonder that 'Young Italy' does not take the present occasion of the weakness of the government and the excitement of the people to make a movement in favor of their long-cherished purpose of overthrowing the papacy."

"I know but little of their plans," said I; "but I am told that 'Young Italy' does not like the ways of blood. The members of that society have constantly proved that they are ready to sacrifice themselves for the triumph of their cause, but they have never desired to slaughter their opponents, — a measure which would endanger rather than promote the moral triumph they look for."

"I do not pretend to know your secrets," replied the Belgian. "I am a foreigner, and know that in politics you are the most exclusive people in the world; but it is a secret no longer that 'Young Italy' is preparing for a general outbreak, which is said to be at hand. I do not ask for your avowal, but I take it for granted that you, as well as almost all of the Roman youth, belong to that society. Perhaps on no future occasion would a popular movement cost so few victims as now; for I have seen, by my own experience in my native country, that a popular tumult never costs a tenth part of the number of victims of a war."

"That may be," said I. "But suppose that the other parts of Italy are not quite ready for the movement: in this case, would it be a wise course to encourage a partial movement in Rome? But let us leave the care of it to those who have the great responsibility of leading the national party. What do you think of

a walk to the Quirinale, where we shall see the procession of the cardinals entering the conclave?"

"Let us go," answered the Belgian. "It is a new spectacle for me."

It was about two hours before sunset, on the 13th of June, 1846, when I stood with my Belgian friend at the front of the small church of S. Silvestro on the Quirinal hill. The cardinals arrived there successively in their gala-carriages, and then dismissed them and their numerous servants and attendants, keeping only a secretary, a train-bearer, a chief waiter, and a common servant, the only persons whom a cardinal is allowed to take with him into the conclave. Soon after, having sung in private the usual hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus," the cardinals came out, and formed themselves in a procession directed to the neighboring palace of the Quirinale, passing through two deep ranks of soldiers. The Quirinale, or Montecavallo, is not the best among the palaces which the pope possesses in Rome; but its healthy location, and the conveniently distributed apartments, are well fitted for the reception of the numerous guests, accustomed to every kind of comfort and luxury.

The procession was led by six cardinals of the order of deacons; and my friend inquired if they were inferior in dignity and power to the cardinals following them, of the order of priests, who formed the largest number, or to those who came last, belonging to the order of bishops.

"No," answered I; "the distinction is more in form than in substance, and has been kept up as a mark of respect to the ancient institutions. The only real difference among them is that a cardinal deacon, though more commonly a priest, can be even a layman.

Sometimes, in order to attract to his cause a cadet of a princely house, or a great scholar who is a layman and does not wish to become a priest, the pope will confer upon him a cardinalship, and then he belongs to the order of deacons, if he chooses to dress in purple, and take no wife. Look, for instance, at that second couple: they are Mezzofanti and Mai, both famous philologists, lately made cardinals by the last pope,—on which occasion Pasquino said of them that they were so devoted to knowledge that even a cardinal's hat could not turn their heads."

"I have heard a great deal of them," observed the Belgian; inquiring, at the same time, "Is it true that Mezzofanti can speak fluently in fifty-six different languages, including the most difficult of all?"

"Perfectly true," said I; "and he knows, besides, a great many dialects; but, in all other branches of learning, he does not rank high. Before coming to Rome, at the request of the pope, he had never passed out of the gates of Bologna, his native city, and of Rome he has seen only a few churches and public libraries. He often forgets that he is a cardinal. His companion, Cardinal Mai, was educated by the Jesuits, and was for some years a Jesuit himself; but he afterwards fled from them, and became a decided opponent of their order."

"Who," interrupted the Belgian, "is that tall, proud-looking cardinal, the last but one on our side?"

"He is Cardinal Lambruschini," answered I, "who for many years was the premier of Gregory XVI. No other cardinal has accumulated so much public hatred on his head, and so much public money in his pocket. He feels quite sure of carrying the election for himself, because the greater part of the cardinals

are men of no consequence, and are entirely indebted to him for their position. I think, however, that his speculations, and his reliance on the gratitude of those debased flatterers, will prove a failure. But look at that cardinal who comes alone, behind him, and closes the procession, marching fierce and proud in his coarse capuchin's dress!"

"I declare," said the Belgian, "that he has a very fine face for a model-artist: I never saw a more impressive figure. Who is he?"

"He is," answered I, "the Cardinal Dean Lodovico Micara. His pride even exceeds that of Lambruschini, his bitterest enemy. Both of them were friars, and Micara still lives like a friar, continually declaiming against the luxury of his colleagues, and especially of Lambruschini, who makes a great display of his ill-gotten riches. Micara also feels sure of being elected pope, because no one else, as he thinks, deserves that honor. But none of his colleagues can bear him, on account of the war which, by words and example, he has uniformly waged against the luxury of the papal court. Besides, from time to time, he has thrown out some hints of his disposition to attempt a general reformation of the external habits of all the priesthood. He has talent, and a strong, independent mind; but all his good qualities are spoiled by his ambition."

"How many cardinals do you suppose have passed before us?" said the Belgian; and I told him, "Fifty-one, there being several vacancies in the complete number of seventy cardinals forming the electoral college, and the foreign cardinals not having arrived in Rome."

"How many foreign cardinals are there?"

"There are five at the present time; and they can-

not exceed the number of ten throughout the whole of the Christian world, because sixty at least among the cardinals must be natives of Italy. Those foreign cardinals, if present, have the right to give their vote in the election, but they cannot be voted for, since the pope must be a native of Italy."

We stopped at the principal gate of the immense palace which the cardinals had entered, and there we saw the rich carriages and quaint attire of the foreign ambassadors, and all the foreign and native dignitaries coming to visit the cardinals, and express to them a complimentary wish for a good result in the election; for there is always a great reception for the purpose of *augurare il papato*, on the evening of their meeting, and before they are shut up in the conclave. Among the crowd of great personages, there was a man who attracted to himself universal attention by his personal merits and by his particular position, — I refer to Pellegrino Rossi, the ambassador of France, who in the name of the diplomatic body spoke to the cardinals true and severe words, and gave them good counsels for a better administration in the future.

Pellegrino Rossi was a native of Italy. The pope had deprived him of the professorship of political economy in the university of Bologna, and sent him into exile: now he came back, sheltered by the inviolable character of an ambassador, entitled to great respect as a peer of France, and invested with full power for a highly important mission. There was something peculiar in the position of that great statesman addressing the electors of the pope. He had once been a "rebellious subject" and an exile, branded as a wicked man,—he now spoke with authority to his former masters in their own palace, and told them that

their course was wrong and unwise; they must change it, and listen to the complaints of their oppressed subjects. A rigid Calvinist, also, and consequently a "heretic of the worst kind," he represented the "very Christian" King of France, and reminded those corrupt and blood-thirsty cardinals of the pure and meek principles of the gospel. I need not say that they were incensed and made more obstinate by this speech.

As soon as the reception was over, all the gates of the palace were shut and closely guarded, to prevent any communication between the cardinals and their attendants, locked up in the conclave, and all other persons abroad. This close custody devolves upon the marshal of the conclave, who must be a member of the princely family Chigi. He can admit new cardinals coming to Rome from abroad, but he cannot let any of his prisoners out, unless some one of them should die,—for he is not responsible for the corpses when death has been formally ascertained.

Though there are many kitchens and all convenient accommodations for meals in that immense palace, yet it is a common custom for each cardinal to receive twice a day meals prepared in the kitchen of his own palace. It is an occasion of a great display of luxury, each chief cook endeavoring to surpass the others in the quantity and quality of the dishes. Besides, such are the quaint ornaments and the indecent conduct of the drunken servants who follow the carriages loaded with those meals, that the whole affair gives the idea only of bacchanal orgies. Should the cardinals, however, remain in conclave longer than two months without concluding the election, the marshal would daily diminish the quantity of the luxurious dishes.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A POPE ELECTED BY MISTAKE.

"THE conclave will be a very long one!" Such was the general anticipation in Rome, because it was well known that great divisions and bitter discord existed among the cardinals. Their quarrellings were a source of amusement to the Roman people during the twelve days consecrated to the funeral rites of the late pope; and now a closer contact, and a direct conflict of interest and ambition, would exasperate still further their bad feelings. The old cardinals, especially, looked angrily upon Cardinal Lambruschini, and held in contempt the young cardinals chosen by him from among prelates of no merit whatever, in order to make them his faithful servants. Cardinal Fieschi put himself at the head of this party, and determined to prevent, at any rate, the election of Lambruschini. It was easy for them to do this, because they were in number twenty-two, that is, more than a third part of all the voters, and the election requires the votes of two-thirds of the members.

There was still another party, less numerous, but equally obstinate, which had taken into their heads to prevent the election of any one who was a friar. They entered into the views of Cardinal Fieschi, so far as Lambruschini was concerned, because the latter was

a friar. This party was said to be influenced by the Jesuits, because all the religious orders in Rome are opposed to them, and Clement XIV., who suppressed their order, was a friar.

These three parties would have had to struggle for a long time before weariness and fatigue could induce either of them to yield. Trepidation and fear, however, led the cardinals, not to concord, but to a mistake, which resulted in the election of the new pope.

The same evening in which the cardinals entered the conclave, and during the reception which they held, the cardinal "great penitentiary" was taken aside by a mysterious individual, who requested him to listen to his confession, and who, after having in this way secured secrecy about his person, made the following statement:

"A conspiracy has been formed among several young men of this city to blow up the cardinals all together, and they have prepared a mine and put in the gunpowder."

Having thus spoken, that personage retired and disappeared. Who was he? How did he know of the conspiracy? Where was the mine? All this was a mystery.

The minds of the cardinals, already troubled by fear of a popular movement, were now filled with terror. In vain did the architects of the conclave, after a most diligent search of the palace, assure the cardinals that there was no such thing as a mine. The terror of the cardinals did not give way even after a new examination had afforded the same result.

There was really no mine; the conspiracy, however, existed; but, not having found encouragement from the chiefs of "Young Italy," the conspirators relin-

quished the project. Had they not done so, the advice offered by the unknown personage would have proved too late, as it was not in that palace that the mine had been prepared.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, I went with some friends to see *la Sfumata*, that is, the smoke which comes out from a pipe fixed in the exterior wall of the chapel of the conclave, where the schedules used for voting are burned. It is an ancient custom with the Romans to go and see that simple spectacle, which derives all its attraction from the gathering of a great many persons, who there enjoy the freest intercourse. At six o'clock in the evening the spectacle is renewed, and the crowd is even greater than in the morning. As, on these occasions, every one gives vent to his whimsical humor, there is usually much merriment at the expense of the "prisoners of the conclave."

"Why do they burn the schedules?" inquired one of my friends who was but little acquainted with the quaint customs of the papal court.

"Because," answered I, "the names of the voters must be kept incognito when the voting does not result in two-thirds of all the votes cast being for one candidate, which is required for the election."

"How can they know the result without opening the schedules?"

"Each voter," said I, "has at hand several schedules folded in three, and bearing his signature in the interior fold, which is sealed. When desirous of depositing his vote in the urn, he writes in the second fold the name of the cardinal to whom he intends to give his vote; he then covers it with the third fold, and seals it again. The secretary of the conclave,

now Monsignor Corboli-Bussi, brings all the collected schedules to the thrones of the two cardinals appointed in turn to examine them. They break only the exterior seal when the result is not favorable to the election."

"Have the two cardinals examining the schedules a throne to sit upon?"

"Every cardinal there sits upon a magnificent throne, because all of them are sovereigns during the vacancy of the 'Holy See;' but those seventy thrones are so arranged that, by pulling a rope placed within his reach, any one of the cardinals can make the canopy or the upper part of his throne disappear; for this must be done as soon as the election takes place."

"Look here!" interrupted my friend, "here is the smoke coming out."

"The pope has gone off in smoke," observed a bystander.

"I should like," said another, evidently a carman, "to see also the palace and its contents go off in smoke."

"Speak low, my son," whispered a gray-headed man of the same trade, "for the proverb says, 'Intention does not break fasting;' and it is better to do such things than to talk about them."

The crowd having dispersed, our conversation was quite unrestrained, for the Belgian was an old acquaintance and a very reliable friend.

"Who do you think," inquired he, "will be chosen pope?"

"It is very difficult," answered our friend Fabio, "to foresee the result of the battle of intrigues which they are now fighting in this palace. You may depend

upon it, there is no cardinal so poor that he does not earnestly wish to be the elected one, and think that he has a large party in his favor, for they are in the habit of flattering each other. Disappointment, however, soon defeats the ambitious hopes of the greater part of the cardinals, and then they try to negotiate their votes in the best manner to secure for themselves power, riches, or influence from the future pope."

"The war of intrigues, caused by personal interest and ambition," added another of our friends, "is made even worse by the interference of the so-called Catholic powers of Europe. Each of them has in Rome a cardinal 'protector,' who receives a large annual salary; and besides there are other cardinals, who, by birth, gratitude, or interest, are entirely devoted to them. The candidates are therefore led to seek for the favor of this or that foreign ambassador, who will grant it or not, according to the instructions of his court."

"I suppose," interrupted a third friend, "that Cardinal Gizzi will carry the election, for he is cunning, old, and in bad health, and the French ambassador backs him."

"I do not believe it myself," answered the first speaker, "for the cardinals are so incensed against that ambassador that I feel sure his candidate will not receive a single vote from them; and then you may depend upon it that there would be the 'Esclusiva' from Austria, because that cardinal is not liked in Vienna."

"What is the 'Esclusiva?'" inquired my Belgian friend.

"It is the right," said I, "that every Catholic nation

claims of excluding from the papacy the person elected when they dislike him. This right can be used only once by each of those nations during a conclave, and the exclusion must be manifested as soon as the election takes place, so that it is the cardinal protector who is commissioned to exercise such a right, according to the instructions given him by the ambassador. Generally they manage the matter in a very skilful manner, holding the sword of Damocles in mysterious suspense over many heads, and using it to augment the influence of their party."

"I cannot reconcile the existence of such a right," observed the Belgian, "with the pretence that the election is made by the cardinals under the direct influence of the Holy Ghost. Why should France, Austria, Spain, or Portugal interfere, if the Holy Ghost suggests to the cardinals the election of a good pope?"

"Be not afraid," answered Fabio; "there is no danger that they will elect a good pope. Some days ago I was passing through the market at the Rotonda, with my wife, and my little child, who took it into his head to buy one of the little wolves which a poor shepherd had brought into the market. — 'Give me a good-natured one,' said my wife, naturally anxious on account of her child. — 'They are all wolves,' answered the honest shepherd. And so I will tell you, they are all cardinals!"

"I suppose," said the Belgian, "that Austria will use all her influence in order to secure the election of Cardinal Gaysruck, the Archbishop of Milan, who is said to be a man of talent, and entirely devoted to her."

"He cannot be elected," answered I, "for he was

born in Germany, and no one can be a pope but a native of Italy."

"Curious, indeed!" exclaimed the Belgian. "They say that the pope is the head of the Catholic Church throughout the world: on what ground, then, will they deny to all countries but Italy the privilege of giving a pope? Besides, I must tell you that the papal prelates whom I have seen in my native country, in France, and elsewhere, are much less corrupt than those in Rome, and in other parts of Italy. Why, then, should they exclude from the papacy the prelates of Belgium, France, Spain, Austria, Germany, America, &c.?"

"I will explain the matter to you," said I. "You must know that when the theory of the election by inspiration of the Holy Ghost had no restraint, it too often happened that there was one pope from France, another from Germany, a third from Italy, &c., and those several popes made war against each other, each of them pretending to be the elected of the Holy Ghost. One of them, a Frenchman by birth, in order to secure for himself and his successors the powerful protection of the French monarchs, transported the Holy See to Avignon, in France, and thus greatly endangered its reputation of being a *Roman* chair. But Catherine, a lady from Siena, brought back that chair to Rome, and on account of this deed she has been enrolled among the saints. But afterwards a pope of your nation, I mean Adriano VI., took it into his head to reform the luxury and abuses of his court. The cardinals got rid of him as soon as possible, and then they passed a law that none but a native of Italy should be pope. This was wise for them, because we Italians are not half-way characters, but de-

cidedly good or bad; and, having once entered the slippery way of hypocrisy and imposture, we easily go to the bottom of the pit."

The next evening, about two hours after sunset, I was with my friends in the garden of the large coffee-house known as *Caffè Ruspoli;* for, after the death of Gregory XVI., no one ever came to see if I was at home from sunset to sunrise, according to the *precept* given to me some two years before. A gentleman entered and announced that a pope had been elected. The people around looked astonished and incredulous, but the news was soon after confirmed. The person elected, however, was not known, but in a few moments the rumor was spread that Pasquale Gizzi was the fortunate cardinal. The report turned out to be false, for he did not receive even one vote. But his servants immediately believed it, and went, with the servants of the other cardinals, to pillage his rich furniture, according to an ancient custom, which considers it a simple manifestation of joy.

My friends and myself were still lingering in the coffee-house, with the hope of getting further information, when, at eleven o'clock, our friend Fabio, who had gone home with his wife, returned, saying that he had important news. "I met in the Piazza Colonna," said he, "a group of gentlemen surrounding a priest whom I recognized as the secretary of Cardinal Fieschi. He had just come out of the conclave, and was going home to give the orders of his master for the next day. I joined the group, and we urged him into the coffee-house Della Colonna, where he willingly told us the whole history of this sudden election; for, you know, the servants and attendants of cardinals are very communicative, and know perfectly well all

the affairs of their masters, as is always the case with the favorite servants of old bachelors."

"Tell us the history," we all cried out, impatiently; and Fabio said: "Terror was the god who inspired the election, checked the ambitious aspirations of the cardinals, and made them feel anxious to get rid of their dangerous business as soon as possible; so that the old foxes gave up their usual tactics, and failed in their intrigues. You know that it is customary, at the beginning of a conclave, for every cardinal to cast his vote upon some iron-head, in order, as they say, to sound each other, gain time for their intrigues, and wait for the foreign cardinals, not yet arrived in Rome. Well, now the cardinals forming the three different parties voted directly each for his own candidate, and endeavored to carry the election at the first trial. In this manner they showed their numbers and their strength.

"The party of Lambruschini proved to be the most numerous, and this was a sufficient attraction for many a cardinal to join it, in order to secure those advantages which victory bestows upon those who have contributed to it. Cardinal Fieschi, the decided opponent of Lambruschini, became alarmed, and feared that some desertions would take place even from among his friends. He therefore made a great effort to keep them closely united, and directed them to vote with him for an iron-head, in order to secure the defeat of Lambruschini, at least, in the next casting, and thus gain a little time for reflection. The iron-head chosen by him was Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, whom he thought to have no claims to a serious vote.

"The other party was also opposed to Lambruschini because he had been a friar, and determined therefore

to concentrate their formerly scattered votes upon an iron-head, and Cardinal Mastai Ferretti was the person upon whom they agreed, not being at all aware that he had been selected by another party for the same purpose. It was the result of precipitation and confusion of mind in both these two parties; but the consequence was, that thirty-six votes were cast upon that iron-head, which, by this mistake, became the pretended living head of the universal Christian Church.

"The cardinals were, of course, astonished and disappointed by this event; but what could they do? The election was made, and there was no remedy. They therefore pulled the ropes in order to lower the canopies of their thrones, and went, by turns, to kneel before the throne of the newly-elected one, thus, as usual, humbly worshipping him."

This history, repeated by every one, was subsequently confirmed by the statement of Cardinal Fieschi himself, when he afterwards retired in disgust from Rome, to live quietly and securely in a country-seat near Genoa, where he is still waiting for a new conclave.

CHAPTER XL.

THE PAPAL AMNESTY.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 16th June, 1846, the large Piazza del Quirinale was crowded with about fifty thousand people of all classes, gathered to witness the solemn promulgation of the election of the pope, which had taken place the evening before. This ceremony was to be performed, as usual, in the large marble balcony above the principal gate of the palace. The door leading to the balcony from the interior of the palace had been walled up during the conclave, and would now be opened with great solemnity, as the Porta Santa, the holy door of St. John, had been on occasion of the Jubilee. Cardinal Camerlengo, holding the same golden hammer with which he had previously ascertained the death of the late pope, now struck the first blow against the wall, through which a sufficient aperture was soon made.

Cardinal Camerlengo first advanced, and his colleagues, one after the other, filled the balcony, — the one who had been elected standing behind. Cardinal Camerlengo, with a loud and clear voice, announced the election in the usual Latin formula, "Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum: habemus Pontificem Johannem Mariam Mastai-Ferretti, a Sinigallia, qui nomen assumpsit Pius Nonus." That is, "I announce to

you a great joy: we have as Pontiff John Maria Mastai-Ferretti, from Sinigallia, who has assumed the name of Pius Ninth." He then presented to the people the new pope, clad in pontifical dress, who came forward, and, stretching out his right hand, with the two first fingers extended, made the sign of the cross upon the people, and, turning first to the east, and successively to the north, west, and south, imparted his blessing in the same manner to the whole earth, now his possession.

The Roman people did not, by any means, feel all the "great joy" which Cardinal Camerlengo had officially announced. In general, they knew nothing about the obscure cardinal just elected; but he was now a pope, and they knew too well what popes are. We felt, however, that we were now the masters, because the opportunity to organize a powerful opposition founded upon a common understanding had not been lost for us. Besides, the Swiss troops could not be relied upon by the new pope, in a conflict with the people; at least, they would remain neutral. Pius the Ninth knew his bad position much better than many of the cardinals, for his family and relatives belonged to the Liberal party, and he had been a bishop for eighteen years, performing all this time the office of a secret police, which generally devolves upon the bishops. Besides, with the view of spying out their plans, he had sometimes held intercourse with men of the so-called moderate party, some of whom believed him to be an honest man.

The foreign ambassadors went to present their compliments to the new pope, and he took occasion to declare that he was disposed to give an amnesty to political offenders, and to make some reformation in

the political government of his State, expressing his hope that the people, in the mean time, would peacefully wait for these proofs of his paternal affection for them. So saying, he shed tears, as popes are in the habit of doing, and deplored the wickedness of the times in which he was called to reign.

The amnesty, however, did not appear as soon as was expected. The preceding popes had published it on the second day of their election, on occasion of their solemn visit to the church of St. Peter; but Pius Ninth published nothing at that time. As he passed through the streets he saw everywhere ladies in mourning, waving little white banners which had on them only "Amnistia;" and this word (amnesty) was the only one he heard from the congregated people. "Let the people know that I am preparing for it," said he to an officer of the noble guard escorting his carriage. In the mean time, all the oppressive laws of his predecessor were fully maintained, though neither he nor anybody else thought it possible to enforce them for the present. Besides, all the wicked agents of the past tyranny preserved their offices, and the pope enrolled among his servants all the corrupt courtiers of Gregory XVI., comprising the famous favorite Gaetanino.

"It is a month to-day since the solemn promulgation of the election of the pope took place, and no amnesty has yet appeared: what is the pope waiting for?" This was the general remark in Rome on the 16th of July, 1846; and many began to think that the pope might have absolved himself from the obligation of keeping his solemn promise, for popes claim this right for themselves, as well as give it to those who apply to them. I was particularly vexed by this

delay, for my brother, and many of my personal friends, were suffering in prison. At length, a little before sunset of that day, an edict was published, and hung up, in the usual manner, at the corners of the principal streets.

At that time I was crossing the Piazza Colonna, and my attention was called to the edict by a group of persons reading it aloud at the corner of the Corso. I started at first, for there was no signature of any minister: it was the pope himself who addressed the people, and in Italian too. This was an attractive novelty; and this great infraction of customs, rigidly observed for ages by the papal court, seemed to me to have much significance. Eagerly perusing the edict, however, I was greatly disappointed. It was only a common papal amnesty, that is, a conditional pardon for those classes of political offenders who would beg for it, acknowledge their crimes, and pledge themselves to behave for the future in a praiseworthy manner.

Besides, there were so many exceptions, that, if enforced, very few of the political offenders could have obtained pardon. First of all were excluded from it those political offenders who belonged to the clergy, or were guilty of some offence against the established religion. Their number was large, and they were almost all persons of great influence in the Liberal party.

Secondly, were excluded, as above, all who had been in the employment of the government or of any public institution.

Thirdly, those who had enjoyed some former amnesty.

Finally, those who, besides their political offence,

were charged with some common crime. This last exception comprehended almost the whole, for there had been no regular trials. The political culprits were given up to a military commission, to be condemned at any rate, and those executioners charged their defenceless victims with as many crimes as they chose.

It had been formerly agreed between my friends and myself that, on the publication of the amnesty, we should meet at the public garden near the Coliseum, and there I accordingly went. We had nothing to discuss, as our plan had been arranged beforehand; but orders were taken for its execution, and the hour and place were fixed for a general meeting to be held at nine o'clock in the Piazza del Popolo.

Leaving the garden, I crossed the Coliseum, arm-in-arm with my friend Fabio, both of us eagerly talking of the matter we had in hand. We met our common friend, the Belgian artist, who always took a warm interest in our welfare. He had a copy of the papal edict, and was meditating upon it.

"The pope seems to trifle with you," exclaimed he as soon as he discovered us near him.

"What do you mean?" said Fabio. "Has he not given such an amnesty as was to be expected from a pope?"

"Indeed!" replied the Belgian; "but instead of a frank amnesty intended to repair past wrongs, you have only a miserable pardon."

"That is true," observed I; "but it will be our business to make it good for something."

At nine o'clock in the evening the immense Piazza del Popolo and the three beautiful streets leading to it were crowded with busy people, all engaged in mak-

ing a "great demonstration," for which secret preparations had been going on for some days previously. Numberless beautiful banners and large torches were carried by fine-looking young men, while beautiful young ladies and girls in white bore myrtle crowns and green olive-tree branches. Ladies and gentlemen, as well as noblemen, merchants, artists, professional men, and tradespeople, mingled together in the most unrestrained manner, and showed a frank and sincere union of wishes and feelings. Five bands of music were in attendance, playing joyful and patriotic airs, and the greater part of the papal soldiers were present, carrying torches and green branches instead of homicidal arms.

All the streets and squares of the city were splendidly illuminated by means of lamps at the windows, and here and there were fine decorations, transparent inscriptions, green branches, and beautiful flowers. The houses of those directly participating in the benefit of the amnesty were marked by a greater show of joy; and, on passing my house, now in Via Giulia, I could not help admiring the good taste displayed by my sister on that occasion.

There had been, of course, no time for giving the orders to liberate the prisoners. Nay, to make a selection among them, according to the exceptions made by the edict of amnesty, was a work which required much time and investigation. The formality itself of making a demand for pardon, and of subscribing an obligation to be worthy of it by good political behavior, involved a great loss of time. But we wanted to have our friends come out immediately, and not only some, but all of them. This was our main object in thus forming ourselves into such a

splendid procession. Resistance, if attempted, would have been impossible; but no one dared to interfere with such a large crowd, vehemently shouting, "Viva Pio Nono!" (Long live Pius the Ninth.)

This cry, with the same demonstrations of joy, was simultaneously repeated throughout the State, showing a previous agreement, for the edict was made known in Rome after the departure of the mail. There was nothing personal to the pope in that cry; it was the pass-word of a revolution then taking its full course. In fact, the greater part of the prisoners were set free against the will of Pio Nono, and with an open disregard of existing laws and regulations. Besides, they were not liberated like pardoned culprits, — nay, they were rescued like self-sacrificing fellow-soldiers, whose endurance had secured the victory. They were therefore carried in triumph.

It was indeed a triumph. The late pope had exhausted the most cruel and wicked means of oppression, without succeeding in his attempt to subdue the rebellious spirit of the people. The system of terror which had been carried on during his life suffered a momentary suspension at his death, and thus it was lost, and lost forever, when the new pope found himself obliged to yield to the popular pressure, — for such is the nature of oppression that the first stop, or the least backward step, will render impossible its prosecution, at least under the same circumstances. A return, therefore, to the tyranny of Gregory XVI. was impossible for Pius Ninth, without the assistance of a large foreign army, which was not easy to be had on account of the generally troubled condition of Europe.

It was too evident, besides, that a movement which

began with victory, and found no serious obstacle, would not stop satisfied with an amnesty. The wretched condition of the State required radical reformation, both in religion and politics. If the pope resisted it he would be lost immediately, and if he yielded to the movement he would be carried too far, and overthrown by it, because it was guided by the principles of "Young Italy." The pope, I am sure, understood this quite well, and, being a man of no energy or courage, was unable to form a plan of resistance; but, relying on a favorable change in Europe, he thought it the safest way to yield reluctantly and as little as possible.

I remember quite well that, when the procession, which formed in the Piazza del Popolo, reached the gates of the palace of the Quirinale, constantly crying out, "Viva Pio Nono!" he yielded with difficulty to the counsel to show himself to the people from the large balcony, and then he looked dreadfully frightened. He tried to speak, but was unable to go on. He was evidently in a state of great emotion, caused by fear and apprehension of future storms. He could not trust the devotion of a people engaged in disregarding his laws, and knew that those who cried "Long life" to-day would be equally ready to cry "Death" to-morrow.

The people throughout the State did not, I am sure, care for the pope, and the events which followed proved this. In the name of the pope, indeed, they enjoyed the present change; but they were ready to go on without him, and even against him, in order to obtain that full liberty and independence which they held steadily in view.

Now the greatest attraction was the liberated pris-

oners, and deep interest in them was felt by every one. When taken from their cells and brought to the light among the large crowd of their friends and relatives, they looked astonished and bewildered, as if suspecting that their triumph was but a dream. Many of them were entirely disabled and worn out by ill treatment, and some were brought, blindfolded, upon chairs, because the slightest movement and the light would have injured them. I saw among them in Rome a venerable old gentleman carried by four of his sons, all full-grown men, formerly his fellow-prisoners. A ray of joy animated his dying face, and his heart was overwhelmed with happiness at the imposing sight of the Roman people once more free, and evidently determined to maintain their freedom. Excess of joy terminated in a few days his already worn-out life. His last words were, "Never trust a pope."

I did not see my brother when he came out from prison, for he was in Rimini. My mother had been waiting there for the amnesty ever since she had heard of the election of the new pope. "They brought him to my arms," she wrote to me, "because he could not walk at all, or even change his sitting position. The dampness of his dungeon deprived him of the use of his limbs, and want of air and light made him look pale as death. His sparkling black eyes were shut, because he could not bear the light. I need not say what I felt at this sight. But he was in excellent spirits, and bade me be of good cheer, as he would recover in a few days. So thinks, too, our friend, Dr. Michele. But I feel that I am not able to hope for the best, for I have a sad presentiment. I have seen the amnesties of five popes during my life, and know how much to rely upon them."

Among the prisoners who were liberated, in spite of the exceptions made by the pope, was the famous monk Ugo Bassi, who, three years after, was slaughtered in Bologna by Monsignor Bedini. He was now in a "vade in pacem" of a convent in Sanseverino, a town near Ancona; and he was doubly excluded from the amnesty because he belonged to the clergy, and it was for his religious opinions that he had been imprisoned for life. He belonged also to "Young Italy," but that had not been discovered. This eloquent and pious man was of great service to us, till he fell a martyr to our cause.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE LAST OF THE POPES OF ROME.

"PIUS THE NINTH will be the last of the popes." This prophecy was made by an unknown and very old man, who died in a hospital in Rome, a few days after the promulgation of the amnesty. He was generally believed to be crazy, for he could not, or he would not, tell his name or condition; but I suspect him to have been a foresighted man. I do not mean to say, that France and England, allied and supported in this matter by Austria, may not, when the death of their protegé shall happen, be able to put in his place a puppet of their own manufacture, who may represent the principle of absolute authority for which they are struggling; but he will not be a pope.

Papacy is finished. This dreadful institution of the middle ages was undermined by the restoration of the arts and sciences, and wounded to the heart by the Reformation; but the fatal blow must be struck at the head in Italy, and in Rome itself. This was the work of the last revolution; and the abuse of mere brutal power cannot undo that work by imposing a hated tyrant upon the Roman people, — nay, it was the best means of killing forever an institution designed to rely altogether on moral force.

From this point of view, I looked with peculiar

interest on Pius the Ninth, and came to the conclusion that he possessed the qualities, and was placed in the condition, of a man with whom a decrepit institution must die; for I have observed that all human institutions which have had a period of greatness in the world have come to an end in the hands of men neither very good nor very bad, who, placed in a difficult position and unable even to understand it, went down with them into the mud.

I often spoke on these topics to my friends, and even to many acquaintances, as there was no danger now in freely expressing our opinions. The laws, indeed, were not changed or repealed, for the Inquisition and the Jesuits retained all their former privileges and authority, but the power of enforcing these laws was in fact entirely annihilated in the hands of the pope and his caste.

"Did you know him before his election?" inquired my Belgian friend one evening, as we sat in a social circle at the newly-established club called "Circolo Romano."

"Yes, I did," answered I, "and I spoke to him on two occasions. First, when I went to Bologna, at the end of October, 1838, I had a package of papers from his nephew Luigi Mastai-Ferretti, to be handed to him as I passed through Imola, where he was bishop. I remember that the papers concerned a lawsuit, which is still unsettled between the family Mastai-Ferretti and their fellow-citizens Consolini, who sued them for an alleged violent spoliation perpetrated against themselves by the father of Pius IX., during a popular movement; for the Mastai-Ferretti belonged to the Liberal party, and the Consolini were government men. Monsignor Mastai-Ferretti, who was not yet a cardinal,

received me with marked politeness, and spoke of his father, and of the unjustice of that lawsuit. In that short interview, I could easily perceive that between him and his family there were no good feelings. In fact, his nephew, who was in Rome to attend to that suit, and was himself a lawyer, afterwards told me that his uncle was a selfish man; in short, 'a true priest.'"

"His brother, Joseph Mastai-Ferretti," interrupted our friend Marco, "had the same opinion of him; and, when he was informed of his election, he exclaimed, 'We shall have a bad pope,' and declined to take any office from him, or even to live in Rome."

"The same course was adopted," observed Fabio, "by his second brother, Gabriel Mastai-Ferretti, and also by his cousin, Peter Ferretti, a well-known scholar and statesman. Both went to see him when they came back from exile; but neither of them could be prevailed on to take any part in the public administration, or to act as counsellors."

"There has been so much talk about this pope and his family," said the Belgian to me, "and I have heard so many contradictory statements, that I should like to have you give me an exact account of them."

"Willingly," answered I. "The Mastai-Ferretti are an ancient family, who have always lived in the pretty little city of Sinigallia, on the shore of the Adriatic Sea, between Rimini and Ancona. They possess there some property, from which they have an annual rent of about five thousand dollars, — quite a large sum for that city, where living is remarkably cheap. They have therefore been long ago enrolled among the noble families of the city, and a pope bestowed upon them the title of *conti* (count)."

"I could never well understand," interrupted the Belgian, "what it is to be a nobleman, a count, &c., among you."

"We have," answered I, "no true aristocracy, and no real distinction of classes, with different privileges, or belonging to different races. In Italy we are all Italians, and none of us would boast of his descent from some barbarian conqueror. During the middle ages the Italian nobility were a political party, not a class, but now they are not even a party, because, under the common oppression, we have naturally made a common party. Generally, the very ancient families, whose names and memories are preserved in the public archives, belong to nobility. But every family, having a considerable fortune and living in a good style, can apply to be enrolled among the noble families of its city. Occasionally, the government will confer the title of prince, baron, marquis, count, or knight, on a noble family; but this confers no privileges on that family, and is a merely nominal distinction. For instance, Grazioli, who thirty years ago was a poor baker, is now a nobleman and a baron, for he has acquired a large fortune.

"The family Mastai-Ferretti, then, as I said, was noble, and, what is more important, they were honest people. The father of the present pope was an energetic revolutionist, and so is his eldest son, just returned from exile. If John Maria, now Pius Ninth, had been the only or the eldest son, he would have quietly grown up under the paternal roof, then married a lady of his own condition, and lived idly and happily, without either infamy or glory. Unfortunately, however, he was the youngest of four brothers, and was therefore under the necessity of exerting

himself to obtain an independent position in the world; for the rents of his family were scarcely able to support the usual style of living, especially since the eldest son had brought in a wife and children.

"The old gentleman, Count Mastai-Ferreti, was opposed to the monastic life, and, instead of alluring his younger children into convents or to the priesthood, he thought of giving them a scientific education, and of making them useful to themselves, as well as to their country. But he found his youngest son both unable and unwilling to second his paternal care, for his understanding was small, and his disposition to study even smaller. It was, therefore, found impossible for John Maria to go through a regular course of elementary studies with success. The Latin language, in particular, was the object of his decided aversion. This closed to him the regular way to the university, and, consequently, to every scientific or professional career.

"Besides, John Maria early showed his inclination to a disorderly life, and his parents were unable to restrain him. Consequently, he was still a youth when they engaged him in the military service of the pope, which is generally resorted to as a kind of punishment for crazy or dissipated young men, who are unable to do anything better than to put on a contemptible livery; for the condition of a soldier, under the dominion of the priesthood of Rome, is a very base one. You know that the grossest insult to a soldier in Europe is to call him 'a pope's soldier,' for it means a coward in military disguise, and a person good for nothing but to parade in the churches. As a nobleman, however, John Maria was privileged with admission into a special corps of light horsemen,

called *Cavalleggeri*, whose peculiar duty was that of escorting the carriage of the pope.

"In Rome John Maria was admitted into fashionable society, and thus improved his manners, and acquired a certain brilliancy of speech, but his moral conduct grew worse."

"What do you think," interrupted the Belgian, "of the story which has been circulated about his love for Clara Colonna?"

"I think," answered I, "that it is perfectly true he fell in love with that lady, then a girl of great beauty and accomplishments, though a natural daughter; but, being a low-minded fellow, and enslaved by base passions, he could never succeed in winning her gentle heart; and then he had no fair prospect for his future career. The refusal, however, which his advances met from that virtuous young lady, was bitterly felt by John Maria, and he tried to drown his grief in amusements.

"It was at this time, and probably in consequence of his disappointment, that John Maria deserted his place, and went to Naples, to follow Madame Morandi, a famous actress at that time. In Naples he soon consumed his little property, experienced new disappointments, and ruined his health for the remainder of his life. He returned to Rome in a miserable state, and found that Clara Colonna had been married, during his absence, to a young gentleman fully worthy of her. Besides, the Cavalleggeri had been disbanded, because the pope wanted to have 'noble guards' instead of them.

"John Maria applied to Prince Barberini, who held the commission of enrolling the 'noble guards,' but he was refused admittance on account of his sick-

ness, which disabled him from riding on horseback, and also on account of his former want of discipline; so that, being at once deprived of his employment, disappointed in love, and dreadfully sick, John Maria was almost in despair.

"In this state of distress, however, he managed to present himself to the pope, and ask for help. Pius the Seventh, then very old, was moved by the dejection both of mind and body which the young man artlessly exhibited, and he said to him, 'Repent of your sins, and make yourself a priest, and God will bless you.'

"These simple words produced an entire change in the mind of our John Maria. He immediately devoted himself to religion,—that is, to those external acts of devotion which constitute a bigoted fanatic. In the mean time, Abbot Graziosi, a learned and liberal priest, gave him some preparatory lessons in theology, and, as soon as he arrived at the age of twenty-three, he was ordained a priest, though he had only a few and very imperfect ideas of the ministry. Even after his conversion he was unable to devote his mind to study, and preferred to exert himself in acts of devotion and charity. He was, for instance, assiduous at the institution called Tata Giovanni, where vagrant and abandoned children are sheltered and furnished with employment.

"Now, Abbot Mastai-Ferretti determined to go abroad as a missionary, and Abbot Pecci, who with some companions was setting out for missionary purposes to Chili, in South America, made him one of the party. Abbot Mastai-Ferretti, though little acquainted with the Spanish language spoken in that country, met with success among the Creoles, on account of his earnest manners and violent gestures,

and the less they understood him, the more did they admire him.

"On his return to Rome, Abbot Mastai-Ferretti was made a canon of the church of 'Santa Maria in Via Lata,' and afterwards Pope Leo the Twelfth conferred on him the bishopric of Spoleto, a very ancient city eighty miles north of Rome. This office, however, was but little acceptable."

"I knew him when he was there," interrupted Fabio, "and I had a fine occasion of proving his deceitful character at my own expense. It was during the year 1831, when there was a revolution in the northern provinces, and when, with a large body of the revolutionists, I retired towards Rome, closely followed by the Austrian invaders. Our plan was to reach Rome before them, and there excite again the revolution, scarcely quelled, in order to unite our forces and fight a desperate battle. If conquered, we should still have had a retreat by sea; but, in this case, many of our little army had sworn not to leave a living priest in Rome.

"The pope had no material force to stop or retard our rapid march; and, when we reached Spoleto, the Austrians were more than fifty miles behind us. The Bishop of Spoleto, Monsignor Mastai-Ferretti, and his cousin, Joseph Ferretti, the Bishop of Rieti, received from the pope a large amount of money, and an order to try every means to retard, at least, our march. The Bishop of Rieti thought of organizing a forcible resistance, by taking up arms himself, and making a fanatical appeal to the wicked sectarians called 'Sanfedisti.' But the Bishop of Spoleto, Mastai-Ferretti, took a safer and more efficient course. He used the money to corrupt one Sercognani, an adventurer, who

was, unfortunately, our leader. This traitor led us astray, and afterwards brought us back to Spoleto and fled.

"The Bishop of Spoleto, that is, the present pope, then came to us, and, pretending to be moved only by a Christian spirit, warned us that it was almost impossible for us to reach Rome before the Austrians, and that the best we could do was to put our arms into his hands, and accept the pardon which he was authorized by the pope to offer us. We believed him, but none of us escaped punishment. I, too, though very young and a simple soldier, met with long imprisonment.

"It was probably for this service that he was promoted, soon after, to the bishopric of Imola, which is exceedingly rich, and is generally given to a cardinal, or to a prelate destined to become a cardinal. In fact, some years after, both he and his cousin, the Bishop of Rieti, were made cardinals, though they had no claims to that dignity.

"I have occasionally spoken of him," concluded Fabio, "to many of the inhabitants of Spoleto, and have found that no one could bear him when he was there."

"The same," added I, "is the case with the inhabitants of Imola. Nay, they hated him so much that the announcement of his election was received in Imola by the most energetic demonstrations of discontent. This happened, too, even in Sinigallia, his native place."

"Do you mean, then," inquired the Belgian, "that Pius the Ninth is really a bad man, and an object of dislike to all who know him well?"

"I believe him to be neither good nor bad," said

I; "but I am sure that, with a limited capacity, an irritable temperament, and a fanatical zeal for his religion, he possesses great ambition, and thinks much of himself, though perhaps he is unconscious of it. He probably regards himself as a man destined by providence to rescue his sinking church. I should be afraid of him if he were not both cowardly and inconsistent."

"Why, then," inquired the Belgian, "is he the object of so many ovations? and why is his name enthusiastically repeated throughout Italy?"

"Because it does us good, and enables us to carry on our revolution without shedding blood."

"Are you not afraid of erecting an idol which you will be unable to throw down when it serves your purpose no longer?"

"Not in the least, for papacy has no strength among the people; and, as soon as the pope refuses to march before the revolutionary car which pushes him on, he will be run over by it, and no one will turn to pity him."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE ITALIAN MOVEMENT AND THE POPE.

"THE Italian movement began in the name of Pius the Ninth, and then was turned against him." This statement, almost universally received abroad, could never be regarded as correct in Italy. The Italian movement is to be referred far back to the downfall of Napoleon, when England and Austria, having quelled the resistance of Italy by means of deceitful promises of independence and freedom, established upon it the most despotic system of domestic and foreign tyranny. The impious tyrants and statesmen, then congregated in Vienna, not only refused to make any concessions to the progress which in the mean time had happened in Italy, but they even destroyed the free institutions and political guarantees which we had before possessed.

This unwise and infamous abuse of power gave rise to an Italian national movement for independence and liberty, which has gradually and unceasingly progressed, and which will never stop till such a flagrant violation of all right and law shall be atoned for. Pius the Ninth found himself involved in this movement, and was dragged along by it, though for a moment he appeared to be its leader. The Liberal party on this occasion showed, of course, a little cunning;

but the pope himself knew it, and was not sincere in his forced course. There was therefore pretension on both sides; but neither of the parties was deceived.

No pope could have voluntarily associated with this movement, — least of all, Pius the Ninth, a bigoted, narrow-minded priest, — for its triumph necessarily implies a religious reformation and the downfall of the papal dominion in Rome.

Pius the Ninth, when made pope, was fifty-four years old: that is comparatively young to be chosen by the cardinals, who naturally like to run as often as possible the chance of the election. But it was not thought possible for him to live long, for he was almost constantly in bad health, and was often seized with dreadful epileptic convulsions. As a consequence, perhaps, of this sickness, his temperament was exceedingly irritable. Not one of his numerous relatives liked to live familiarly with him, either before or after his election, and he had neither friend nor favorite. But, with the exception of selfishness, he did not present the usual profligate vices of the papal clergy: his habits were temperate and his behavior was chaste. It is said that his formerly disordered conduct, and the consequent bad state of his health, accounted for this change.

It may be supposed that his continual state of moral isolation, combined with the dejection resulting from the nature of his sickness, contributed much to make him the coward that he now is, for his predominant passion was ambition, which is seldom joined with cowardice. Ambition, however, and fanaticism, led him to think highly of himself, not indeed as a man of talent and learning, but as a man separated by God. He thinks that Divine Providence once saved him,

when a child, from drowning; afterwards rescued him from a dissipated life, and finally directed on his head the unwilling votes of his colleagues, in order to accomplish, by his means, some great deed for the salvation of the papal church, now in danger: for instance, to establish, through his instrumentality, the dogma of the "Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin," — a measure which no one of his predecessors dared to undertake.

Besides, he thinks that he possesses all the power of a pope of the middle ages, and that he can raise, if he chooses, the so-called Catholic world in one mighty crusade on behalf of popery. He freely expressed this thought when the Austrian garrison of the fortress of Ferrara invaded that city, and there was a great commotion in Rome. He published the edict, "Be not afraid or excited; for you have the great privilege of possessing two hundred millions of Catholic brethren, and the whole of them will be ready to support the rights of the Holy See, should any one attempt to invade them." These words were intended to be a comfort, as well as a threat, to the Roman people, who already urged him too fast. He believes also that he receives direct inspiration from the Holy Ghost, when he privately kneels in fervent prayer, before going to bed.

A man of such a character and of such ideas will, no doubt, be able to trouble England, the United States, and other Protestant nations, by exciting in these countries his dependents and admirers. He will also be sure of obtaining, on his demand, the support of all the governments of Europe, even Protestant and schismatic, if his temporal authority is endangered by a revolution. But such a man can never be either

a leader or a follower in the Italian movement. The credit which was given to him in this capacity throughout the world was the result of the conduct of the Italian national party. We had taken the power into our own hands in Rome, crying out, "Viva Pio Nono;" and now our brethren throughout Italy uttered the same cry, exalted that man, and endeavored to force their rulers into the same position in which he was. The troubled condition of Europe, and the consequent trepidation of the Italian rulers, favored our projects; and we were eager to carry on our movement, as far as possible, without shedding blood.

I was perhaps more interested in this matter than many of my fellow-citizens, for I looked with eager attention on our situation, and that of the pope, particularly with respect to the approaching downfall of papacy. I confess that even the momentary triumph of Pius Ninth often troubled me, though I anticipated the moment of his fall. In the mean time, I critically observed his conduct, endeavoring to discover his real character, and to know if he was really aware of his playing a dangerous game. I had even occasion to speak to him on account of some business concerning my profession; for the pope himself is the supreme justice in his State, and there are instances in which he is called on to judge by himself, or by means of his "uditore santissimo" (auditor sanctissimi).

It was a summer afternoon when Monsignor Medici, the "great master of ceremonies" (maestro di cerimonie), introduced me into the private library, where the pope was reading papers at an elegant desk. The prelate had previously taught me the ceremonies

which I must perform, and was now constantly at my side, watching for their exact performance. As soon as we reached the threshold of the door, the prelate touched my arm, to remind me that it was the moment for the first genuflexion. I consequently threw myself on my knees, and, in the fashion of a Chinese mandarin, made a profound bow; but the "great vicar of God on earth" paid no attention to my bowing. The prelate kindly helped me to rise, and, when in the middle of the room, bade me to kneel and bow again.

Finally, arriving near the arm-chair of the pope, I for the third time threw myself on my knees, and bowed my face to the floor to kiss the "very holy foot" (santissimi piedi). At this, the pope, without suspending his reading, advanced his right foot some inches towards my face: it was covered with a cloth slipper embroidered with gold, and was good to the sight, though not to the smell, as the weather was very warm. Now, still on my knees, I delivered my speech in Latin, and the pope continued to peruse his papers. Though, not being familiar with Latin, he was unable to understand a word of my speech, he seemed to be pleased with it, from my occupying but a short time in its delivery.

The pope informed me that he would appoint a particular judge for the decision of my business, it being a rather complicated affair; and then he began to talk of indifferent matters, namely, where I was born, where my parents lived, if I succeeded in my profession, &c. This, of course, was a condescension on his part; and he knew too well how to manage these trifles, by which he made the greater impression, as the memory of his frowning, cruel predecessor was still fresh.

In the same manner, he never omitted an occasion of flattering the vanity of distinguished travellers who went to see him, especially if they were Protestants, for he then dispensed with kneeling and bowing, and presented to their kisses his hand and magic ring, instead of his holy foot. Moreover, he often made observations on their country, and dismissed them highly gratified with his sweet manners and pleasant countenance. I retired in the same manner I had gone there, kneeling and bowing again three times, and without turning my back on the pope.

At this time it was nearly a year since the amnesty had been promulgated, and the fame of Pius the Ninth was boundless throughout Europe, and even in America. Every one proclaimed him a great reformer, and many a good Protestant began to think, that, after having reformed the state, he would also reform the church. As for me, it was exceedingly amusing to see with my own eyes how groundless was such a rumor. We were, indeed, free, and all the power was in the hands of the people, but not one of the former abuses had been reformed by law. For instance, the Inquisition preserved the censorship on the public press; but, in spite of it, we had good newspapers, because the Reverend Father Inquisitors were afraid of the people.

As for a religious reformation, no man had more decidedly expressed his aversion to it, both when a bishop and when a pope. It was his narrow-minded bigotry that led him to many persecutions, which created so much hatred against him both in Spoleto and Imola during the time of his bishopric in those cities. He had been a pope only a few days when (a high compliment on his part) he went to say mass in the Church

del Gesù, the head-quarters of the Jesuits; and there he made a speech, proclaiming the Jesuits to be "the strong and experienced oarsmen who kept from shipwreck the bark of St. Peter." I think that he was right in thus speaking, for, without the institution of the Jesuits, papacy could not have been supported till now; but how was it possible to suppose that such a man intended to make a religious reformation?

Again, I have heard with my own ears the eloquent Father Ventura, the friend and favorite preacher of the pope, taking constantly as his theme, when preaching before him, some topics against the religious Reformation. I have heard him denouncing (I use his own words taken from a published address) "the shameful origin of the Reformation, the beastly nature of its author, the dissoluteness of its apostles, the blasphemies and contradictions of its doctrines, the baseness of its manœuvres, the hypocrisy of its promises, the turpitude of its motives, the iniquities of its spoliations, the cruelty of its massacres, the horror of its sacrileges, and the mighty misfortunes which it has brought upon the loveliest countries of Europe." A pope, of course, encouraging and provoking those absurd and unjust charges, could not at the same time meditate a reformation in religion.

But there was, I have said, a kind of conspiracy among the Italians. The press of Rome carefully concealed every act or word of the pope which could betray his true character, uniformly gave the most favorable interpretation to everything which could show a liberal spirit, and exaggerated the value and meaning of every trifle. Abroad were copied the statements of the Roman press, to which were added

many praises, which acquired the more credit as they were carried into more distant countries. In short, Pius the Ninth might, at this epoch, have been styled "the great humbug of the Italian national movement."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE SANFEDISTI.

"WHAT is the meaning of all these great preparations in the Corso and Piazza del Popolo?"

This question was addressed to me by my Spanish friend Fernandez, who had just come to Rome, attracted chiefly by curiosity to see a liberal pope. I replied that we were preparing for a great demonstration, to be made on the first anniversary of the promulgation of the amnesty, which would be two days after.

"Have you not expressed gratitude enough for that act by all the demonstrations of which I have heard?"

"That is not the question," replied I. "Our demonstrations are the arms by which we storm Pius the Ninth, in order to coax and bully him into concessions."

"Has he not already made many reformations and concessions?"

"Many, indeed, but judge yourself of their real importance for the public welfare. Not to speak of the amnesty, which was a necessary act for him, and acquired importance only by 'our extensive interpretation,' his concessions and reformations have, till

now, been limited to the following acts: He restrained the expenditure of his household; reformed the tenure of the papal stables by selling the horses, with the exception of sixty, and engaging only fifty men for their service; he has walked two or three times with only a few guards in some public street; preached once for ten minutes in the Church of St. Andrew; placed a particular box at the door of the palace for petitions directed to him; established a regular public audience for all kinds of people in the afternoon of every Thursday; and, finally, permitted the city of Rome to have a municipal authority appointed by him."

"I confess," said the Spaniard, "that the importance of those reformations is to be appreciated only in reference to the former oppression weighing upon you, and to the proud and cruel conduct of the late pope. But what is it for which you urge the pope?"

"We have received every slight concession," answered I, "with exaggerated demonstrations of gratitude. But we constantly demand to have the liberty of the press recognized by law; the expulsion of the Jesuits; and, the most important of all, the arming of a national guard, because, when the people are not well armed, and prepared to resist every encroachment upon their rights, no reliance can be placed upon any solemn promise or sacred oath of a pope or a king."

"Do you think, then," inquired the Spaniard, "that Pius the Ninth, enthusiastically applauded throughout all Europe as a great reformer, would in some instance retrace his steps, forfeit his solemn promises, and break a sacred oath?"

"He will do all this, and worse," answered I, "as soon as the interest of his caste requires it. Suppose,

for instance, that, after having established a national guard, we should ask for a political constitution securing a liberal government. In this case he will comply with our wish, because he is a coward, but let him have the means of putting us down, and he will not hesitate a moment to break his oath, and restore despotism."

Thus speaking, we were going down from Piazza Colonna to Via Condotti, with the intention of proceeding to the Pincian Hill, to enjoy the cool breeze and the spectacle of the setting sun, but we had hardly turned the corner of the Corso and Via Condotti, when we met, face to face, my friends Mattia, Fabio, and Marco, who, in a state of great excitement, hastily bade me follow them, and went straight towards the castle of St. Angelo. On the way Mattia informed me, in a few words, that a conspiracy of the Sanfedisti had just been discovered by Angelo Brunetti, called Ciceruacchio, a well-known and popular tribune.

In the mean time I saw many people running in haste in every direction, all the shops were rapidly closed, and from every door came out young men, holding hunting-guns, swords, and other weapons. We reached Via dell' Orso, which was literally filled with armed youths, and, arriving at the front of the castle, we saw there Ciceruacchio and others of our friends receiving arms from the garrison, composed of artillerymen, all on our side. In a few moments numerous companies of well-armed young men were organized, and they went successively to patrol the city in every direction, in order to restore order and quiet, as well as to prevent an outburst of the dreaded conspiracy.

During my tour I again met my Spanish friend, who

was armed with an ancient sword. He joined me, and, walking around, we talked of the event. "In what manner was the conspiracy discovered?" said he; and I informed him that Ciceruacchio, whose life was particularly sought for, received an intimation of it from one of the three assassins who had been appointed to kill him; but this man did not know the general plan, which was discovered by searching the house of a former infamous spy, called Minardi, who fled from Rome as soon as a rumor of discovery was heard.

"The plan of the Sanfedisti was this. During the great procession, which was to take place the day after to-morrow, each of the most prominent leaders of our party was personally destined to the poniards of one, two, or three hired assassins, according to the importance attached to their lives. The assassins were directed to keep constantly at a short distance from their intended victims, and to strike their blows only when a tumult should be raised. A certain Virginio Alpi, as it appears from a letter of his found in the house of Minardi, had enrolled assassins for the purpose from among the highwaymen belonging to the society of the Sanfedisti in the northern provinces. A large band of those ruffians had been already arrested, and they had each a poniard of the same shape, with their pockets well supplied with gold."

"From whom do they say that they got those things?" said the Spaniard; and I answered that "They were all silent on this point except two, who, overwhelmed by fear, declared that a prelate and a cardinal, after having blessed them, gave them the poniards. The prelate, no doubt, was Monsignor Grassellini, the Governor of Rome. He fled towards

Naples as soon as he heard of the discovery of the plot. Twenty dragoons on horseback have been sent in pursuit of him, but there is little hope of overtaking him. As for the cardinal, suspicion fell upon Lambruschini, but the two ruffians maintain that the one they saw was young."

The next morning I heard that the pope, as soon as informed of what had transpired the evening before, ordered his Swiss guards to close up and watch the gates of his palace. At ten o'clock, however, he sent for Monsignor Morandi, formerly an honest lawyer, and appointed him Governor of Rome. The new governor gave wise orders for the apprehension of the fugitive conspirators; and, early in the morning, published an edict requesting the people to be quiet, because the conspiracy was fully discovered, the government was in possession of important documents, and the culprits were partly arrested, and more would be arrested by the soldiers, pursuing them in every direction. "In the mean time," said he, "I am preparing for the trial, and justice will be done quickly."

In fact, Freddi, the colonel of the gendarmes, Nardoni, the chief spy of the late pope, and other chiefs of the conspiracy, were overtaken and brought to Rome. Nay, the pope himself wrote to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in order that Minardi, who had fled to Florence, should be arrested and sent to Rome. Peace and quiet were restored, and we waited for the results of the trial. The pope now no longer resisted the establishment of a national guard, and all our energy and attention were called to that object.

"I wonder," said Mattia often, "how Grassellini, Freddi, Alpi, and others, who are very cunning, could think that, by killing some of the leaders of our party,

and striking the people with terror, they would be able to restore despotism."

I could not understand this any better than he or any of our friends; but in a few days the news came to Rome that, on the morning of the 16th of July, the day fixed for the outburst of the conspiracy, a large body of Austrian troops crossed the river Po into the Roman territory, and said that they were coming to restore order. But Virginio Alpi, who was flying from Rome, having arrived at their encampment, they re-crossed the river, and he went with them.

It was, then, with the connivance of Austria that this Jesuitical movement had been attempted. But was the pope aware of it? I think that he knew nothing of the projected cool assassination of so many persons, but to be delivered from the overwhelming popular influence was, no doubt, the height of his wishes. In the official correspondence respecting Italy, which was published by order of the English cabinet, there is a passage illustrating this point. The English ambassador at Vienna, writing to Lord Palmerston a few days before, says, "Prince Metternich has made a verbal communication to me of a probable intervention of the Austrian troops in Rome, in order to deliver the pope from the popular anarchy. He did not say that the pope applied for this intervention, but I have no doubt of it."

Fifteen days had scarcely elapsed from the appointment of Monsignor Morandi to the governorship of Rome, when the pope gave him another office, and put in his place Monsignor Savelli, perhaps the most wicked of all the prelates then in Rome, and suspected to belong to the society of the Sanfedisti. The consequence was that the trial for the conspiracy of the

Sanfedisti was never heard of again. I will add, that afterwards the pope, as soon as restored to Rome by the Frenchmen, thought of rewarding all the wicked characters who had been concerned in that infamous plot. In fact, Monsignor Grassellini received the rich archbishopric of Palermo; Monsignor Savelli is now a cardinal; Colonel Freddi, a general; the base spy Nardoni, a general, too; Minardi, the general director of police; Alpi, the general director of the custom-house; and so on.

I declare, however, that I have still some doubts concerning the participation of the pope in that infernal plot, and I believe that Cardinal Lambruschini had no concern at all in it. The cardinal who blessed the poniards, together with Monsignor Grassellini, was probably Cardinal Antonelli, for subsequent events proved him to be a chief of the society of the Sanfedisti.

A failure of an attempt affords a good opportunity for the rising of the party which escaped the blow. We of course knew this, and tried to derive all possible advantage from that event. Our most important wish, namely, the establishment of a national guard, was now satisfied, and we proceeded at once to obtain also the expulsion of the Jesuits. The first general outburst against these hated monks was a great demonstration made with the usual cry, "Viva Pio Nono," when the news reached Rome that the Swiss Federalists had conquered the Jesuitical league called Sonderbund, backed by Austria, which threatened Switzerland with a civil war; besides, almost every night demonstrations were made around their convents, and cries uttered of "Viva Pio Nono," "Death to the

Jesuits," &c. Threats also of setting the convents on fire were often heard from the people.

The Jesuits cunningly applied to the pope, and implored him to place a company of the national guard at each of their convents, in order, as they said, to protect them from the mob. For some days the national guards obeyed the orders given by the pope; but soon after a general and positive refusal came from all the quarters of the national guards. The Jesuits well understood the meaning of this, and began to pack up their movables.

In fact, a few evenings after this event an immense crowd of people assembled in the Piazza del Popolo, and began to discuss the matter of the expulsion of the Jesuits. An old shepherd, a native of the Sabine mountains, who was clad in goat's skin, rose and said, "To drive the fox from its hole, the best way is to set fire to it;" and then, waving a large burning torch, he gave the signal.

The Jesuits heard the approaching storm, and, not daring to face it, deserted their convents. Those among them who resided in Rome were, of course, the most cunning of their cunning order. The pope chose a large cargo of them, which he sent as a gift to the United States of America. They landed at New York, and spread over the western States.

The day following that stormy night the official newspaper of the pope announced the withdrawing of the Jesuits, and said: "His holiness, who has ever looked with favor on these servants of the church, as unwearied fellow-laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, is bitterly grieved at this unhappy event. Considering, however, the growing excitement, and the numerous parties which threaten serious trouble, the pope

has been forced to look at these dangers: he has, therefore, made known to the father-general of the company his sentiments, as well as the concern he feels on account of the difficulty of the times and the prospect of serious disturbance. Upon this announcement the father-general resolved to yield to the force of circumstances."

None of the newspapers of Rome and Italy chose to copy these explicit words. They were satisfied with triumphantly announcing that the Jesuits had left Rome by order of the pope. The French newspapers were filled with the praises of such a great pope, who banished the Jesuits, and his fame as a religious reformer was diffused in all Protestant countries.

The man who had the principal share in discovering the Jesuitical plot, and whose life was particularly and eagerly sought for by the Sanfedisti,—I mean Angelo Brunetti, called Ciceruacchio,—was a humble carman, who never gave up his trade or his coarse dress, notwithstanding the prominent part he played in all the events of the revolution, which began with the amnesty, and was put down by foreign invasion. Ciceruacchio, now about forty-five years old, presented the best type of a handsome, strongly-built man, inured to labor. His face and countenance, when occupied by serious thoughts, presented all the features of Marius, though his character was totally different from that of the stern and ferocious consul of Arpinium.

Ciceruacchio, warmly attached to his wife and children, had an excessive veneration for his mother, who boasted of having devoted all her life to the education of this only child, since his father had died very young and poor. It was not a literary education she had

given him, for, though he could easily read a printed book, he wrote only with difficulty, and the whole of his knowledge was confined to the ancient and modern history of Rome. He knew this, however, thoroughly. She wanted, above all, to make him an honest citizen, and then an industrious carman, because his father, who also had been a carman, was rather indolent.

Ciceruacchio was now comparatively rich, though he frequently assisted his less fortunate fellow-tradesmen. All the common people knew him, and were fond of him. The late pope had been informed of the wonderful influence of Ciceruacchio, and tried to gain him, but in vain. The new pope thought for a moment of attaching to his person that formidable and popular tribune, but soon perceived this to be impossible. How, indeed, could he win over an honest man, of moderate habits, who was insensible to the flattery of courtly honors, and thought himself rich and happy in his condition?

The true secret of this man's influence lay in his generous and virtuous conduct, and in his extraordinary powers of mind. The quality for which he was generally admired afterwards, especially by foreigners, — I mean his astonishing eloquence, — was unknown before the establishment of freedom, and he himself had never thought of his possessing it. In general he spoke but little, and then used the fewest possible words. This is a common habit with the Roman people, and presents a striking contrast to the noisy loquacity of their brethren of Naples. But, when he addressed the people on momentous occasions, the graceful strength of his clear and fluent speech proved fascinating even to men of talent and learning.

I have sometimes seen him stopping his car in the midst of a tumultuous crowd, and, making a tribune of it, deliver speeches for which an orator might have toiled for years in vain. He was calm, modest, unpretending, and affable. He did a great deal on behalf of the liberal cause, and for his services the revolutionists desired to give him important employments, and even insisted on his taking an active part in public business. But in vain: his co-operation was entirely gratuitous, disinterested, and free from ambition. The common people made him their candidate at the epoch of the elections for the Roman Constituent Assembly, but he declined, saying, "To draw a car in the streets is very different from drawing the great car of the State; and I do not at all understand the matter of making good laws."

Afterwards, during the siege of Rome, Ciceruacchio fought bravely, together with his two sons, the youngest of whom was killed. Besides, he spent much of his property in helping the sufferers. What was the end of this man? None can tell. He and his son mysteriously disappeared. The Holy Inquisition perhaps seized them!

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE "SACRA ROMANA ROTA."

EVERYTHING is holy and sacred with the pope, even the chair upon which he sits. Why, then, should not also the superior tribunals, of which he is the first president and the supreme judge, be sacred and holy? They are, indeed, too often composed of wicked prelates; but that matters little; and, should they commit injustice, it must be a "holy injustice," which papal subjects are bound to venerate. To be admitted to plead before those sacred tribunals was, of course, a great privilege, involving a certain participation in their holiness. Being an unworthy subject, and suspected of entertaining sinful thoughts about the authority of the pope, I could not aspire to such an honor during the last years of the reign of Gregory XVI. But now all was changed. Exhibiting, then, all the necessary documents concerning my theoretical and practical courses both in civil and canon law, I asked for the preliminary admission to the examination, which consists in a difficult extemporaneous experiment to be made before the supreme tribunal, called "Sacra Romana Rota."

After all the required formalities had been fulfilled, that tribunal, on the 3d of August, 1847, issued a decree, *plenis suffragiis*, by which I was recognized

as "Sacræ Romanæ Rotæ advocatus," and invested with all the privileges belonging to my new office. This event improved my condition very much, and extended my credit. Besides, the fees established for this and other superior tribunals were almost double those allowed to lawyers before the inferior courts. My occupation, too, was now congenial to my taste, because I was a lawyer (*advocatus*), and not an attorney (*procurator*). There can be no regular lawsuit unless each party is represented by an attorney, on whom devolves the care of the proceedings. He applies for the assistance of a lawyer only when there is to be a difficult discussion. The lawyer gives his opinion, or makes a formal defence, always in writing, and then calls privately on the judges to see if they want any further explanation; for there is no public and verbal discussion before these tribunals. My occupation was therefore to sit in my office, writing, or to give advice to those who came to consult me.

The "Sacra Romana Rota," the most conspicuous among the papal tribunals, is also the most ancient in existence in Europe, having undergone no material modification during the last six hundred years. Its name, "Rota" (wheel), is not derived from its fickleness, as many an etymologist has supposed, but from a round table turning on a pivot, at which the twelve judges (auditores) of this tribunal sit during their meetings. But let no one suppose that there is any good or bad spirit to turn the table. They turn it with their own hands, in order to place the presiden tial desk successively before the one who is chosen president by the appellant; for they sit by order of seniority in the office, and have no permanent president.

The "Sacra Romana Rota" was intended to be a supreme tribunal for the Catholic world in all questions concerning marriages, religious vows, ecclesiastical jurisdiction, matters of benefice, and generally the interest and property of the church; for both of the contending parties have the right of appealing to the pope, and, besides, he himself refers such suits to his tribunal. But first the Reformation, and then particular treaties called "Concordati," have greatly restricted the jurisdiction of this cosmopolite tribunal, which is now recognized only in Spain, Belgium, and such parts of Italy as are not subject to Austria.

The constitution and organization of this tribunal are very singular. The twelve judges composing it are called "auditores" of the pope, because they have the rank of chaplains of the pope, meet in his own apartment, and go to ask for a particular delegation of power from him each time they assemble, so that they cannot hold their sessions during the vacancy of the "Holy See." They are all prelates, though they may be laymen, and each of them, by living long enough, can become a cardinal; for their dean, that is, the senior in office, acquires such a right after some years of service.

Only four of these prelates are appointed by the pope, four are elected by the cities of Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, and Perugia; one is sent by France, one by Spain, and two by Austria, as holding the right once belonging to the republic of Venice. The right of electing these judges involves the duty of giving them a large annual income, which they receive besides their salary. France, for instance, pays seven thousand dollars yearly to the auditor appointed by her government. This arrangement, however, pro-

duces a good effect by giving to the majority of those judges a certain independence. They use no language but Latin. Each of them has three lawyers attached to his office to help him in the discharge of his duty, but they have only an advisory vote.

Their meeting takes place regularly every Monday and Friday morning, at eight o'clock. They begin by listening to the mass in the private chapel of the pope, and then go to him to ask for the power of judging. The room in which they meet is locked, and no one can go in or come out till they have concluded their business, which takes but little time; for the contending parties — that is, their attorneys and lawyers — must agree beforehand upon a short formula called *dubium*, which implies the decision of the controverted point by yes or no. Their vote, therefore, consists in the word "affirmative" or "negative," according to the opinion which they have formed from reading the allegations and documents at home.

They give no reasons for their decision, — nay, they are bound by a solemn oath carefully and constantly to conceal their individual opinions and votes, before as well as after the decision. But one of the lawyers attached to the office of the prelate who was the president, publishes the decision, and gives the motives of it, by taking them from the allegation of the victorious party. If the other party submit to the decision, all is over; if not, the point is discussed again in the same manner, once, twice, thrice, &c., should the judges think proper; otherwise, they answer with the word *expediatur*, which has the effect of a sentence. Two uniform sentences constitute a *rejudicata*.

With all its imperfections, this tribunal is the best we have; but there are so many taxes to be paid, that

no one will come before it except for a very important and valuable object. In other cases, a wise person will arrange the matter with the party bringing suit. The poor, then, and the unfortunate, would often suffer wrong merely from being sued; but the lawyers of Rome long ago formed an association called the Society of S. Ivo, whose members are bound to assist those persons for nothing, and the society either pays the expense, or makes the opposite party pay it if they are victorious.

The "Sacra Romana Rota" has no doubt lost much of its former splendor and power; but it still retains the most important of its privileges, — a privilege with which no other tribunal on earth was ever endowed, — that of determining on the admission of new saints into heaven. The final decision, indeed, depends upon the "infallible" judgment of the pope; but it is the "Sacra Rota Romana" which examines the claims of the new saints seeking for admission into heaven, and, should this tribunal declare them to be unfounded, the pope would no doubt leave them in purgatory, or in some worse place. These claims, usually proposed by relatives, or by the order to which the deceased saint belonged, are discussed with the ordinary proceedings. A lawyer opposes the admission, and endeavors to prove that the proposed claims — for instance, some wonderful miracles — are groundless, or but an artful pretence. He is therefore called the "lawyer of the devil" *(avvocato del diavolo)*; while, on the contrary, he who sustains their claims is termed the "lawyer of the saints" *(avvocato dei santi)*.

Now, only to think that I had been admitted into such a privileged class of lawyers, on whose co-operation or opposition depended the admission or the

exclusion of new saints! And perhaps the day would come in which some one would engage my services to send a saint to heaven! Such services would be counted to me in future, besides my being well paid in the present, — for no new saint can reach heaven if there is not some one ready to pay at least one hundred thousand dollars, a portion of which the lawyers engaged in that business are entitled to.

I had previously witnessed (during 1840) the splendid operation of making new saints, and it was quite an important occasion, as there were six candidates, and their friends, called "promotori," had plenty of money. There was, therefore, great merriment in Rome for several days, and many foreigners came from England, France, Spain, and other countries, to see that great performance. It was really one of the most pleasant spectacles that I ever saw. But I particularly enjoyed looking at the happy faces of my future colleagues, who, placed conspicuously before the public, appeared exceedingly glad to have sent their clients to heaven, and to have filled their own pockets with gold.

But, alas! they were not all happy. One of them, who was rather poor and had a numerous family, had lost the cause of his client. I was sincerely sorry for the poor man, and so were also many of his creditors; but I could not pity the unfortunate saint and his friends. He was a certain Leonardo da Porto Maurizio. Not to mention that there was already an ancient saint of the same name (Leonard), it was a fact that only a few years before this pretended saint had been given the place of "beato" (blessed), which he might have kept at least for some years longer. But, through the fanatical zeal of his friends. he was

induced to apply for a better place, by undergoing a new trial, the result of which endangered not a little his reputation, as the "Sacra Rota" declared that the miracles which he was said to have performed were mere forgery.

The disappointed lawyer, however, did not accept this as a good reason for exclusion, and tried to soothe his grief by abusing the tribunal. This is an ancient habit with lawyers. But, in truth, I did not think that the "Sacra Rota" was to be blamed for their caution, especially as, only a few years before, they had been shamefully imposed upon in the case of a new saint called Philomena. A priest, who came from Naples to Rome, applied to the pope, saying that one night when sound asleep he saw in a vision a very handsome young girl, clad in celestial glory, who told him that her name was Philomena, formerly the only daughter of a Roman patrician in the time of Diocletian. The emperor, who was in love with her, slew her because she would not receive his addresses, as she was a Christian; and she added that her bones were buried in a catacomb near Rome, which she described to him so well, that, having been there formerly, he could not fail to find them, though there were many corpses buried in the same place.

The pope was pleased with this story, and permitted the visionary priest to go and take the bones formerly belonging to that handsome girl. The priest opened one of the sepulchral niches, still unexplored, in the catacombs of St. Sebastiano, and, taking from it the bones, well preserved on account of the volcanic nature of the soil, applied for their canonization, as belonging to the holy virgin and martyr, Santa Philomena. It proved a good speculation for the priest, as he was

generously supplied with money from many quarters for his pious purpose, and, besides, the exhibition of the holy bones was highly profitable.

Now, Santa Philomena became in a short time one of the most fashionable saints, for the sister of the King of Naples, going to be married to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, took with her that priest and his treasure; and her zeal for the worship of the sacred bones was rewarded by a great miracle. She was confined, and the priest had brought the holy bones into her room, and was praying there, when she saw a vision. The bones seemed to have taken flesh again, and presented the piteous spectacle of a young girl just slain. At this, the grand duchess was delivered from her pains. But now she was struck with the unlucky idea of having those bones arranged in good order, and covered with wax, to represent the holy virgin and martyr in the shape in which she had seen her.

A mechanical surgeon, commissioned for this operation, discovered that these bones presented all the characteristics of a tall and strongly-built man, who had attained his maturity. Great blame, therefore, fell upon the "Sacra Romana Rota" for having omitted the inspection of the bones, as, in that case, the "lawyer of the devil," through his knowledge of surgery, would have easily discovered the fatal mistake, which endangered even the infallibility of the pope. In order to diminish the scandal, it was said that it made no difference in heaven whether it was an aged man or a young girl. That is indeed true; but who knows if that obscure man deserved to be enrolled among the saints and have his bones worshipped under the name of an interesting young lady? Besides, it is well

known that many poor pagan slaves were buried in the catacombs by their friends, and sometimes through the charity of the earlier Christians. It is therefore probable that, instead of the fair lady-love of Diocletian, a wretched pagan slave, picked up dead in the road, was buried there, and that now his bones were canonized, worshipped, and endowed with the faculty of working miracles. All this through a mistake of the "Sacra Romana Rota."

CHAPTER XLV.

PROGRESS OF THE ITALIAN MOVEMENT.

On the evening of the 20th of December, 1847, there was in Rome a secret meeting of many chiefs of "Young Italy," and I attended it, with my friends Fabio and Mattia. We did not desire secrecy for our own sake, but there were some of our brethren who had come privately to Rome from all parts of Italy, and it was highly important that they should be able to go back safely, and be unsuspected at home. Captain Lione, one of them, had come, at great risk, from the island of Sardinia, where he was with his company; for he belonged to the army of the King of Piedmont. He took leave of absence for a hunt, and embarked in a fishing-boat, which was to smuggle him into the island again. He was a highly promising young man, and died afterwards from a wound caused by an Austrian bullet.

The eldest of us, Judge Bartolo, who had been during many years an exile in France and England, took the chair, and said: "The constant charge which foreigners had brought against us was our want of union, and our petty municipal jealousies. Those evils have existed in Italy through the continual exertions of our oppressors. But now, thank God, there is in Italy only the Italian people,— twenty-four millions,—

all of the same race, speaking the same language, bound together by the same glorious memories, and now strongly united for the great common object of their independence and freedom. We are all fully agreed upon this main object of our movement: everything proves it, and foreigners themselves are led to confess it, though unable to understand the reason, because they do not know the progress which has taken place in Italy. If there is any difference of opinion (and there must be some) about the future political arrangement of our country, let the universal suffrage of the Italian people settle the matter; but universal suffrage cannot be applied for till we shall have conquered. Let us, then, postpone any secondary question, and maintain, at any rate, that wonderful union which has characterized the beginning of our present movement."

"Piedmont," said Capt. Lione, "was formerly perhaps the less connected member of the great Italian family; but now it is full of virgin enthusiasm for the Italian cause. Our first triumph over our despotic government was the expulsion of the Jesuits. The union and firmness which we showed on that occasion frightened the government, which, having begun to yield, is now at our disposal."

"What do you think of your king, Charles Albert?" said the president.

"I think," replied Capt. Lione, "that he fully deserves the title given to him of King of the Jesuits. He betrayed the Carbonari in 1821, and, soon after, he went to fight against the constitutionalists of Spain, among whom were many of his former associates. Ten years after, having been made a king, he abused his power to persecute and kill those whom he had

formerly betrayed; and now, after seventeen years of bloody tyranny, he pretends to be changed, because he is afraid. Moreover, he is a very inconsistent man. His life, for instance, is one of profligacy, but he fasts to make atonement for this, and then both of these causes contribute to ruin his health and injure his character."

"Do you think that he will be forced to give a political constitution to his subjects?"

"He cannot help it; and you will hear of this concession in a few days. The people will accept it as preparatory means of further progress."

"Such is exactly the case in Tuscany also," said Atto Fiorentino. "The grand duke is afraid, and therefore pretends to be a great lover of Italy. He has already spoken of giving a political constitution."

"What do you think of Ferdinand the Second?" said the president to Gennaro Pece, a young man from Naples.

"I cannot tell," said he, "what will be the course of that murderous tyrant. He is the most cowardly of all the princes of Italy, and perhaps the most wicked of living men; but he has an army of Swiss soldiers, well tried, and faithful to his person, and he seems to be determined to resist and treat with contempt all the demonstrations by which his colleagues have been frightened and subdued. But since I left Naples an important event has taken place. Many of the Swiss soldiers have been embarked for Sicily, because our brethren of that island have sent him a chivalrous intimation that, if he does not restore to them their former political constitution before the 12th of January next, they will shake off his yoke on

that very day. If, therefore, our brethren should maintain ——"

"Yes, we shall maintain our intimation," interrupted, with much spirit, a fierce-looking young man, evidently a native of Sicily; "and I shall embark tomorrow to assist my friends in the battle."

"God bless your generous efforts!" said the president; "but I am afraid that your partial movement will be of no avail. Why did you not combine with our common brethren of Naples?"

"It makes no difference," said the Neapolitan, hastily; "we know it now, and we shall help it, on our part."

"I beg to state," said a delicate young man there present, "that Lombardy and Venice are as ready as the rest of Italy for a great movement. The Austrian soldiers have already answered with murder our peaceful demonstrations, but this only makes our victory a necessity, and we shall conquer. I received the wound which you see on my brow in the lecture-room of civil law at the University of Pavia, where many of my friends were slaughtered like lambs. We shall undoubtedly make a movement, but you must come immediately to our help."

"Rely upon us," was the answer given in concert.

After having arranged the general measures calculated to secure unity of action throughout Italy, the meeting adjourned, and we went home, deeply impressed by the idea that the general agitation which prevailed everywhere, during that momentous year, would produce a general outbreak, and give place to events of incalculable importance in the approaching new year, 1848. We were full of enthusiasm and hope, mingled, however, with anxiety and apprehen-

sion, much like an army on the eve of a decisive battle.

In the mean time, Pius the Ninth, in order to quell, at least in part, the movement for a political constitution, had thought proper to establish a consultative senate, called "Consulta di Stato," whose members were chosen by himself. We made, as usual, a great demonstration for this unimportant concession, but expressed our desire that it should be the first step towards the establishment of a regular constitution. The pope was much hurt by this request, and, when the members of the consulta assembled before him at the opening of their first session, he spoke to them in a bitter manner, and declared that the consulta was all they could expect from him, and that he neither could nor would listen to impertinent popular demands for institutions which were incompatible with the free exercise of his temporal and spiritual authority. This must be remembered in order to form an idea of his character; because, only a few days after, he followed the example of the other Italian princes, and gave a political constitution, which he swore to observe and maintain during all his life, and which he destroyed as soon as a sufficient physical force was put at his disposal.

Almost a month had elapsed since the meeting of which I have spoken, when the news reached Rome that a Neapolitan man-of-war, passing before the harbor of Civitavecchia (forty-eight miles west of Rome), had hoisted a large flag, with the three national colors (red, white, and green) of Italy, had fired twice all her cannon, and given all the signs of great joy. We imagined, of course, what the matter was, and, soon after, we learned by the mail that the Sicilian move-

ment had proved successful. The people made a tumult in Naples at this announcement; and the king offered a liberal political constitution, throwing upon his ministers all the blame for the past ill-treatment of the people, which he had not known,—otherwise he would have taken such a step long before, as he felt that his subjects were quite prepared for free institutions.

The people of Naples pretended to believe the false declarations of that vile tyrant, and he went to swear the maintenance of the constitution. His father, too, had given a constitution, and sworn to maintain it in the presence of the blood of S. Gennaro, who made the usual miracle to show his approbation; and, notwithstanding this, he broke his oath after having obtained an absolution in advance from Pope Pius the Seventh. The present king, therefore, said, "I will not go to the church polluted by the false oath of my father; for I intend to swear in good faith, and maintain it." He took the oath, then, in the church of St. Francis of Paula, upon the gospel, and in the presence of the "holy wafer." Notwithstanding all this, a few months after, Pius the Ninth, a perjurer himself, was called on to sweep away this solemn oath from the soul of his "beloved son," the King of Naples.

But the unexpected event of the King of Naples giving a liberal constitution had a powerful effect upon the other princes of Italy. The King of Piedmont first, and then the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Modena, and the Duke of Parma, offered liberal constitutions to their subjects. Only the pope maintained a perfect silence. But the municipal authority of Rome, created by him ("Tu quoque, fili mi!") presented to him a respectful but formal de-

mand that he should give a political constitution, as all the other princes of Italy had done.

Francis Sturbinetti, the minister for the public works, happened to be present when the pope received that demand. Sturbinetti was a lawyer of great learning both in civil and canon laws, and much esteemed in Rome for his noble and independent character. "Do you think," said the pope, "that I can comply with this demand, without violating the canon laws?"

"The canon laws," answered the minister, "were made for the government of the church, and there is nothing in them concerning the temporal government of a state."

"Well," replied the pope, "I will devote the night to prayer, and will do whatsoever the Holy Ghost may deign to inspire me to do."

Next morning, the minister Sturbinetti again saw the pope, who informed him that, having received a favorable inspiration during the night, he had commissioned several cardinals to draw up the plan of a political constitution. This plan was soon ready, and the pope subjected it to the revision and approbation of the college of the cardinals, and then published his scheme of a constitution, mentioning that all the cardinals approved it.

Those political constitutions were all based on the model of the French constitution, and were generally very defective. That of the pope was perfect nonsense, as no law could be passed without his free sanction. All this, however, mattered but little; for we were as free as a people could desire to be, and there was no obstacle to our progress. Yet we could not deceive ourselves: we had obtained no permanent advantage, so long as Austria ruled in Italy. All our

thoughts, therefore, and all our preparations, had but one object, — war against Austria.

The news from Milan and Venice was constantly of the most distressing character: the reign of terror was enforced with unparalleled cruelty. But we felt sure that our brothers would make the movement which they had promised. They had no arms at all: even their table-knives were broken in such a manner as to render them inoffensive weapons, and every meeting of more than three persons, in private or in public, was fired at without any previous warning. But all this only supplied a powerful impetus, — the fury of desperation. In fact, on the 22d of March, 1848, there was a general contemporaneous outbreak throughout the provinces of Lombardy and Venice.

In Venice there was but a short struggle, for the garrison, surprised and frightened to death, surrendered to the revolutionists, in order to save their lives and property. The small garrisons scattered throughout the Venetian territory also surrendered, and the revolutionists spared them all. Only the fortress of Mantua was preserved to the Austrians, through the intrigues of the bishop of that city, who, pretending to act as a mediator between the people and the commander of the fortress, gave the opportunity to the latter of receiving a strong reinforcement.

In Milan, however, there was a dreadful contest. The garrison there was commanded by the famous Marshal Radetzsky, and sheltered by a fortified castle. There were twenty-five thousand of the best soldiers of Austria, well armed and well tried, who were supplied with plenty of cannon and ammunition. The revolutionists had only sticks, the stones of the pavement, and the furniture of the houses; but they

soon obtained arms from their slaughtered foes. The battle was desperate on both sides, for five days and four nights, without any interruption. The gates of the city were constantly kept by the Austrians; but, by means of some little balloons, the citizens sought to rouse the country people. In fact, throngs of peasants, armed with their agricultural implements, began to appear here and there around the walls, and, by a desperate deed of valor, the citizens obtained command of Porta Orientale (the eastern gate).

Radetzsky, in this contingency, determined to make a last general effort: he distributed brandy freely to the soldiers, and then sent them to the assault, with the order to kill every soul they might meet, and set all the houses on fire. The cruelties perpetrated by those drunken monsters are far beyond belief. They took a barbarous pleasure in cutting to pieces the bodies of delicate ladies and children, who had fallen into their hands, in order to throw them against the barricades kept by the fighting men; and, running their bayonets through the bodies of infants, they hoisted them on high, and uttered savage cries! But those cruelties, instead of striking the people with terror according to the calculations of the Austrian general, excited the popular fury, and drew upon their authors a dreadful retribution. Even ladies fought with desperate courage. One of them, Sottocorni by name, killed the soldier who had run through her baby of three months old, and then put herself at the head of some female friends and fought bravely.

At length the Austrian general withdrew from Milan with the bloody remains of his army, and sheltered himself in the impregnable fortress of Verona, which,

in connection with Mantua and Peschiera, forms a strong military triangle. The whole of Italy, therefore, was free and independent; and we had only to prevent the Austrian general from receiving reinforcements, without which he must unavoidably surrender sooner or later. This would be an easy matter, provided that our constitutional princes did not prove the most wicked perjurers and traitors; but such they were.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE WAR AGAINST AUSTRIA.

"LET us go and help our brethren," was the general outcry in Rome, when the news of the glorious deeds of Milan was brought there. It was for this that we had drilled ourselves in arms since we had obtained them, and our enthusiasm was now kindled by a generous example crowned with success. Who could put a stop to our movement?

"This must be a very painful and embarrassing occurrence for the pope," said my friend Mattia, "for I suspect him of having constantly maintained the most friendly secret intercourse with Austria, while he was temporizing with us, and deceiving both."

"That makes no difference with us," answered Marco, the Venetian painter, now full of enthusiasm; "we do not want the papal benediction in order to conquer the Austrians. General Ferrari, an old and well-tried soldier, has offered to lead us, and I care nothing for all the popes in the world."

"I know," said Mattia, "that the pope cannot do us any good, but you must confess that he can do much harm. I am glad, however, that now he will be obliged to throw off the mask, and declare himself for or against us. But I cannot believe that the pope will declare himself against Austria. She is the nat-

ural supporter of papacy, which no longer relies either on revolutionary France or on weak and anarchical Spain."

"You are much mistaken," said Fabio, laughing, as he at this moment entered the room. "I can tell you that the pope does not at all oppose our movement; nay, he has appointed General Durando to conduct the troops."

"Who is that general?" said I.

"I do not know," answered Fabio. "He came but yesterday from Spain, and he says that he is a native of Piedmont."

"We do not want him," said Marco: "we have Ferrari, whom we know, and on whom we rely."

"Do not be excited," replied Fabio, still laughing; "the pope gives you Ferrari also, so that you will have two masters instead of one."

This conversation was held in the drawing-room of Monsignor Muzzarelli, the dean of the Sacra Romana Rota, a prelate (not a priest) of talent and learning, who afterwards gave up his right to be a cardinal, threw off his priestly uniform, and took a prominent part in the revolution. He was not in at that time, but soon after came home, and his friend, Count Recchi, the minister of the pope, was with him.

"Do you know," said Monsignor Muzzarelli to us, "who persuaded the pope to let you go to war against Austria?"

"Shall we thank Count Recchi for it?" said Mattia, bowing to the minister.

He disclaimed the merit, and said, emphatically, "It was Cardinal Antonelli, whom you heedless young men detest the most among the cardinals."

"If so, I begin to suspect a snare," said I, "because

'timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.' I know too well his whole life and character, and feel quite sure that he now affects liberal feelings only to prepare treason."

"You are unjust," replied the minister, earnestly, "when you speak so. I also know his former life. But cannot a man repent and become honest?"

"No doubt," answered Fabio, with a sneer, "especially if he has at hand a confessor well paid and well fed, as each cardinal has."

The minister felt hurt, and left the room. He was an honorable and sincere man, and, though belonging to the "moderate party," he was now in earnest for the war, and dissented from his colleagues, who thought we must wait until Austria should peacefully withdraw from Italy on occasion of the downfall of the Turkish empire.

Only three days were consumed in organizing our forces and setting out on our expedition, for we were all individually ready. Four thousand young men, belonging to the national guards, and formed in three legions, marched out first from Porta del Popolo, and three regiments of volunteers followed. Passing through or near the principal cities of the Roman State, we received additional volunteers, and our march was everywhere enthusiastically greeted. Our first general review was held in Bologna, only thirty miles from the boundaries of Lombardy, and it proved very satisfactory. We were eighteen thousand young men, full of ardor, disciplined, well armed, and well dressed, having the aspect and the strength of a regular army, with the enthusiasm of young volunteers.

Now we were to be placed on a war footing, and Bologna supplied us with money and ammunition, as we

could expect nothing from the pope, and the regular supplies which many of us received from our families, though freely shared with all, proved insufficient. It was through the eloquent speeches of our chief chaplains, Ugo Bassi and Alessandro Gavazzi, that public sympathy was deeply excited in our favor. The latter was then a fervent Catholic, and the pope himself appointed him to be the general chaplain of the army. We took Bassi by ourselves, in the same manner that we had formerly set him free, in spite of the exceptions of the amnesty.

I remember with deep emotion an episode connected with the speech delivered by Bassi in the great Piazza of S. Petronio in Bologna. I was there on duty, together with many of my fellows. The whole of the audience were deeply interested and moved, and all of them laid something upon a kind of altar which was erected for that purpose. But I particularly noticed, at a short distance from me, a very handsome young girl, who seemed to be enraptured by the speech of that surpassingly eloquent man. Her dress and the whole of her countenance showed that she had suffered the hardships of poverty and labor. When everybody went to offer something, she blushed and looked disappointed: the poor girl had not a penny in her pocket or an ornament on her person. But, as if struck by a new thought, she suddenly started, and, entering a barber's shop near by, bade him cut off the whole of her very beautiful hair, which she laid on the patriotic altar.

It was only at this moment that I recognized the features of the noble-hearted creature. It was she who had formerly been the favorite servant of my dear Enrichetta,— the same little girl who had brought

to the tomb of her mistress, and handed to me, the rose which I planted there. She did not distinguish me from among the other soldiers, and, when I recognized her, she was lost in the crowd. I inquired for her when, some months after, I was again in Bologna, and was sorry to learn that she had been accidentally killed by a bomb, when the Austrians assaulted that city on the 8th of August of that year (1848).

Poor thing! the same loss which saddened my life deprived thee too early of thy good protectress; but she left something of herself even in thee.

The condition of our revolutionary brethren of Lombardy and Venice had been quite changed during the few days while we were marching to aid them. Cardinal Amat, the legate of Bologna, informed us that they no longer needed our support, and that our presence in their country would prove an embarrassment. In fact, as soon as the revolution was known to have been successful, both in Lombardy and Venice, the King of Piedmont crossed the river Ticino, at the head of seventy thousand regular troops, and went to Milan, declaring that he came as a brother to aid his brothers in throwing off all foreign oppression; and then he strongly garrisoned Milan, Venice, and other important cities.

This bold step of that king, which appeared to be sincere and disinterested, was a fatal blow to the revolutionary party, who, discountenanced and urged by the outcries of the moderate party, agreed to a kind of compromise by which all questions concerning the future government of Italy were postponed till the end of the war. But Charles Albert, the King of Piedmont, was not a man to lose, through any scruple, such an

opportunity of securing the long-coveted possession of Lombardy. Instead, therefore, of fighting the Austrians, he consumed all his time in petty intrigues, in order to obtain what he called "the fusion of Lombardy and Venice with Piedmont." But the armed revolutionists were a powerful obstacle to his projects, because they could not be satisfied to see that the result of so great a revolution, prepared during so many years, and by means of so many generous sacrifices, was only to augment the territory of the King of Piedmont, the former traitor and murderer of Italian patriots. So that Charles Albert and his partisans, thinking but little of the Austrians, made it their chief object to get rid of the Italian volunteers.

In such an unfavorable state of things our little army entered the territory of Venice, which we found wide open to the Austrian troops coming from Germany; for Charles Albert had concentrated all his troops in Lombardy, except one garrison left in the city of Venice. It was of prime importance to stop the march of these Austrian troops before they could effect a junction with Radetzsky, who was anxiously watching for them at Verona. We, therefore, took up a military position on the river Piave, and relied on the support of six thousand Tuscan troops, marching at a little distance from us, and of forty thousand Neapolitan soldiers, who had now reached Bologna. This force was more than we needed, in order to send back to Austria all her reinforcement, and to keep the Alps against every foreign invasion.

But, alas! the Tuscan troops, left alone between Mantua and Verona, were cut to pieces by twenty thousand Austrian soldiers, almost in presence of the army of the King of Piedmont, upon whose support

they had relied. It was a great calamity for Italy, for they were all young men of talent and learning, and several of them the most distinguished scholars of Italy. One regiment, for instance, was formed entirely of the students of the University of Pisa, commanded by the professors. Pila, a great natural philosopher, met there a glorious death; Mosotti, a great mathematician, lost his right hand; and Montanelli, a lecturer on civil law, a distinguished writer, and a minister of the grand duke, received three wounds with bayonets and fell a prisoner.

In the mean time, the Neapolitan troops, who had already arrived at Bologna, drew back by order of their king. Only the chief general of that army, Guglielmo Pepe, and some three hundred of the most distinguished officers, rebelled against his order, and went to Venice, where they afterwards made themselves exceedingly useful. In fact, the King of Naples, by an able plan of dissimulation and perfidy, prepared a reaction against the people; and, when all the city of Naples was in great joy for the first meeting of the constitutional representatives, on the 15th of May, 1848, he sent some Swiss soldiers to imprison them, and ordered the general bombardment of the city, from the castles and the sea. In this manner that "beloved son" of Pius the Ninth succeeded in restoring his despotic authority among dreadful ruins and a lake of innocent blood. It was then he recalled the army which he had sent against Austria in order to make a show of pretended patriotism.

Our position now became difficult and dangerous. We were the only corps of volunteers, since those of Venice and Lombardy had been artfully disbanded by Charles Albert. We could not rely upon him; nay,

we must be on our guard against his tricks. Besides, the Austrians had published an edict that "every crusader (as they called us, from our bearing a cross on our breasts), taken with arms in hand, should be hung as a brigand;" and to show that they were in earnest, they offered, as a spectacle to us, a prisoner whom they had taken in a skirmish, by hanging him to a lofty oak-tree, with a placard at his feet, exhibiting in large letters the words, "A Roman Crusader." This made us shudder with horror, inasmuch as that victim was our beloved friend Marco, the Venetian painter.

Barbarous as was this act, we had no right to complain of it according to the laws of nations in time of war, for we did not at present belong to any government. In fact, as soon as the pope was informed that we had crossed the river Po and entered the battle-field, he published a formal declaration, secretly printed beforehand, to the effect that our expedition had taken place against his will, as he could not approve the war against Austria, because she was a faithful Catholic nation. Count Recchi, Prince Doria, and all other ministers of the pope, except Cardinal Antonelli, immediately resigned, disclaiming any participation in such shameful treason. A general popular commotion took place in Rome; the national guards took possession of the gates of the city and of the castle St. Angelo, and proceeded to make all the cardinals prisoners in their own palaces. Cardinal Della Genga made his escape in disguise, but, on being recognized, was again taken prisoner. The palace of the pope was also in the power of the national guards, and no doubt the pope would have been then deposed, had not Terenzio Mammiani interfered, by saying that it would ruin the Italian movement.

This news reached us just on the eve of our first battle against the Austrians. At that moment I was in a detached service, about a mile in front of our avant-guard, and, being then only a corporal, had with me seven soldiers. At ten o'clock in the evening, our captain, who was my friend Mattia, came up to me with the whole of our company, as he had been ordered to establish an ambush at that point. He had with him my two brothers and the eldest brother of my mother. They belonged to another company, but they had volunteered for this service, in order to be with Mattia and me in that dangerous position.

"Here is the second part of the cunning counsel of Cardinal Antonelli," said I, when Mattia told me the news from Rome. "The good minister Recchi knew only the first part; but I felt sure that there was a concealed snare. Now it is evident that Cardinal Antonelli said to the pope, 'Let those ardent young men go out; the Austrians will dispose of them, and then it will be less dangerous to throw off the mask in Rome.'"

"It does us no good now," observed Mattia, "that you foresaw this, since we are now really in the snare."

"I have heard," said my brother Henry, "that the pope has made Mammiani his minister, and sent Monsignor Morichini to Vienna with a secret mission, and a certain Dr. Farini to Charles Albert, also with a secret mission. Perhaps the pope intends to do something good in order to appease the popular fury."

"I am sure that he meditates another treason," said I, "for I know that Dr. Farini. He is a renegade of our party, who acquired the confidence of the pope

by the basest means. He is a man fit for any kind of meanness."

"Dr. Farini had arrived in great haste," said Mattia, "at our head-quarters, just as I went there to receive orders for this night. He had a short conference with General Durando, and then left immediately for Lombardy."

During this conversation, my uncle John Paul (such was his name) sat quietly smoking his pipe, and from time to time put his ear to the ground, listening; and now, rising abruptly, said, "Take up your arms, and be silent, for I have heard a distant noise, which appears to be that of soldiers marching." And, listening again, he after a little while added, "It is a carriage coming at full speed."

In fact, we afterwards heard the noise distinctly, and saw the carriage.

"Stop it," said Mattia; "it must be some spy."

"Surely a spy," exclaimed the corporal, after having stopped the carriage, "for it is a lady, with only her servant, who does not speak Italian. She must be a German spy."

Mattia went to the carriage, and addressed the lady in German, which she did not understand. She said something, evidently in English; but he did not know that language, and told her in French that she was suspected to be a spy.

"No!" exclaimed she earnestly, mingling Italian, French, and English. "I am an American, a friend of liberty, and a lover of Italy." And she drew from her breast, where it was concealed, a cockade made of the Italian colors, kissed it, and pressed it against her heart.

We let her go, of course, and could not help feeling

a sentiment of admiration for the bold character of a lady, still young, who travelled alone during the night in a country troubled by war. Perhaps, however, she was not aware of all the danger to which she exposed herself, for, besides exciting the suspicion of being a spy, she might have been accidentally killed, as, only two hours after, the cannonade began on our left, where General Ferrari was with eight thousand troops.

General Ferrari, on being attacked by the Austrians, sent an officer of his staff to General Durando, to inform him of the event, and earnestly to request his immediate assistance, as the Austrians, led by Welden and Nugent (two English generals), were supposed to be no less than twenty thousand strong. General Durando wrote with a pencil, upon a piece of paper, the words, "I am coming in all haste," and handed it to the officer, and then gave orders for the march on our right. We did not, of course, understand the meaning of that movement; but we had no right to make any inquiry. General Ferrari had then to cope alone with the Austrians, which he did with extraordinary valor during the whole of that day. At length, however, he was completely defeated, and retired with the small remainder of his troops into the city of Venice.

The troops who had defeated Ferrari now came upon us. We thrice repulsed their violent attacks, but could not prevent their passing to Verona, and consequently they united with Radetzsky. We were now at Vicenza, not far from Verona, and our colonels expressed to General Durando their apprehension that Radetzsky would come upon us with the whole of the united troops.

"He cannot," answered Durando, "command more

than fifty thousand men; and the King of Piedmont is now at his side with seventy thousand troops. Should, therefore, Radetzsky make such an error as to uncover Verona, the King of Piedmont would attack him on his flank, or cut him off from Verona, and take that place. In both cases there would be an end of the war."

This was good reasoning; but Radetzsky effected the dreaded movement, and the King of Piedmont remained an indifferent and idle spectator, as if he had promised it to the Austrian general. The consequence was, that, after three days and three nights of dreadful fighting, we were overwhelmed by numbers. Durando hoisted a flag of truce on the first day, as he saw that our resistance would do no good; but we threw down the flag with our bullets. Our desperate valor, however, secured us an honorable capitulation, even when a third part of us were lying dead, and the rest could hardly hold their arms. Not to fight against Austria during the next three months was the only condition imposed on us. Our wounded brothers were to remain free in Vicenza: the citizens took care of them with great interest, and with the utmost generosity. General Durando entered immediately into the service of the King of Piedmont.

Among the wounded was a colonel of ours, Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, the popular author of "The Challenge of Barletta," and other excellent works. He was also a great painter and a statesman. Though unable to conquer entirely the prejudices of an early education, he was a sincere lover of the Italian independence. He never recovered entirely from the effects of that wound, but he is still living.

My uncle, too, remained in Vicenza with a broken

leg. He was now sixty-two years old, and served as a common soldier, in order to give an example of self-denial and discipline to the young people. He had been in all the campaign of Russia with Napoleon, and lost two fingers of his right hand at the battle of Waterloo, where he was an officer of the light-horse, so that he was unable to fight with a sword, though he could fire a gun.

Now the turn came for the King of Piedmont, who, in three encounters against the Austrians, had constantly gained the victory; but, in a fourth battle at Rivoli, he met with a slight disaster. At this, he retired into Milan, and announced his determination to defend that city, and, if need be, bury himself under its ruins, because reinforcements would soon come from Piedmont. The people began enthusiastically to prepare for an obstinate resistance, and spared no expense and no sacrifice of property. In the mean time, the king secretly negotiated an armistice with the Austrian general, and, when it was happily concluded, gave him full possession of Milan, and withdrew his troops into the boundaries of Piedmont. In this manner that heroic city, which, five months before, when totally disarmed and bitterly oppressed, had conquered Radetzsky and his troops, now, when garrisoned by over fifty thousand soldiers, was given back to him as a sheep is given tied to a butcher.

The King of Piedmont promised to give to the Austrians also possession of Venice, and gave orders to this effect to General Olivieri and Governor Colli; but the Venetian people discovered the trick before it was accomplished, and made a movement, which, being backed by those of our brothers who had retired to Venice, compelled the garrison of the King of Pied-

mont to retire: then the republic was proclaimed in Venice, and supported against the Austrians during eighteen months.

I do not mean that Charles Albert betrayed Lombardy because he did not care to have it for himself. Nay, quite the contrary, — he coveted it, — but, being unable to acquire Lombardy by his own forces, he preferred to take it from the hands of the revolutionists and give it to Austria.

Among the diplomatic letters concerning that movement published by the English government, there is one of Lord Abercrombie, which illustrates this matter. "A successful revolution," writes he from Turin, "has happened in Lombardy, and gentlemen have come from Milan, warning the king that a republic will be proclaimed there; and, as it would compromise the peace of his own State, the king will go into Lombardy at the head of his army."

He went to extinguish the fire in the house of his neighbor, because it threatened his own, and, unable to control the fire, he destroyed the burning building.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE POPE IN TROUBLE.

THE impious treasons of the King of Naples, of the pope, and of the King of Piedmont, were, of course, a dreadful check on the Italian movement; but the national party did not consider their cause entirely ruined by this treachery. We had been induced to control for the moment our republican feelings, and accept the pretended fellowship of those traitors, because it was regarded by many as a noble sacrifice of individual opinions for the independence and welfare of the country. Now the unnatural league brought forth its fruits. To lament our error was useless; so we took into our own hands the national cause, endangered as it was, and confidently set ourselves to work again.

Rome was now the centre for the re-organization of our forces, scattered and partly disabled by the past storm, but not destroyed. It was to Rome that the Neapolitan patriots sent the expression of their undaunted spirit, and such, also, was the case with the betrayed Lombards; both were longing for a rescue. It was in vain that the pope and the Italian princes endeavored to persuade the people that everthing was lost; they counteracted our new movement but feebly. The pope had an opportunity to learn the true feel-

ings of the people, and the weakness of his efforts against them, when the residue of the Roman legions came back after the capitulation of Vicenza.

Rome received her defeated soldiers as if they were triumphant conquerors. "Not casual success, but true valor, deserves honor,"—this was the inscription placed at the gate of our entrance; and here and there was written, "Nothing is lost,—let no one despair of his native country." The pope sent his minister of war to review the troops in "Piazza di Venezia," and inform us that we must now disband. "No, no," was the general outcry with which this announcement was received; and then, there being no quarters prepared for us, we opened by force the principal convent of the Jesuits, called "Il Gesù," and there comfortably established ourselves, like a victorious army in a conquered fortress; and, really, the capture of that principal fortress of imposture was a conquest by our people.

The pope ought to have excommunicated us for this invasion of church property, but he dared not do it. He found, however, a pretext for sending us far from Rome. "Go and defend," said he, "the northern provinces from an Austrian invasion." Nothing could be more plausible than this, because he had succeeded in disbanding the volunteers belonging to those provinces, and the Austrians, guided by the English general Welden, had crossed the river Po, and assaulted the city of Bologna.

It was the 7th of August, 1848, when the Austrian troops made their appearance before Bologna. Their general sent an intimation to the citizens to the effect that they should surrender the city immediately; he concluded, "Look at the still smoking ashes of Ser-

mide, and do not think of making any resistance." Sermide was a considerable town, which the Austrians had burnt to the ground three days before, because they had met with a strong resistance there. Bologna was a city of seventy thousand inhabitants; there were no troops to defend it; nay, her most ardent young men had either been killed at Vicenza, or were now in Venice to aid the defence of that important place; so that the municipal authority was not to be blamed for having made a capitulation with the Austrian invaders, to the effect that the Austrians should occupy the gates, and other important places in the city, provided they did not go into the populous quarters, nor mingle with the people.

The next morning the Austrians entered the city freely, and began to be very insolent; and two officers, seeing a beautiful young woman, who was bringing a lunch to her husband, a blacksmith, working in a shop near by, attempted to carry her by force into a hotel. The infuriated husband came out, and with an iron rod knocked down and made prisoners both of the Austrians. A scuffle ensued, and soon a strong regiment was on the spot in order to rescue the two prisoners; but the people drove them off with stones, and whatever came to their hands. The Austrian troops concentrated themselves at the "Montagnola," a beautiful public promenade, but also a military position, and began to bombard the city. The citizens organized themselves and attacked them.

First in the new battle were the school-boys, called "Hope Guards." Those little fellows, from ten to fifteen years old, had been organized and drilled for some months past in almost every city of Italy, in order to make them good soldiers for the future; but

in Bologna, as well as in Rome, in Venice, and wherever there was a fight, they took a bold part, and proved very useful.

It was a dreadful contest, the enemies being within the walls, but at length the people conquered, and the Austrians took to flight, during which they had to cope with the country people, who, armed with their rural implements, had collected in bands, and marched to aid the city. The pope, of course, did not resent this invasion; nay, he afterwards deprived Professor Allessandrini of his chair at the university for having taken a prominent part in the defence of his native city.

But this event, as well as the conduct of the Roman people, proved to the pope that we were not afraid of Austria, and that the national party intended to renew the war. He saw, besides, that not only in Rome, but even in Tuscany, in Venice, and Sicily, the people were preparing for war, and that the King of Piedmont was not able to resist his own subjects, who urged him again to take up arms. All this disturbed the pope very much, because it was evident that Austria, troubled at home, and lately abandoned by her best soldiers, the Hungarians, would not be able to resist the Italian movement; and in this case all was over with papacy in Italy forever. The constitution also troubled the pope very much; he could not understand the nature of that complicated form of government; and he was not acquainted with those subtle arts of cunning, corruption and deceit, by which the popular representation in this kind of bastard government is made a laughable farce. He knew only one way of ruling, — that was, the free enactment of his own will. The pope thought at first that

he could preserve his absolute power by indiscriminately refusing to approve every kind of measure proposed by the senate and by the elective council; and so he did. Of sixty-eight laws proposed and voted by those deliberative bodies, not one was approved by the pope.

But two events now happened to show him that a part of his power and influence was irremediably lost. Prince Borghese, one of the most distinguished and richest noblemen of Rome, was given a seat in the senate by the pope; but he declined the honor, and presented himself a candidate for the elective council, showing that he appreciated far more the popular election than the honor conferred on him by the pope. Soon after, a foreign nun, from Poland, applied to the pope for aid to establish a new convent. The pope gave her a draft for ten thousand dollars on the treasury of the State. The minister of finance, of course, could not pay that new expense, belonging to no category of the budget, and not voted by the deliberative bodies of the State. The pope, on being informed of this, burst into an excess of anger, and then of despondency; his epileptic convulsions seized him, and he was sick for several days.

At this time my friend Fernandez, who had been travelling in the eastern countries, came back to Rome, on his way to Spain, and was exceedingly amazed and surprised at seeing the great change which had happened in our city within a few months. "Where are," said he, "the perpetual criers of 'Viva Pio Nono'? Has he no longer a friend? Is he no more a great reformer?"

"When I spoke to you of him some months ago," said I, "you perhaps thought that my judgment was

led astray by my political and religious convictions, which naturally made me dislike the triumph of a pope; but you see now that my words were founded on truth. 'Viva Pio Nono' was a pass-word, instead of which we have now the other, 'Away with Austria,' and to-morrow perhaps we shall have 'Away with the pope.'"

"But tell me," replied the Spaniard, "is it not true that the former conduct of Pius the Ninth produced a revival of the religion of which he is the chief?"

"It is a great delusion to believe this," answered I. "If anything like it had happened, do you think that the pope would have lost all his pretended friends and all his influence in one day, and only on account of his declaration that he could not approve the war against Austria? The papal system, believe me, is dead, and no one can revive it. Nay, I venture to assert that the papal system has always been in Italy like an imported exotic, which never struck a deep root in our land."

"I should like to know," replied the Spaniard, "with what arguments you would prove this. Italy has been the head-quarters of papacy during almost a thousand years: a sufficient period, I should suppose, for acquiring full naturalization."

"I will appeal," said I, "to every impartial reader of Italian history. He must admit that papacy, established by foreign invaders, was supported by foreigners against the constant opposition of the Italians. Not to speak of the Waldenses, who never submitted themselves to the popes, as early as the beginning of of the 11th century the famous monk, Arnaldo da Brescia, lost his life in attempting to free Italy from papacy; and from that epoch to our day no nation has

given so many martyrs as Italy to the cause of religious and political liberty. Besides, all the greatest Italian scholars and statesmen, from Dante to Napoleon, have opposed papacy, and proclaimed that all the evils of Italy were caused by this institution; and there has not been an Italian scholar to write a line in favor of papacy."

"I think," interrupted the Spaniard, "that your observations are correct, though they did not occur to my mind when I read your history and studied your literature. I have seen, however, that some of your modern, nay, living, authors declare themselves Catholics."

"True, indeed; but what is their Catholicism? It is a masked, indefinite, and eclectic philosophy, to be applied in a different degree to different kinds of intelligences. The pope hates that kind of Catholics far more than open heretics. Take, for instance, Gioberti, the most learned and prominent among the writers to whom you alluded. He is a Catholic priest, and has written many books in favor of papacy; but, strange contradiction, he is a bitter enemy of the Jesuits, the best supporters of papacy. He never says mass, and never goes to confession, though his conduct is marked by temperance and good morals. Papacy with him is a creation of his own mind which can never be realized."

"I am told, however," interrupted the Spaniard, "that Gioberti was in Rome some months ago, and the pope accorded him a private audience."

"Even this is true. Gioberti was in great favor with the people, and the cowardly pope did not dare to refuse him an interview; but what was the result? The pope spoke of the very fine weather, and then

went on to extol the religious zeal of his predecessor. Gioberti felt very much disappointed, and to his friends in Paris who inquired about the pope, he answered, 'I think he is well fitted to be a curate of a small village.'

"You will see," added I, "that Pius the Ninth will excommunicate Gioberti and condemn all his works. I can foretell this, because I am well acquainted both with the spirit which prevails in the works of that philosopher, and the inflexible tenets of the papal court; and I have before me the example of the historian Cantu, who was formerly the most prominent writer of this new school. Gregory XVI. a short time before his death excommunicated that author, and condemned his work, the Universal History, though openly written in favor of Catholicism."

"What then will become of Pius the Ninth?" inquired the Spaniard.

"I do not know," answered I; "but I tell you our revolutionary car is in motion. If he throws himself on the track, so much the worse for him, because we cannot stop."

So I thought then: but the pope managed to get himself out of trouble by throwing our car off the track and ruining us.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

When my companions in arms went to garrison the northern boundaries of the Roman State, I gave up the commission which I had held during the war, and remained in Rome; for there was no actual war, and I had just entered the field of political and economical discussions through the newspapers. My early friend Agostini was now one of the most powerful writers, and it was under his guidance that I began to take part in that educative mission so important and so difficult at that moment of transition from despotism to liberty. This duty generally devolved upon young people, because it was a new kind of literature, for which our scholars had no taste, and then it required great activity and disinterestedness, as the most prosperous of our newspapers were only able to pay the expenses of printing and the rent of the office. Notwithstanding this we had many newspapers,—even the smallest cities had them,—and in general they were well conducted.

One morning in the latter part of September of the year 1848, as I entered the office of Agostini, he informed me that Count Fabbri, the premier of the pope, had resigned during the last evening.

"Why," said I, "it is scarcely a month since the

pope appointed him, and I believe that he was the only man able to prevent a collision between the pope and the people."

"Well," answered Agostini, "that venerable old patriot perceived that he had been made minister only because the pope desired to get rid of Mammiani, and wanted a respectable name to put in the place of that minister, who had been almost forced upon him by the people; so that Count Fabbri was in fact only a nominal minister, while Cardinal Antonelli secretly managed everything."

"As for me," said I, "I should like to see the pope throw off the mask at once, for sooner or later he must come to it."

"It is not a wise and prudent desire," answered Agostini, "because now the whole of Italy is in a state of preparation, and our great contest must be regarded as adjourned to next spring; so that it is expedient in us to avoid every open rupture with the pope."

"Well, let him help himself," said I; and, seating myself at a desk, I began to write the third of a series of articles which I was publishing on the importance of the education of women in Italy, and the means of promoting it. I had been at work a short time when Monsignor Gazzola came in. He was a prelate occupying an eminent office at the papal court, and now he had just come back from a temporary exile inflicted on him by the pope for having contributed some articles to our newspaper. It was a kind of passion with him to be a journalist: in fact, during the following revolution he started a newspaper of his own, called "Positivo," advocating the restoration of papacy, but suggesting the abdication of Pius the

Ninth, on account of his being unable to govern the church in such stormy times. This suggestion, by the by, caused the ruin of its author, because the pope revenged himself by condemning him to imprisonment for life.

Monsignor Gazzola brought us an important piece of information given to him by Cardinal Antonelli, and we had the privilege of publishing it before all our contemporaries, which were inclined to disbelieve our statement till it appeared in the official paper. The news was that the pope had given to Pellegrino Rossi the office of premier vacated by Fabbri. Agostini himself could not believe it at first. But Monsignor Gazzola said, "I am quite positive that such is the case; nay, Cardinal Antonelli added that he himself prevailed upon the pope to request the services of that extraordinary man."

Pellegrino Rossi, it will be remembered, had been formerly professor at the University of Bologna, and Pope Pius the Seventh sent him into exile during the year 1818, chiefly on account of his religious opinions, for Rossi was a Calvinist. For this reason he found great sympathy in Geneva, where he lived for several years; and the famous French scholar Guizot, himself a Huguenot, gave his daughter, a pious and accomplished young lady, to Rossi in marriage. After the revolution of 1830, Rossi went to France and attached himself to the *doctrinaire* party, of which Guizot was a leader, and by his own extraordinary merit obtained the chair of political economy, considered the most important of all at the University of France; and afterwards the highest dignity to which a Frenchman could aspire was conferred upon Rossi,—I mean that he was made a peer of France. Only two foreigners have

received that dignity, and they were both Italians, and both exiled from their native country, — that is, Rossi and Bixio.

In 1845, the contest between the Jesuits and the universities of France created such exasperation between the two parties that Louis Philippe determined to expel those hated intriguers; but, finding that they had secured a firm standing, he applied to the pope for aid. It was a strange demand to require a man to give up the use of his right arm in a moment of danger. This difficult mission was allotted to Rossi, whose superior talents, insinuating manners, and deep knowledge of all the intrigues of the papal court, gave him a great chance of success. But Pope Gregory XVI. was exceedingly incensed that a rebellious subject of his, and a Calvinist, should come to him and require the honors due to a plenipotentiary ambassador of a great nation, whose king enjoys the title of "very Christian" (Cristianissimo). An exchange of bitter notes took place; notwithstanding this, Rossi proceeded to Rome, but the pope firmly refused even to see him.

Two months, however, did not entirely elapse before Rossi had seen the pope and happily accomplished the object of his mission. The Jesuits were ordered by the pope to give up the contest, pack up their things, and withdraw from France. They say that Rossi came to Rome well supplied with all the best kinds of wine which could be found in France, and then bribed the famous favorite Gaetanino, who kept the old pope in a state of almost constant intoxication, and prevailed over him, as in many other instances. However this may be, it is a fact that Rossi acquired great influence at the papal court, and used it con-

stantly against the Jesuits, and in favor of the Liberal cause. When a Swiss ambassador came to Rome, asking for the expulsion of the Jesuits from his native country too, Rossi supported his claims; and when there were tumults in Rome against the Jesuits, Rossi advised the pope to expel them.

But now Rossi was a simple Italian citizen and a pardoned exile, because Louis Philippe went down, and Rossi refused to serve the French republic, which offered to confirm him in his office. "Now my native country," said he, "wants the aid of all her children." Consequently, Rossi presented himself as a candidate for the elective constitutional council of Rome, and was one of the elected for the city of Bologna. It was not a new virtue with him: there is no record of an Italian statesman or general who preferred to serve foreigners when he could do something for his native country.

The choice, however, of such a man to be the premier of the pope was a great mystery. Besides his religious opinions and his open aversion to the Jesuits, Rossi was known to be of those politicians who advocated the separation of the temporal from the spiritual power in the person of the pope. I have no doubt that he, as well as Silvani, Mammiani, Galeotti, and other statesmen professing this theory, knew perfectly well that the consequence of its practical application would be the final destruction of papacy, for it is a complicated system, which admits no alteration; and the temporal power, nay, the kingdom of Rome, were declared by Pius the Ninth, and several of his predecessors, necessary for the support of papacy. Rossi knew this, and, besides, he well understood that papacy was a falling and ruined edifice; but perhaps he pre-

ferred to let it fall, and by its own weight, fearing probably that a violent pull might produce deplorable accidents.

I confess, however, that his temporizing policy did not please my friends and myself. We urged him through the newspapers; but respect for the personal qualities of that great man, and, above all, the general condition of Italy at that moment, made us refrain from every demonstration which could cause his dismission. In the mean time, Rossi devoted himself with earnestness and firmness to doing away with the most enormous abuses of the papal administration. He stopped the habitual dilapidations of the public treasury, and prevailed upon the pope to lay an extraordinary tax of four millions of dollars upon the clergy, in order to restore a little his ruined finances.

Besides this, the new minister disregarded, in many instances, the privileges of the cardinals and prelates; nay, little by little he deprived them of all the political offices which they exclusively held, and filled their places with young men of talent, belonging to the national party. My friend Agostini was given the governorship of Fuligno, his native city, though he never applied for employment; and even to me was tendered the office of a collegiate judge. I declined it, because I was too fond of my independent profession of a lawyer; and then I had just obtained the professorship of ancient Roman laws at the college of Fano, which did not interfere with my profession, and was a step to a higher place. Even the office of general director of police, formerly given only to a prelate already designed for cardinalship, was conferred by Rossi upon a young lawyer, a friend of

mine. I need not say that Rossi accumulated on his head a new store of Jesuitical hatred.

On the 15th of November (1848) there was to be in Rome the solemn opening of the second session of the deliberative bodies of the State, and this event was looked for with great anxiety by the people, because all the measures adopted by them during the first session had been frustrated by the veto of the pope; and now the minister was to read the so-called speech of the crown, and exhibit his own programme. A little before one o'clock in the afternoon, I closed my office and went towards the Palace "Della Cancelleria," where the ceremony was to be performed. The large square before that palace was crowded with people. I saw a brilliant equipage crossing the square and entering the large door of the palace. It was the minister Rossi. I was at the opposite end of the square, but, standing upon a piece of a broken column placed beside a door, I could easily discover the large entrance where the carriage stopped.

The minister came out of the carriage with two friends, and there were three servants in gala-livery to wait on him. An unknown man among the crowd touched the left arm of Rossi, who turned his head with a quick movement; at this, another tall, fierce-looking man plunged a knife into his neck, and then calmly withdrew among the crowd pressing forward to see what had happened. No one knew the assassin, and nothing has since been heard of him. Horror and surprise allowed no one to think of securing him, and all turned to the wounded man, who died in a few minutes. His friend Mammiani, who was made minister in his place, soon after ordered a trial in order to discover the assassin. All that could be

collected was, that the assassin was a middle-aged man, and of dreadful look, who had boasted the previous night that he could earn a thousand dollars the next day. He spoke a bad Sicilian dialect.

There is little doubt that the murder was committed by a hired assassin, long inured to crime. But who hired the assassin? This is still a mystery, and I will not dare positively to accuse any one. But I take it for granted that only great hatred and great interest could have induced a person or a party to put a price on the life of that great man. The Liberal party to which I belonged abhorred such bloody deeds, and the whole of our conduct during the following revolution proved it; and then the Liberal party had no reason for hatred against Rossi, — nay, his conduct was useful to them. No one of the governors of the provinces appointed by him was afterwards changed by the revolutionists. No restrictive measures were adopted by Rossi during his short ministry; nay, the censorship of newspapers having illustrations and caricatures was first abolished by him. Under such circumstances a difference of opinions could not produce a mortal hatred.

What kind of interest could urge the Liberal party to the crime of taking the life of Rossi? Perhaps to deprive him of the ministry; but there was nothing more easy for them than to force him to resign by a simple demonstration, because neither he nor any other would have thought of resisting the popular will when there were no soldiers, and the national guards numbered twelve thousand well-armed young men. In fact, the next day, when the pope attempted a resistance, he had not a man with him excepting some two hundred Swiss guards. Will, then, any

impartial man suppose that the Liberal party coolly, and without hatred or interest, committed that crime?

A French writer of no consequence, called d'Arlincourt, who became famous through his impudent calumnies, published during the year 1850 that the assassin of Rossi was hired by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, and declared that he (d'Arlincourt) had been shown the proofs of this assertion collected by the police in Rome. But the Prince of Canino took the Jesuitical liar before the criminal court at Paris, which found him guilty of atrocious calumny.

Who were the bitterest enemies of Rossi? The Jesuits, no doubt, and their party. They had been successfully opposed by him, and they could not look upon such a man, exercising the utmost power and influence at the papal court, without feeling alarmed: it is but natural. There was in Rome the secret sect of the "Sanfedisti," established and directed by the Jesuits. The cruel and bloody tendencies of those fanatics were well known, especially after the discovery of their dreadful conspiracy which took place a few months before. That Cardinal Antonelli was false to the Liberal party, and belonged to this infamous sect, was proved by subsequent events, when he threw off the mask. It is, then, quite probable that Cardinal Antonelli suggested the choice of Rossi with the intent of sacrificing him: this sacrifice satisfied their hatred, removed a dangerous man, and gave a pretext for taking the cowardly pope away from Rome.

Cardinal Antonelli acquired absolute influence over the pope after the death of Rossi, and he is still his premier. He came to Rome when the city was taken

by Frenchmen, and found the French general about to institute a trial for the discovery of the assassin of Rossi. Cardinal Antonelli desired to have all the evidence that had been collected, and then tried to destroy all traces of that event.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE FLIGHT OF PIUS THE NINTH FROM ROME.

When the news of the death of Rossi reached the pope, he shut himself up in his palace of the Quirinale, and gave orders to his Swiss body-guards to admit no one except Cardinal Antonelli and the foreign ambassadors. The colleagues of Rossi in the ministry, all inferior and cowardly men, fled from Rome; consequently, there was neither a responsible ministry nor any kind of government in the city. This did not much endanger the public peace, for the Roman people are fond of order, and they are always ready to preserve it by themselves. But the mysterious death of Rossi was suspected by the common people to be the signal for an outbreak of the *Sanfedisti*, in connection with the Austrians; their plot, discovered some eighteen months before, gave foundation for the suspicion, and there was much alarm. But the national guards took up arms, maintained order, and restored the confidence of the common people. During the evening, a band of heedless young men here and there uttered foolish cries, approving that bloody deed, but they were silenced by the national guards.

The next morning, the sixteenth of November, 1848, the constitutional deliberative bodies of the State held a regular session, and sent a deputation to

the pope, with a message requesting him to appoint a new responsible ministry. The pope refused either to see the deputation or to receive their formal message. This was an open violation of the constitution. At this time a crowd of the common people assembled in the large piazza before the papal palace. They were totally unarmed, and uttered no seditious cry: it was a peaceful demonstration, much like those made on former occasions. But the Swiss body-guards within the palace, now for the first time armed with guns, fired into the crowd, who dispersed in great disorder, leaving on the ground two dead and many badly wounded. This bloody provocation took place by order of Cardinal Antonelli, who soon after summoned into the piazza before the palace all the hired soldiers of the pope, who, good and bad, numbered about one thousand. Evidently that cardinal, for some mysterious reason, was anxious to shed blood.

A strong body of the national guards, and I with them, marched against the papal palace. The papal soldiers in the piazza offered no resistance, and we easily overpowered the Swiss body-guards, whom, by the by, we generously pardoned. In this short struggle Monsignor Palma, a private secretary of the pope, was accidentally killed when crossing a room occupied by the fighting Swiss soldiers. The national guards garrisoned the palace, levelled a cannon against the private apartment of the pope, and then sent in the deputation whom he had formerly refused to see. He was now very glad to see those gentlemen, and easily complied with their wishes, appointing a new ministry, with Monsignor Muzzarelli, Mammiani, Galletti, Sterbini, and others; they had all been ministers of the pope on former occasions except Sterbini.

Peace was restored. The cannon which had been levelled against the apartment of the pope belonged to him, and had been baptized by the name of St. Peter; for they baptize the cannon as well as the bells in Rome. Next morning "The Don Pirlone," a humorous newspaper, was glad to announce that the mind of the pope had been entirely changed by a miracle of St. Peter.

"It was an act of open violence on your part," observed my friend, the Belgian artist.

"I do not deny it," answered I; "but still, it was the pope who was in the wrong, because in his quality of a constitutional monarch he must constantly have a responsible ministry, and cannot refuse to receive a deputation and a message from the constitutional bodies."

"What will happen next?" inquired the Belgian; and I told him that on our part we should be quiet, because it was of the highest importance for us to keep out of all difficulties until the next spring, when a new general movement would take place in Italy.

"But the pope," added I, "will no doubt feel that he has not a friend in Rome, and this bitter discovery will make him afraid for his personal security, because he is a coward; besides, he will probably understand that now he has no business here, for the people have taken the government into their hands."

"Would you detain him by force should he take to flight?"

"'A nemico che fugge, i ponti d'oro' (For a fugitive enemy prepare golden bridges), says the Italian proverb."

The pope did not know the disposition of the people in this matter; so that, having determined to leave

Rome, he spent eight whole days in devising the means for a secret flight. He would probably have never dared to execute his plan if it had not been for the encouragement and aid of a beautiful Roman lady. She had lately married the old Count Spaur, an ambassador of Bavaria, and a secret chargé d'affaires of Austria. The constant good conduct of the pope in this respect excludes every suspicion which his intercourse with that lady would otherwise excite. She was employed by the foreign diplomatists resident in Rome to conquer the natural cowardice of the pope, by making him feel that he ran no risk if accompanied by her.

The maiden name of that cunning and courageous lady was Teresa Giraud. She was the niece of the poet Giraud, a popular writer of comedies. He is said to portray her juvenile character in a comedy entitled "Il Figlio del Signor Padre," (The Son of his Father). In that comedy she is called Teresina, which is a diminutive of Teresa. Of course, thirty years ago she was Teresina, but now she is Teresa. When she was Teresina she used to have many admirers; and afterwards she became fond of diplomatic intrigues, as the means of retaining a power which time would take away from her.

The foreign diplomatists resident in Rome were all anxious to take the pope out of the city, but they could not agree about the place to which he should go. Finally they yielded, or pretended to yield, to the wishes of the French ambassador, Count d'Harcourt, who desired to carry the pope into France, and who kept a steamer ready for the purpose at Civitavecchia, forty-eight miles west of Rome.

At eleven o'clock in the evening of November 23d,

1848, all the preparations having been made, the pope requested the French ambassador to precede him to Civitavecchia, taking his trunks with him, and he would follow in a common travelling post-coach, with the Countess Spaur, in order to avoid the danger of discovery. As soon as the French ambassador departed for Civitavecchia the pope took the opposite road to Gaeta, a fortress in the kingdom of Naples. All the details of his flight have been published by Countess Spaur, who took the most prominent part in these events.

It was after midnight when the pope came out from his palace of the Quirinale, by a wicket gate, leading into the dark and narrow lane called Scanderberg. He was in disguise, having on the dress of an ordinary gentleman, with a fashionable hat, and his face being covered with false hair. The pope went arm-in-arm with M. Filippani, his agent, smoking a cigar, and affecting the easiest air possible. In the lane he found the Countess Spaur in her city carriage, which he entered, trembling; he had in his hand a golden ball containing the consecrated wafer, that is, the real flesh and blood of Jesus Christ, according to the papal creed. This is another evidence of the superstitious character of Pius the Ninth. It was an ancient superstition in Italy that the possession of a golden ball, containing the consecrated wafer, would save from temporal dangers even the worst criminal, though he may be called to account for this sacrilege in the world to come. Many famous leaders of brigands were found to be owners of such balls, and even Cæsar Borgia, called Duke Valentino, the most impious man of his age, believed in the efficacy of such an amulet; he constantly had in his pocket one

which had been prepared for him, with special ceremonies, by his father, Pope Alexander the Sixth. This is but a common occurrence with infidels. They proudly deny God, and then they believe in the most absurd superstitions.

The carriage of the Countess Spaur, with the fugitive pope, arrived at the Coliseum, where Count Spaur had ready for them a travelling post-coach for two persons. The countess and the pope took their seats inside, and Count Spaur, in his pretended quality of a servant, was on the outside; the driver was on horseback, as is customary for post-drivers. As soon as they arrived at the neighboring gate Latina, or of St. John in Laterano, a sentinel stopped the coach, and an officer of the national guards came forward, asking for their passports.

The pope, overwhelmed by fear, did not remember that this was only the usual custom. The sight of an officer of the national guards terrified him: he thought that he had been discovered, and remained speechless and motionless as if petrified. But his fair companion, uttering some words in German, gallantly took the passport from his pocket, and handed it to the officer. He by chance was personally acquainted with her; but she had a veil over her face, and continued to talk German to the pope, who was not able to understand even Italian at this moment. The officer wrote down in his book: "Half an hour past midnight, a travelling post-coach went out, containing Dr. Sumnerkann, a physician from Monaco in Bavaria, with his wife, and a servant, going to Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples. Their passport was duly signed by the ambassador of Bavaria." And then the officer let them go.

The officer did not recognize the pope, for he had changed his garments, his name, and his profession, besides borrowing a gentle wife; but all these contrivances were for nothing, because no one in Rome thought of detaining the pope against his will. But this circumstance of the passport, which he had prepared for Gaeta, revealed his plŏt with the chargé d'affaires of Austria and ambassador of Bavaria, who went with him.

While they were rapidly travelling to Gaeta, the French ambassador at Civitavecchia grew impatient, and was sincerely afraid that they had met with some accident on the road. But Monsignor Delegato of Civitavecchia disabused him, informing him that the pope had taken the road to Gaeta. The French ambassador went there by sea with his steamer, complaining of the deception, and requesting the pope to sail from thence to France.

Pius the Ninth, composing his face to his habitual devout air, answered, that it was by a mistake that he went to Gaeta, having intended to go to Civitavecchia; and that now he looked upon that mistake as a particular decree of Divine Providence, to which he intended to submit, and remain there. This was a falsehood,—probably "very holy," because uttered by an infallible pope; but still it was an open falsehood. The fact of his taking the passport to Gaeta excludes the idea of going to Civitavecchia. The gate to Gaeta is on the summit of the Laterano hill, in an almost deserted part of the city, while the gate to Civitavecchia is on the other side of the Tiber, near the Church of St. Peter, and in an open and thronged part of the city. To mistake the one gate for the other would be impossible, even if there were in

Rome the fogs of London; besides, the officer inspecting the passports could not allow the pope and his company to go out through the gate Latina if they were bound to Civitavecchia, — he would have directed them to the gate Cavalleggeri.

The conduct of Pius the Ninth on this occasion gives the best evidence of his character. He did not at all like to go to France, because he could not rely upon the new zeal of the sons of Voltaire for the support of papacy. But, coward as he was, he dared not to say openly to the zealous French ambassador, "I will not go with you." The pope preferred to plot secretly with the Austrian representative, and, after having deceived the French ambassador, excused himself by a shameful lie, and threw the fault upon "Divine Providence."

Thus ended the career of Pius the Ninth. He proved himself false in all his conduct, disregarded both his promises and his oaths, and finished by a base moral abdication. In all this he was guided by his natural cowardice. Papacy, being a dying institution, could not inspire him with energy, nor with the spirit of self-sacrifice which some of his predecessors possessed. This moral abdication was followed by a formal deposition, and from that moment Pius the Ninth has been only an instrument in the hands of the wicked diplomatists of Europe. He will never again be a pope.

CHAPTER L.

THE DEPOSITION OF THE POPE.

It was six o'clock in the morning of the 24th of November, 1848, when a notification issued by Monsignor Muzzarelli, and the other members of the papal ministry, informed the Roman people that during the night the pope had fled. This news caused general and unbounded joy among the common people. A great holiday was observed by the workmen, but not the least disturbance took place. The first use which the people made of their newly-acquired liberty was to take out from the churches all the wooden confessionals, and make an immense pile of them in the large Piazza del Popolo. They had a particular hatred for those instruments of espionage and corruption, and they intended to burn them.

But the chief of the papal police made his appearance, and ordered them to restore the confessionals to their former places. They seemed but little inclined to obey, when that officer appealed to Angelo Brunetti, commonly called Ciceruacchio, the most influential popular tribune.

Ciceruacchio mounted the pile of confessionals, and said: "I formerly thought that it would be good and right to burn these instruments of corruption to our wives and daughters. But our rulers are afraid

that the smoke of this fire would hurt the eyes of the European diplomatists, and dispose them against us. They understand this matter better than we do; so let us obey, and, depend upon it, now we are free, no one will go to the confessional."

Ciceruacchio having thus saved the confessionals, the people wanted another victim. They brought into the Piazza the *guillotine* and all the instruments of death so freely used by the late pope, burnt them, and threw the ashes and the iron into the Tiber. This was the first step to the abolition of capital punishment, which was afterwards made by law. The pope, however, considered the destruction of the guillotine a great loss, and he very much missed it on his return to Rome, inasmuch as he could not find there any one who for money would manufacture another for him. But the Bishop of Marseilles kindly came to his aid, sending him a gift of two new guillotines, made in France, with all the modern improvements. On account of this great service rendered to the "Holy Mother Church," the pope thinks of creating that bishop a cardinal at the first vacancy.

The news of the flight of the pope caused throughout all the Roman State the same joy with which it had been received at Rome; but order and peace were everywhere strictly preserved. There was one phrase which served to quell all violent passions and inspire the people with confidence. This phrase was *universal suffrage*. It had never been resorted to before; but every one perfectly understood its meaning. The self-exiled pope was very much disappointed, for he had imagined that his sudden flight, — leaving the State without any kind of government, — would produce a general anarchy. So that, blind with rage, he thun-

dered the "major excommunication" against his ministers and all those who concurred with them in preserving order. Besides, he declared that the same "major excommunication" would extend to all those who should take part in the anticipated "universal suffrage."

The papal bull containing the excommunication was sent by Cardinal Antonelli to all the bishops of the Roman State, ordering them to publish it at the time of our elections. But they seemed not at all inclined to run any risk for the sake of a pope who, after a cowardly flight, was now thundering from a secure place. By chance we discovered a copy of the bull, and we immediately gave it the widest possible circulation, because we anticipated the effect it would produce among our people. In fact, even those who would probably have neglected the exercise of their new right of voting, now went to the polls, in order to show their contempt for the papal excommunication. Out of a population of two millions and a half, three hundred and fifty-five thousand voters attended the polls. I have seen the elections in France, in Switzerland, in Belgium, in England, and in the United States of America, and yet I never saw them conducted in a more calm, dignified, and conscientious manner than by the Roman people in that difficult exigency. Many distinguished foreigners who were present have attested the truth of this statement.

Our people were exceedingly amused with the old farce of the excommunication, repeated now as if in mockery of ancient times. In Rome, where the common people are very fond of pasquinades and masquerades, they made an immense procession through the principal streets, hoisting upon a large black ban-

ner a copy of the papal bull. They went to the Piazza del Popolo, and there they made a solemn mock funeral in honor of the dead excommunication. The popular tribune, Ciceruacchio, recited the funeral oration, and afterwards the excommunication was interred in an unclean place.

The next evening, a crowd of the common people again gathered in the Piazza del Popolo, and there, in a calm and dignified manner, seriously took up the question of excommunicating the pope. Many popular orators addressed the people, and at last they unanimously adopted the resolution presented by Ciceruacchio, to the effect, that, the pope having become an object of scandal to all the Christian world, they determined to cut him off from their Christian communion. This decision was to be communicated to him by means of an address, also unanimously adopted, in which occurred this remarkable phrase: "When you, sir pope, left the city by one gate, the Bible entered it by the opposite gate, and now there is no longer any room for you."

The representatives of the people, elected by universal suffrage throughout the Roman State, met at the Capitol on the morning of the 5th of February, 1849. I was the youngest among them. The assembly was severe and dignified. Its members seemed perfectly to understand the loftiness of their mission; besides, they were, of course, penetrated with the idea that it was there, in the same place, that the ancient Roman senate sat to dictate laws for the world. I suppose that it was this idea which made our assembly the most dignified and courageous of all the political bodies assembled during that revolutionary period in Europe. Foreigners have constantly oppressed us;

they have taken everything from us; but our history still remains, and the proud memory of the past cannot be erased from the minds of the Roman people.

The large hall of the Capitol, built by Michael Angelo, not being yet ready for our sessions, we went in procession to the hall of the "Palazzo della Cancelleria." This was a remarkable procession. Among the representatives of the people, there was scarcely one who had not suffered under the past tyranny. Some of them had not yet recovered from the effects of the torments endured in dreadful dungeons, and some were still lame from the heavy chains which they had worn so long. Notwithstanding this, our first word as we met together was *pardon*, involving an absolute oblivion of past wrongs. What inspired the victorious party with so great moderation? What gave the injured the strength to pardon? It was not philosophy, for we were not philosophers. It was a true Christian spirit, cultivated by our national association, "Young Italy."

The representatives elected by the people were two hundred. They all belonged to the more educated classes. The lawyers were the most numerous, and after them rich land-holders. There were only two merchants. We had among us two Jews, two papal priests, and a prelate, but they were all learned and liberal men. It was quite remarkable that among two hundred representatives, freely chosen in a country which had been till now under the yoke of the pope, and where there was a numerous and exceedingly rich clergy, no one was found to be his friend. He had fled like a discovered traitor, and left not a friend behind him. Even the greater part of the lower

clergy were glad of his absence, and sympathized with the people.

As soon as the preliminary proceedings had been carefully completed, the question of the deposition of the pope was brought before the assembly. It was a solemn moment. Papacy, loaded with the crimes of several ages, stood before the representatives of the Roman people to be judged. All the intrigues of European diplomacy could not deter us. They threatened us with a violent restoration, and we knew that in this case we should be condemned to death for "high treason." But we felt the loftiness of the mission with which the confidence of the people intrusted us; we pronounced the condemnation of papacy with the conscientious firmness of men who put their lives at stake when their convictions and their duty required it.

Our decision, however, was preceded by a free, calm, and dignified discussion, which was protracted from ten o'clock in the morning until after midnight. All the opinions were freely expressed, and they met with general toleration and respect, but no one spoke in favor of papacy. The only question was with regard to delaying the choice of a new government, and this opinion was supported by a small minority, who supposed that the King of Piedmont would renew the war in the spring, and aimed to make him a constitutional king for all Italy; but even they, of course, were against the pope.

The votes were taken individually, and carefully registered. I recollect that when they came to Monsignor Muzzarelli, for thirty years a papal prelate, and then entitled to be made a cardinal, he rose from his seat, and uttered his affirmative in the most solemn

and decided manner. Now, old, blind, and poor, he wanders in exile, but his constancy cannot be shaken.

I consider the deposition of the pope an event of capital importance, not only for Italy, whose safety depends upon it, but even for all mankind. The transient state of brutal violence now existing in Rome cannot change our sentence: we had a right to depose the pope, we deposed him, and it is forever over with papacy. Foreign violence will only make more hateful our memory of that dreadful institution.

After the deposition of the pope, we took up the question of the new form of government to be adopted; and here there could be but little difference of opinion, for the Italians, by tradition, by sentiment, and by long habit, are republicans. So that the proposition to establish a republic was carried by all the votes except fourteen, which were cast by those who desired to delay the resolution, as I have said before.

During that long discussion the greatest anxiety prevailed among the Roman people; they crowded our hall and building, as well as the neighboring streets and squares, waiting in solemn calmness. But as soon as the decree of the deposition of the pope and the enactment of the republic was made known, they burst out into tremendous transports of joy. It was after midnight, but the whole city was instantly illuminated, all the bells rang, bands of musicians appeared everywhere, and a procession, embracing almost every living soul, carried that decree through the city, and afterwards to the Capitol, as a great moral triumph. It was not the manifestation of a vain joy. It was the solemn declaration of our sacred rights, made by a generous people, who felt themselves ready to fight and bleed for them.

CHAPTER LI.

THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

THE decree concerning the deposition of the pope, and the proclamation of the Roman republic, was published on the morning of the 9th of February, 1849, "in the name of God and of the people." This was the formula long before adopted by "Young Italy." The colors of the new government were green, white, and red; the white part of the flag exhibiting the motto, "Dio e Popolo" (God and the People). This was the programme of our movement, and we were constantly faithful to the Christian principles of "Young Italy." The sudden passage from the papal tyranny to the most perfect liberty did not cost a drop of blood nor a tear. Entire liberty, both in politics and in religious matters, was our first aim, and we were glad to secure it for ourselves, as well as for all the people.

Even our most bitter enemies cannot deny that from the flight of Pius the Ninth to his restoration there was in Rome a period of six months, during which perfect order and the most absolute liberty were maintained by the people themselves, as we had no standing army. No one was imprisoned, exiled, or deprived of his property, in consequence of his political opinions or aversion to our government. There

was a newspaper, called "Constituzionale," which openly advocated the return of the papal domination, and this newspaper was never persecuted, for the entire liberty of the press was secured by our constitution.

The former anarchy of the papal government had given occasion to the rising of numerous bands of smugglers, highwaymen, and other wicked characters; but as soon as the self-government of the people was adopted, all those wicked characters left the State, or reformed their conduct. We experienced, however, a great embarrassment on account of the ruined condition in which the public finances were left by the pope. The Roman State is naturally very rich. When governed by Napoleon, in the beginning of the present century, it was in a very flourishing condition. But the anarchical domination of a corrupt sacerdotal caste, inflicted upon that State during the year 1815 by the Congress of Vienna, destroyed public confidence, ruined industry, annihilated commerce, diminished the population, and made the people unhappy by an intolerable oppression. This produced a condition of constant war between the domineering caste and the people, on whom all the ruin fell, because the former had constantly at their command the support of foreign armies.

The ordinary taxes which the pope yearly exacts from his subjects are over ten millions of scudi, or dollars, and, besides, they must pay even a larger sum for the public works and for the salaries of the judges and other officers. Leo the Twelfth was the first pope who created a state debt. It was during the year 1828, when the question of the emancipation of the papists was agitated in England. The pope sent there

two millions of dollars, which were probably employed in corrupting the journalists and the orators. From that epoch to the flight of Pius the Ninth, the public debt increased to forty-two millions, all devoured by the she-wolf, whose rapacity is never satiated, being even more hungry after having been fed than before,— as Dante says.

But the balm of liberty is able to heal all the dreadful wounds which despotism has inflicted upon a nation. The Roman Constituent Assembly abolished immediately capital punishment, and established the trial by jury. An entire liberty, both in political and religious matters, was secured by law. The press was entirely free. Personal liberty and private property were declared to be sacred and inviolable. Public instruction was entirely gratuitous. Religion and public morals were promoted, and there was no trace of socialism or communism in our reforms. A rapid transformation therefore took place, and in the spring of that year, 1849, the condition of our republic was a promising one. The subsequent long and obstinate resistance which the people opposed to the foreign armies engaged in the restoration of papacy is the best evidence of their love for free institutions, and of the strength which we had acquired in a very short period.

In the month of March, 1849, a decree of the Roman Constituent Assembly conferred upon the illustrious Italian patriot, Giuseppe Mazzini, the citizenship of Rome, and invited him to come to Rome. Soon after, the Roman people elected him a representative, and the Assembly appointed him, together with Giuseppe Armellini and Aurelio Saffi, a triumvirate, to represent the executive power of the government. Maz-

zini in this new position showed the capacity of a great statesman. His wise, moderate, and dignified conduct silenced the calumnies even of his most bitter enemies. The great services rendered by him on that momentous occasion will never be forgotten in Rome or in Italy.

The Roman Constituent Assembly accepted also the services of another illustrious Italian patriot, General Giuseppe Garibaldi, whose valor and skill proved of immense advantage during the siege of Rome, which took place afterwards. Garibaldi, Calandrelli, and other officers, were engaged in preparing an army; for we anticipated the renewal of the national war throughout all Italy, and, besides, we knew the intrigues of the fugitive pope, engaged in preparing a dreadful war against us. We felt quite sure that Austria and Spain would take sides with him, and attempt his restoration. But as for Spain, no one could seriously contemplate a dangerous effort from that nation, entirely ruined by the Inquisition, by the Jesuits, and by civil war.

With Austria there would be a dreadful contest, no doubt; but we felt confident of being able to drive this fearful oppressor from Italy, now that by the deposition of the pope we had removed the principal obstacle to the union and independence of all Italy; and besides, almost all the Italian States were now able to act together against the common enemy. In fact, notwithstanding the great reverses of the preceding year, the condition of Italy was this:—In Venice there was a republic, full of vigor and confidence; Sicily was still free; in Tuscany a free government had taken the place of the grand duke, who fled to Gaeta, together with the pope; in Piedmont

the people urged upon their king to renew the national war; in Lombardy the revolution was physically quelled for the moment, but not subdued.

Our ruin, however, came from a quarter to which we were entitled to look for help,—I mean the French republic. This government, established by a happy revolution, fell into the hands of immoral men, and was soon after shaken by the internal questions of socialism and communism, which caused much blood to be shed. Louis Napoleon conceived the rash project of availing himself of these internal troubles in order to seize the supreme power. He was known only on account of the heedless manner in which, on former occasions, he attempted to obtain the throne of France. This, and his debased profligacy, made him an object of contempt. But he had a party in his favor, composed of the former admirers of his uncle, and he gained to his cause another powerful party, that is to say, the Jesuitical party, by pledging himself to restore the pope in Rome.

In the month of April, 1849, a powerful league was entered into between France, Spain, and Austria, in order to put down the Italian movement and restore the pope in Rome. We had some hints of this, and immediately sent an ambassador to England in order to entreat that government to oppose the league. England stood then in an exalted position: all the nations of Europe except herself were troubled by internal agitation, and she alone stood erect, holding the destinies of Europe in her hands. The position of England was so good, that, without firing a cannon, by the simple weight of her peaceful influence, she could have secured the triumph of a liberal policy throughout all Europe. This would have secured a

general influence and a great benefit to the English nation. But the triumph of a liberal policy in Europe would react upon England, and endanger the existence of the privileges of the English aristocracy, which was at the head of the government. The English ministry, therefore, chose to take the wrong side, and favor the despots and the pope. This base abdication of a noble mission caused the moral ruin of England, and prepared for her the present epoch of humiliation and danger.

Lord Palmerston, a vulgar, ambitious man, whose unprincipled conduct constantly disgraced his country, refused to see our ambassador but in a strictly private audience, and cut short his speech by saying, "Papacy must be restored in Rome, because it is expedient in order to maintain the equilibrium and the peace of Europe."

But lo! God confounds the counsel of the impious man, and frustrates the plan founded upon iniquity. The equilibrium is broken, and there is no peace in Europe, notwithstanding that papacy has been restored in Rome. To keep Italy divided and subdued is the great object of the European diplomatists, and for this all the European powers, both Catholic, Protestant, and schismatic, unanimously agreed that the Italian movement should be put down, and the pope restored in Rome, by a powerful league combined for the common interest of Europe.

But Sismondi, who knew the condition of Europe a great deal better than the actual narrow-minded and wicked diplomatists, uttered this famous prophecy: "There will be no peace for Europe till that nation which first, in the middle ages, kindled the torch of civilization and liberty, shall be allowed to enjoy even for herself the light created by her."

CHAPTER LII.

THE SIEGE OF ROME.

On the morning of April 26th, 1849, a French fleet made its appearance before the harbor of Civitavecchia. An officer came ashore and begged of the commander of the city to be allowed to land peacefully an army which they had on board. "The French republic," said the officer, "knew that you were threatened by an Austrian invasion, and has sent an army to watch the progress of Austria in Italy, it being against the true interest of France."

The commander of Civitavecchia openly expressed his suspicion that the French were coming to destroy the Roman republic and restore the pope.

"It cannot be," replied the French officer, pointing to the fifth article of the newly-adopted French constitution, where it was said, "The French Republic will never bear arms against the freedom of any people."

In short, the French entered Civitavecchia by a shameful treason, and immediately proceeded against Rome, which they hoped to take by surprise. So they began their Jesuitical work by Jesuitical art.

The city of Rome has ever been considered as unable to make any kind of resistance, on account of its position, its extent, and its want of fortified walls.

No battle or siege had taken place at Rome since the year 1527, when the city was besieged by the famous Constable of Bourbon, with an army of French, German, and Swiss adventurers, the most impious ruffians of that time. They were in the service of the emperor Charles the Fifth, the fatal destroyer of the Italian independence and liberty. The pope, Clement VII., who was the cause of that attack, retired into an impregnable castle, and abandoned the people to the fury of those wicked ruffians.

The Roman people organized themselves and fought bravely for their homes. The celebrated artist, Benvenuto Cellini, killed the leader of that army; but, notwithstanding this, they entered the city by a subterranean way, discovered to them through the treachery of a German artist residing in Rome.

It is impossible to help a shudder of horror while reading the description of the cruelties which these barbarians committed in Rome. But soon after most of them perished there through a plague, affording a new evidence of the saying that Italy has always been the tomb of her conquerors. It was the last battle of the Roman people. The popes kept them from the use of arms, and the Roman youth had no occasion to fight except in foreign countries and under foreign flags. They preserved, however, a warlike spirit.

Now, at the announcement of the taking of Civitavecchia by a French army, who marched at once against Rome, the Roman Constituent Assembly immediately held an extraordinary session, and boldly issued the following decree: "The Assembly decides to oppose force with force."

After this, the Assembly went to a large square, where, in the mean time, the national guards held a

mass meeting. Our president openly explained to them that not France alone; but even Spain and Austria, conspired with the pope and the King of Naples, in order to put down the Italian movement and restore the pope in Rome. He added that Russia, England, and Prussia, approved that league, and that, in spite of this conspiracy of all Europe against us, the Assembly had determined to oppose a desperate resistance, and now relied upon them for the execution of its decree.

There is something great and poetical in the character of the Roman people. At this intimation no one was afraid; nay, almost all were flattered and excited by the idea of Rome standing alone against all Europe. The popular tribune Ciceruacchio addressed the people; but he was too excited, and could say only a few words. "A new Brennus," said he, "and new Gauls, are again at the gates of Rome, threatening to sell us, our wives, and our children, into the slavery of the pope. We have just now broken our chains like Spartacus. Will you suffer yourselves to be chained again?" A terrible cry, "No, no, never!" came out like thunder from the crowd, and was followed by a deeply interesting scene. All of them began to embrace each other, as if it were for the last time; and afterwards they took the way to their respective "rioni," or wards.

Strong barricades now began to rise in all parts of the city. All the people were earnestly employed. Men and youths strove together at the hard work; women and children brought materials, and old men gave directions and encouragement. To direct such a general movement, and to command the future popular fight, the Assembly appointed fourteen of its mem-

bers, one for each ward, giving them full discretionary powers, and bidding them to defend the ground inch by inch.

I had the honor of being appointed as commander of the seventh ward, and I took my head-quarters at the bridge called Sisto, which I must keep. We did hard work during all the day, and even the night, in order to prepare the barricades. Next morning all was ready for the defence, and the people were in good spirits. We had only ten thousand guns, with which we armed the best fighting men; the others were given pikes and such kind of arms as we were able to find.

At nine o'clock (it was the 30th of April, 1849) a sentinel placed on the top of St. Peter's Church gave us the signal of the approach of the French. General Garibaldi, who stood at the gate S. Pancrazio, uttered the cry of alarm on his right hand, and it was instantly reported to him from the left, proving that the walls were well garrisoned.

The plan of the French general was to arrive at the gates of Rome at nine o'clock; take the city in two hours; sing a solemn mass of thanksgiving in St. Peter's church; and afterwards joyfully take his meals at the papal palace of the Vaticano, together with his principal officers. It cannot be denied that it was a fair plan; but the French general had forgotten to consult with the Roman people, who were too much concerned in the execution of that plan, so that he did not succeed, through want of co-operation on our part. We knew that plan too late, when we found it in the pocket of a prisoner.

The key of Rome is the Janiculum, and the city had ever been assaulted on that side, first by Porsen-

na, and lately by the Constable of Bourbon; so that we expected that the first attack of the French would take place against the gate S. Pancrazio; therefore Garibaldi, with the strength of our little army, took position by that gate. But the French general, having been informed by a spy that the papal garden of the Vatican was garrisoned only by a few national guards, directed his first attack against that place.

The French, no doubt, are a fighting people; they joyfully and enthusiastically go to fight, and do not care at all for what reason or for what cause. They fight with the same admirable valor against the poor Bedouins in Africa, the Italians in Rome, their brothers in Paris, the Russians in the Crimea, and they will probably fight in much the same manner against the Englishmen now their allies. Besides, the French soldiers sent against Rome had all been inured to war in Africa. Notwithstanding this, a few Roman citizens, ill-armed, and sheltered only by the wall of a garden, repulsed the tremendous attack of the French. They renewed the assault three times, constantly with fresh troops, but the Romans also received reinforcements.

Colonel Calandrelli, our best artilleryman, happened to be sick that day; but on hearing the report of the cannon, and on being informed of the danger of his friends who were in the papal garden, he forgot that he was sick, and went there, with two small cannon, served by the national guards. These two cannon had been prepared by the pope, and had therefore been duly baptized, one receiving the name of St. Peter and the other that of St. Paul. Now these new apostles, placed under the direction of Colonel Calandrelli, succeeded in persuading the French that they

had better go back and wait for a more propitious occasion for taking their meals at the Vaticano.

When General Garibaldi saw the French passing before S. Pancrazio's gate in retreat, he went out and attacked them in flank. They turned in front, and the battle became general, in the open field. The French raised the cry of war, "France, France!" and the Romans answered with the ancient cry, "Italia e Roma." The battle was furiously fought on both sides till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the French began to be tired and disheartened. Garibaldi perceived this, and ordered the movement of our reserve. It was composed of a regiment called the First Roman Legion, the best of the Roman youth, and of a battalion of riflemen, all students of the Roman University. They received that order crying out for joy, and marched quickly through the city, receiving the salutations and the best wishes of their mothers, sisters, and lady-loves. They arrived on the field of battle exceedingly excited: they did not fire a shot, but rushed furiously upon the French with their swords and bayonets.

The French were not able to sustain this new, tremendous attack: they turned their backs and fled as quickly as possible. A great many were killed, and we made about six hundred prisoners. The French general retreated with the remainder to a hill called Castle of Guido, and from thence sent an officer to Rome asking for an armistice. That officer told us that they had a great many wounded soldiers, and nothing ready to relieve them, because the general had not contemplated the case of being beaten by the Roman people.

We granted the implored armistice, and sent some

experienced surgeons, with plenty of provisions, to take care of the wounded. On the next morning the prisoners were treated to a breakfast by the national guards, and afterwards sent back entirely free. This noble conduct was rewarded by an act of treachery.

Our joy for the victory was unbounded. It was but natural: a small, ill-armed people, treacherously assaulted by the best soldiers of Europe, had defeated them. Besides, the French had shown the greatest contempt for the Roman people. When a member of the French Assembly inquired what would happen if the Romans should resist the army sent out for the restoration of papacy, one of the ministers answered him, "Be not afraid; the Italians do not fight" (les Italiens ne se batte pas). This was a fine motto (a beau mot), and you know that for the French a fine motto is worth ten good reasons. Not so with us; we fought bravely, and gave to the French a lesson to speak with good sense next time.

This victory was obtained exclusively by the Roman citizens; there were in Rome at that epoch neither foreigners nor Italians of other parts of Italy. Some came there afterwards, but their number was very small. It is curious to hear the French and Austrian invaders call by the name of foreigners the Italians who went to help their brethren in Rome.

The French entertained us by deceitful projects of peaceful arrangement till they could land another more powerful army at Civitavecchia, and then, breaking the armistice, renewed the war in a treacherous manner. In the mean time their allies went to co-operate with them. Austria entered the Roman State by the north, and conquered Bologna and all our northern cities;

the King of Naples occupied our eastern provinces; and a Spanish army was landed in the kingdom of Naples.

Fighting alone against this powerful league, we had neither hope nor chance of success. But we fought bravely, and resisted till the last extremity, in order to enter a protest for our rights trampled upon. We signed our protest with our blood; and by these means we secured the future triumph of our cause. Papacy, the worst enemy of Italy, has been drowned in our blood; its galvanized corpse is now supported by brutal foreign soldiers upon their bayonets, but they are not able to restore it to life: it smells to heaven.

The siege of Rome has been one of the most important events of our epoch, as well as the most impious crime of the European diplomacy. Its consequences will be felt during the approaching crisis of Europe, and then it will be appreciated for its real worth. A description of that event would fill a book, which would prove exceedingly interesting. I could wish that a competent person would bring it before the public in a true light.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE EXILE.

On the 1st of July, 1849, the condition of Rome was most deplorable. Unable to keep any longer our exterior positions against a too numerous army, we could not prevent the French from approaching the city and throwing into it their dreadful bombs. Besides, a Prussian officer who was in Rome, having been permitted to visit our lines and try the experiment of a new kind of mine, discovered an ancient subterranean way, and introduced the French into the city behind our lines. A dreadful nocturnal fight took place within the walls; it was fought at short arms, in a bloody manner. At length we succeeded in stopping the progress of the French. But our provisions were entirely exhausted, and the greater part of the fighting men were wounded, sick, or killed. All that valor and virtue could do had been bravely and generously resorted to. No further efforts were possible.

The Assembly, considering all this, issued the following decree: "We give up the defence, because it has become impossible; but we refuse to capitulate, and we shall remain at our place of duty."

On the 3d of July the French entered the city in a cautious manner. The streets were silent and desolated; the aspect of the city was exceedingly sad and

afflictive; the sun of liberty had set, and the dark phantom of papacy cast its dreadful shadow upon the ruins of war and the wretched faces of the oppressed people. When the French avant-guard arrived at the Capitol, they found there the Roman Assembly, engaged in proclaiming to the people the constitution which had been adopted for the republic. The French soldiers gazed in astonishment at that imposing ceremony, and dared not to disturb it. But soon after, a French regiment, sent on purpose by the chief general, entered the great hall of the Capitol, making a ridiculous display of force and courage.

The representatives of the people were sitting at their places, in a quiet and dignified manner, discussing a new law. The French soldiers, pointing their bayonets at our breasts, in abusive language ordered us to leave the hall and the city.

We protested, and our protest was this: "Before God, before humankind, the Roman Constituent Assembly protests against the abuse of brutal force by which a French republican army destroyed the liberty of the Roman people, in spite of all principles of justice, and even in spite of the fifth article of their own constitution."

The brutal soldiers and their wicked masters laughed at our protest, because they were stronger than we; but God has listened to it. The members of the French Assembly were afterwards imprisoned and sent into exile by the same soldiers by whom they oppressed us, and no one could pity their fate. They foresaw the danger, and had not the courage to resort to a remedy: cowards, they died through fear of dying.

God, who visited with a severe retribution our oppressors and their accomplices, will no doubt look

mercifully upon our misery, and upon our faith in his eternal justice. The future is not for papacy; it is for Italy.

Now it was anticipated that the papal vengeance would be boundless. Cardinal Richelieu, a papal priest, wrote this sentence: "A priest never pardons;" and we knew the practical truth of it. But the French general, according to the orders of Louis Napoleon, did not restore immediately the papal government. There was a period of twenty-four hours during which all that would and could make their escape met no opposition; for Louis Napoleon dreaded the murmurs which the bloody papal vengeance would excite throughout all Europe. But his caution proved useless. The pope, unable to reach the principal agents of the revolution, who had made their escape, laid his hands upon the secondary agents with the utmost cruelty. A conservative newspaper of Florence, under censorship of the Austrians, published during the year 1851 the statistics of the victims of the papal restoration. Six thousand were the lives destroyed during the war. Two hundred and thirty people were executed during the first two years of the papal restoration, besides those who died in the prisons, over-filled with eight thousand prisoners. The number of the exiles was over twenty thousand, including those who fled through fear of being persecuted. There was no example in history of a more extensive vengeance executed by a restored king.

The sudden flight of so many people was a distressing spectacle. We Italians are very fond of home. We travel but little, and never migrate when not constrained. Besides, our family affections are very

strong. So that exile has always been regarded as a great calamity by the Italians. Added to this, we left Rome under the most painful circumstances. It was an insolent foreign conqueror who deprived us of our homes. A great many of us were mutilated or wounded, and the greater part were also destitute, having lost their property or employment. Besides, reaction was then prevailing throughout all Europe, and the European governmental press was very busy in accumulating every kind of calumny upon the conquered and oppressed. It is an ancient style.

Six hundred years ago, Dante, alluding to his exile from Florence, in a prophetical manner said: "The fault will be thrown upon the conquered ones, as usual. Thou shalt quit everything that is dearest to thee in the world. Thou shalt experience how salt is the taste of bread eaten at the expense of others; how hard is the going up and down others' stairs. But what shall most bow thee down, is the worthless and disgusting company with whom thy lot must be partaken." These words, so ancient, are still entirely true.

La colpa seguirà la parte offesa
In grido come suol —
Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta
Più caramente —
Tu proverai si come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui e com'è duro calle
Lo scendere e salir per l'altrui scale.
E quel che più ti graverà le spalle
Sarà la compagnia malvagia e scempia
Con la qual tu cadrai in questa valle.

DANTE, *Paradiso*, cant. XVII.

The only manner in which we could make our escape during the limited space of twenty-four hours, was to

go to Civitavecchia, and embark there; but the few barks to be found there were soon over-filled, and no accommodations could be procured for the sick. Monsignor Muzzarelli, formerly the premier of the pope, and now proscribed, lost his sight forever during his painful passage to the coast of Africa, and a great many of his fellow-sufferers died.

As for me, I found myself in a very bad condition. I had been wounded only slightly; but the loss of blood had injured my sight. Besides, my brother Henry and my uncle were lying in bed, dreadfully wounded. I could not even think of abandoning them in order to save myself. We loved each other warmly, and besides, affection grows stronger among men who have been exposed to the same dangers and helped each other on momentous occasions. So that I formed a plan by which we should either save ourselves together or perish together.

I procured three passports, with pretended names and qualifications; this was easy, because the French had not yet occupied the office of the police. I disguised myself as a common driver, darkening my complexion by a tincture of aloes. I put my brother and my uncle in a covered wagon, arranged in the manner of a comfortable bed, and we left the city, taking the road to the north. My plan was to reach the small republic of S. Marino, where we could remain a few days, in order to restore our health and think of a more safe refuge. The distance was two hundred and twenty-six miles, and my travelling with two sick companions was very slow and painful. At length we reached our destination safely.

My parents did not live in Rome at that epoch; they had several years before taken their abode at a

country seat which was but a short distance from the boundaries of the republic of San Marino. I was not able to resist the temptation to go and take leave of my mother. I went there after dark, on horseback, and I thought that nobody had discovered me. Two hours after midnight an old servant rushed into my room, frantically exclaiming, "You are lost! the house is surrounded by soldiers!" I coolly ordered him to make ready my horse, and take it into the garden. I put on some clothing in haste, and in a few seconds I was on horseback. The servant opened a door in the wall of the garden, and I spurred my horse through it. Two soldiers, who were watching there, attempted to stop the horse by the bridle, but I, anticipating this, had put on no bridle. They twice fired their shots at me, but the quickness of the horse and the darkness of the night enabled me to escape unhurt. It was in this manner that I took leave of my mother, not to see her again on earth. The shots of the papal soldiers did me no harm, but their reports fell upon the heart of my poor mother.

I went back to San Marino. It is a mountain of the Apennines, only six miles west of Rimini, in the Roman State; this mountain, with seven thousand inhabitants, forms a republican, independent state. It existed before the republic of Venice, and still exists, like a relic of the former Italian liberty. Neither Napoleon nor the Congress of Vienna thought of destroying that miniature republic; but the pope claims to be its "protector," which, in a diplomatic sense, means oppressor. Those poor mountaineers hospitably received the fugitive Roman citizens who succeeded in reaching their small territory; but, after a few days, the consuls of the republic were obliged

to inform the refugees that they had no means of protecting them against the vengeance of the pope, who claimed the right of *extradition.*

After many a narrow escape I reached the territory of Piedmont, governed by the King of Sardinia. He had not followed the example of the pope, and of all the rulers of Italy, who broke their oaths and put down the political constitutions; so that there was a liberal government in Piedmont, and I was allowed to remain there. I had many friends and relatives in Piedmont. I was admitted to practise my profession as a lawyer before the superior tribunals, and the University of Turin appointed me to teach law. Consequently, I established myself in Turin, and my business there began to be prosperous.

On the 6th of February, 1853, a revolutionary movement against the Austrians took place in Milan; but this movement, through many reasons, not to be explained now, remained isolated; it was therefore easily suppressed by the Austrians, by means of an extensive and indiscriminate slaughter. I was suspected of having taken an active part in that movement, together with many other refugees living in Piedmont. There were no proofs, however, and no trial was made against us; but we were despotically sent into exile, the limited space of twenty-four hours only being given us to leave the State. Besides, our names were published by the official newspaper of the government, together with the declaration that we were sent into exile for having ill-used the hospitality formerly extended to us. This precluded to us the hospitality of other monarchical States of Europe.

I applied for a passport to France, but was refused by the French ambassador. The Swiss chargé d'af-

faires at Turin signed my passport good for a simple passage through Switzerland, and warned me that his government would not allow me to stop there, on account of the difficult position in which they were put by Austria, who blockaded the canton Ticino at that epoch.

I crossed the Alps in that winter season, and during stormy weather. I had never suffered so much in my past life. To leave Italy, perhaps forever, and under so painful circumstances, was for me a blow even more bitter than my first exile from Rome; perhaps it was because I was prepared for the former, and my mind was still fresh and full of excitement. Besides, I was now tormented by the thought of my poor mother, — she had already suffered so much, and her health had been greatly impaired, on account of the many misfortunes which fell upon our family and our native country. How would she bear this new blow?

In order to spare her grief as much as possible, I determined not to leave Europe. I furtively penetrated into France, and, passing through Paris, I went to Brussels, in Belgium. Besides the artist whom I knew in Rome, I had there several friends who formerly graduated with me at the University of Bologna. I was also acquainted with many influential persons of that city; so that I was favorably received in Brussels, and treated with the utmost kindness. My friends proposed to me to deliver lectures on canon laws, and a great many pupils were found to attend them. But this lasted only a few months. The Jesuits, who are exceedingly powerful in Belgium, prepared a secret war against me, chiefly on account of my teaching canon laws. They procured letters

against me from the governments of Austria, Piedmont, and Rome.

In consequence of these secret intrigues, one day, when quietly preparing a lecture in my private room, I received the unpleasant visit of two officers of police, who took me to Ostend, and there put me on board of a steamer bound to London. I arrived there without knowing a word of English. A few days after I was feloniously robbed of all my money. Several other misfortunes came to embitter my condition in London. Besides, the weather was very bad. During forty days which I spent there I never saw the sun, except on one day, when it was pointed out to me by a friend through a thick fog.

In London I experienced such a dreadful physical and mental dejection that I became seriously afraid of losing my reason. I wrote a farewell note to my poor mother, who was sick; and embarked in an emigrant ship, bound to New York. I endured thirty-five days of the most dreadful mental and physical suffering at sea, and arrived in New York sick and destitute. But on touching the land of freedom I felt my health renewed and my courage refreshed. America looked to me much like a home, and I found everywhere friends and benevolent brothers. O LORD! BLESS AMERICA!

THE END.

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